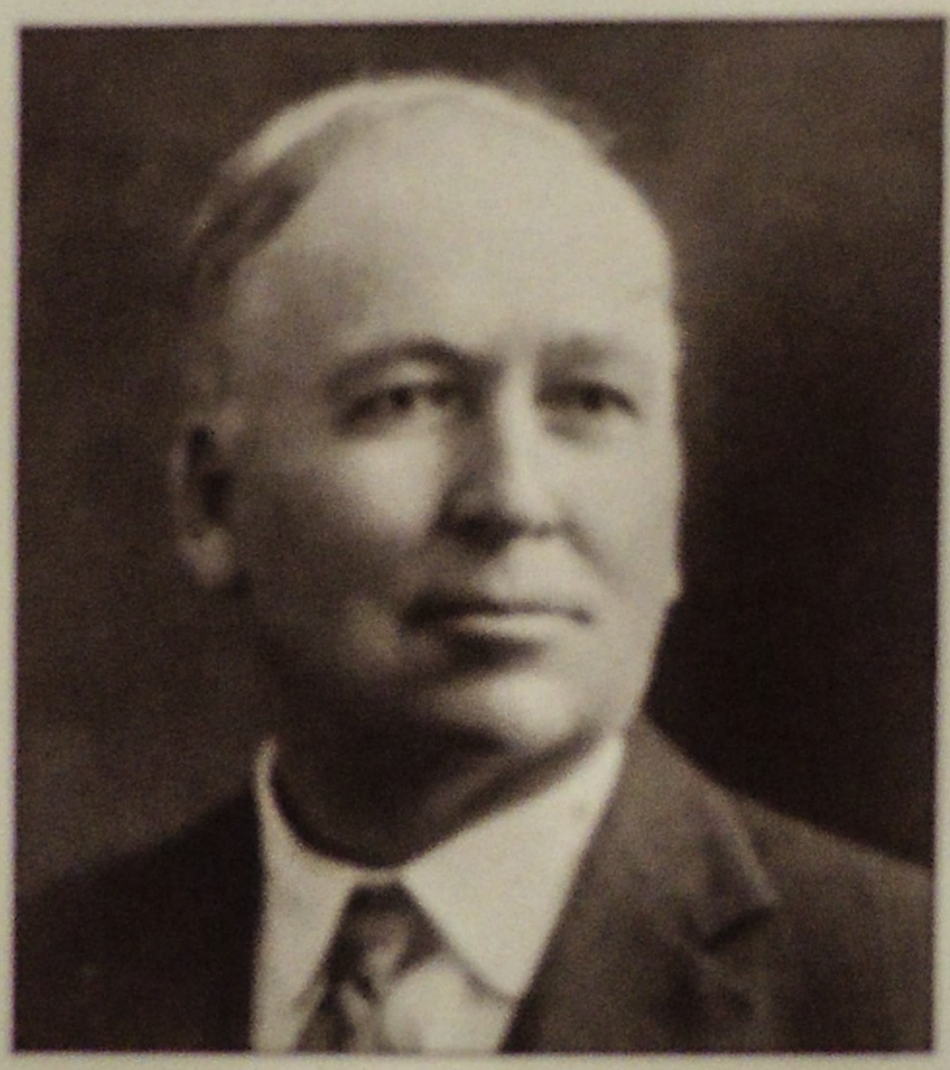
EIGHTY YEARS A PLAINSMAN

-An Autobiography-



By

John Morris Gillette

Edited by Kenneth J. Dawes
Published by the UND Alumni Association
Grand Forks, North Dakota; 1989

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO THOSE WHO DESERVE THE CREDIT

Most good happenings occur because someone cares and makes the personal commitment to achieving a worthy goal.

A special thank you to UND Professor Kenneth J. Dawes, '58, for contributing substantially of his time and talent to organize the notes and handwritten record amassed by Professor John M. Gillette into this printed autobiography. A thank you also to Mel Ruder, '37 and '42, Columbia Falls, Montana, a former student of Professor Gillette's. Mel has on numerous occasions "reached back in appreciation" to strengthen his Alma Mater and did so again by providing the idea, financial support, and the persistence to realize the printing of this autobiography.

We also extend our gratitude to Professor Gillette's granddaughter, Margaret Rockwell Bundlie, '50, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, for her encouragement and cooperation on this project.

The Alumni Association of the University of North Dakota is pleased to make this publication available to the public, especially the members of our alumni family. Dr. Gillette is truly one of the "Giants" in the history of this fine University. Arriving on the campus in 1907 as UND's first trained sociologist, Gillette earned national and international respect as the "founder" of rural sociology. He was elected president of the American Sociological Society in 1928, which attests to his standing with his peers and colleagues.

This record of family and community life, as experienced and seen through the eyes of Professor Gillette, gives the readers a better understanding about an important era in the building of our great nation.

Earl S Strinden

Earl S. Strinden, Executive Vice President
UND Alumni Association and Foundation

Originally drafted in 1949; Edited by Kenneth J. Dawes; Published by the University of North Dakota Alumni Association, Grand Forks, North Dakota; August 1989.

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PREFACE TO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION EDITION

When I began editing John Gillette's autobiography, it was with the anticipation that the readership might prove to be scant since few people today know of Gillette's accomplishments. I entered into this work for the simple reason that I felt that the manuscript deserved to be published, even if only for limited distribution. I did send a copy to Mel Ruder, a former student and a person identified in the manuscript as one of Gillette's outstanding students. I also knew of his continuing interest in Gillette's career. It was rewarding to learn of Ruder's enthusiastic reaction to <u>*Eighty Years a Plainsman*</u> *and the subsequent decision of the University of North Dakota Alumni Association to publish and disseminate the document. I know Gillette would have been very grateful.*

He attempted, in vain, to publish his autobiography. Although he submitted the manuscript to most of the major publishing houses, he was disappointed time after time by their responses. The editor of the University of Oklahoma Press wrote in 1946:

> *"...the material is, throughout, of first rate interest and importance. The manuscript needs, however, to be given the sharply professional touches which are requisite for a book of national appeal. In other words, the material is there, but the story has not as yet received it's best development...It is with the greatest regret that I am returning the manuscript separately, but I want to express the hope that further work on it, either by yourself, or in collaboration with another, can give the work it's best status."*

Gillette did revise and shorten the document but to no avail. Professor James M. Reinhardt reviewed the manuscript after Gillette's death, and expressed interest in editing and publishing it. He wrote to Arleigh Lincoln of the University of North Dakota in 1950, "I am sure that the autobiography will be well received by sociologists and, I think, will have no trouble finding readers who enjoy good biography just for biography's sake. Publishers are pretty touchy nowadays. I can't help but believe, however, that we shall be able to find one". Reinhardt was also disappointed, since he, too, failed to find a publisher. Although over forty years have passed since it was first drafted, the manuscript has finally been published and closure has been brought to this, the last publication of John M. Gillette.

Recently, I came across a brief statement that Gillette wrote in the 1930's concerning his metamorphosis from a social reformer to an "objectivist" sociologist. He was apparently responding to a questionnaire concerning his evolution as a scientist and gives insight into his general philosophy.

> *"I know that like all of us older sociologists I started out full of subjective beliefs and assertions and I know also that during a very large part of my career much of what I have said and written has been much more subjective than objective; but I am conscious of having undergone an evolution away from subjectivism dominantly toward objectivism. I am not able to trace that evolution analytically step by step, but I am conscious that I have undergone that transformation.*

I can see that in my published writings I am much more objective than I was fifteen or twenty years ago. I have become predominantly factual, seek to avoid far-flung generalizations, and am careful that my injunctions and beliefs are authenticated facts. ...I see the social process going on in our national societies and in other such great societies as predominantly an automatic, stumbling, trial-and-error, struggle between largely "blind" forces. That conception has become so impressive to me that I often wonder how it is possible for the great society to hold together at all and why, because of its inherent composition and make-up, it does not fall apart and dissolve in a great overwhelming cataclysm. I have gone so far in my thinking as to view it as practically impossible for any group of men or any set of agencies to be able to fully and intelligently grasp the whole big sociological scheme of things and to be able to plan intelligently and adequately for its direction and to exercise a planned control over its development and its future. That may look like an anarchistic philosophy, or philosophical nihilism, or the sociology of despair. But I am not a cynic, nor do I entertain a sociology of despair. I am reasonably optimistic that by tinkering with the big scheme of things we may be able at times to guide it better than it would guide itself and that we may improve the system so as to make it a bit more livable for the masses of people. I recognize that this is more an act of faith than it is of systematic acumen."

Gillette remained a faculty member at the University of North Dakota until the time of his death in 1949 at the age of 83. During his last years he was employed as a full time social researcher and spent little time in the classroom; however, he was very active in writing and publishing and he had several works in progress at the time of his sudden death. His colleague and former student, Dr. James M. Reinhardt of the University of Nebraska, wrote an obituary for Gillette that deserves publication in this space for it addresses both Gillette's professional and human qualities.

"Dr. John Morris Gillette died in a Grand Forks, North Dakota, hospital on September 24, 1949, at the age of 83. His death followed an illness of less than twelve hours. Dr. Gillette joined the faculty of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks in 1907 and founded the Department of Sociology and Anthropology in that institution in 1908. He served as professor and chairman of the Department until 1948, when he relinquished the chairmanship of the department and retired from active teaching in order to devote full time to writing and research."

"Dr. Gillette was often referred to as the dean of rural sociology because of the formative influence that his pioneer works in the field had in this and other countries. A review of college catalogue offerings in sociology for a considerable period following the appearance of his Constructive Rural Sociology in 1913, and the first edition of his Rural Sociology in 1922, reveals the pre-eminence of his position in this expanding field, over many years. His early works in rural sociology attracted wide attention throughout the world, and translations of his books were used in various European universities and in the Imperial University of Japan."

"Dr. Gillette's intellectual interests ranged far and wide. In addition to his work in rural sociology, he wrote books in such related areas as general sociology, education, the family and social problems. He also published numerous articles and pamphlets on a variety of subjects, including anthropology, regionalism, and weather. His intellectual activity and mental acuity showed no signs of impairment right up to the time of his death. His outstanding investigation showing a definite scientific relation between variable weather conditions and the economic status of a people, as well as a number of other researches, were done after his 80th year."

"He was actively engaged during the last year of his life on several projects including a sociological interpretation of the life and times of the Great Plains during his 83 years. During the week of his death he had written me a letter about a forthcoming revision of our Problems of a Changing Social Order, to which he had been devoting considerable time and interest."

"Dr. Gillette's scholarly achievements and remarkable personality brought him many honors at home and abroad. He had been First Vice President and President of the American Sociological Society, associate member of the International Institute of Sociology, and advisory member of the Academy of Agriculture of Czechoslovakia. He was awarded two honorary degrees--the Doctor of Laws by Park College and the Doctor of Humanities from the University of North Dakota, which he had served for forty-two years. Dr. Gillette's humanitarian interest brought him into numerous state and community activities. Among these were the Grand Forks City Council, the North Dakota State Welfare Committee, the advisory board of the National Child Labor Committee, and the advisory committee of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor. He had served also as a member of the advisory committee on personnel of the North Dakota State Workmen's Compensation and Unemployment Insurance Division, and was for a time Vice President and then President of the Grand Forks Charity Organization Society."

"Dr. Gillette received his Bachelor of Arts Degree from Park College in 1895. He received a Masters Degree from Princeton Theological Seminary in the same year, and for a while thereafter preached in rural churches near Topeka, Kansas, and in the frontier town of Dodge City, where his sermons against saloons and gambling brought threats against his life. In 1899 he was granted a Ph.D. by the Chicago Theological Seminary; and in 1901 he received his Doctorate in Sociology from the University of Chicago. Between 1901 and 1907 he served as President of the Academy for Young Women at Jackson, Illinois, and later as professor of psychology and social sciences at the Valley City State Teachers College in North Dakota."

"His pen was never magniloquent, but it was never slumberous and never cold. Always he wrote with the painstaking resolution of a responsible scholar."

"He was a great admirer of William James, and I think it was partly because he, like James, had a profound respect for the opinions of "ordinary" people. Once after he had been talking to a woodcutter, he said to me, "these 'ordinary ' people wrestle with verities; we 'experts' manipulate variables." He could learn from his students too. Students fresh from farm and village always delighted him. I have seen his face light up with a sort of vigilant expectancy when some admiring student offered a contrary observation. This easy give-and-take was the very heart of the Gillette teaching technique. It never allowed his classroom manner to harden into "scientific" doctrine, or his doubts to become "neat expandable clarities". He never fell under the dominance of his own vocabulary as so often happens as academicians lose their zest and acquire academic prestige. This, I believe, is one reason why his graduate seminars were always a source of infectious satisfaction."

"As may be guessed from what I have said, there was a certain tender greatness about the man, discerned imperfectly at best by those who never sat in his classroom and never knew him surrounded by his family and intimate friends. He recognized no "Chosen" people and no "pagans", and he avoided identity with any sort of group that might set him apart from the whole "run" of mankind."

"He loved nature, and the changing seasons were for him a source of endless delight. Wild ducks circling Lake Julia on a gray September dawn, the return of life to the little strip of woodland that skirted his home in Grand Forks, the north wind on his face in the dead of a North Dakota winter, were for him a part of man's great adventure on this globe. He belonged to the earth. He felt a kinship with the myriad forms of life that inhabit it, and he loved it." (Reinhardt, undated paper, Gillette papers, Libby Collection, Chester Fritz Library)

Edited By

Kenneth J. Davis

University of North Dakota

August, 1983

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Originally Drafted in 1949

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SALUTATION TO THE GREAT PLAINS

Land of vastness, beauty, picturesqueness, magnificence, appeal.

The hunter's thrill and the cowboy's paradise.

A canvas on which nature etches paintings incomparably vast, the features so etched being varied past all imagination.

A panorama imperial in extent, whose diameters are measured by flashes of aurora.

Lodgement of widest stretches of unobstructed and inexhaustibly fertile levels to be found on Mother Earth

The radial horizon distance from observer as metered at surface of unruffled ocean is matched in myriad terrains of Plains domain.

A land of hurricanes, cyclones, tornados, blizzards, dust storm and dust bowl, of visitation of dehydrating droughts.

By contrast, an imperium of calm and peace, gentle rain and vivifying sun, long days of animating sunlight, quick maturation of weighty yielding crops.

A mysterious and magic steppe of nature's myriad wands beckoning to dwellers, alluring invitations and intimations of unrevealed surprises.

Astounding sunsets sweep the total sky, graduated in wizardly fashion from blood-red crimsoned west, through arches panoply of rose, to eastern blend of pink and amber.

Wide-spreading plains and endless sky, uncoerced winds and changeful clouds impel men's minds to freedom's quest and build its soul in law and state.

Nature here resolves the tensions of subliminal personality and accomplishes the unity of impulse realized by objects of art.

J. M. Gillette
October, 1945

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PREFACE

I have been an admirer of John M. Gillette for many years. I am not sure why I feel this affection for a person I have never met. My major point of contact with Gillette has been through his manuscript collection which is on deposit in the Chester Fritz Library at the University of North Dakota. Perhaps I feel close to Gillette because of our common interests in social welfare reform. Perhaps it is because we each bridge two disciplines- social work and sociology. Perhaps it is because of the exciting era in which Gillette lived --an era that spanned the post-civil war period and the onset of the nuclear age. Perhaps it is because of his diverse social research interests --interests that included studies of insanity and corrections in early North Dakota. Gillette was an historical personage who played a significant role in both the history of sociology in America and the history of the state of North Dakota. His personal odyssey is not only worth being told, but worth being read.

John Morris Gillette was born in Quitman, Kansas on August 9, 1866. His parents were recent arrivals to that newly opened land. They had made the wagon train trek from Ohio and homesteaded in that portion of Kansas that is now bordered by the states of Missouri and Oklahoma. His mother died when Gillette was ten and he was reared by his father and his siblings in that frontier environment. His father was a farmer and Gillette always anticipated that he, too, would make a career in farming. But, as Gillette points out, a series of fortuitous events propelled him into an academic career. He went on to receive a Bachelors degree from Park College (1892), a Masters degree in Theology from Princeton (1895), a Ph.D. in Theology from the Chicago Seminary (1898) and a Ph.D. in Sociology from the University of Chicago (1901). Along the way he studied at San Francisco Seminary, Union Theological Seminary and Auburn Theological Seminary. He was a Presbyterian pastor for several years, including a short stay in Dodge City, but was then "converted" to the then emerging study of sociology. In later life he was commonly accorded the title of "father of rural sociology."

Gillette joined the faculty of the University of North Dakota in 1907 -- a position he held until his death in 1949. Gillette was an extremely active professor throughout his forty-two year tenure at UND. He was a leader in the child labor reform movement, he was involved in establishing the American Association of University Professors, he served as president of the American Sociological Association, and he was heavily involved in conducting social research. He was even offered the presidency of the University at one point. Gillette wrote eight books, sixty-eight articles and sixty four book reviews. He was also frequently embroiled in controversy --controversy both on and off the campus. His was a colorful life.

Gillette continued to teach until his sudden passing at age eighty-three. He began to write his autobiography in 1945. He submitted portions of the manuscript to potential publishing houses. Although he hoped that the work would be widely published and disseminated, he received rejection notices from prospective publishers. Gillette died shortly thereafter and the original manuscripts have lanquished in the Gillette manuscript collection in the Chester Fritz Library for the past thirty-nine years. The autobiography was drafted in three versions; unfortunately, it is difficult to determine the chronological sequence of some of the material or to be certain whether

Gillette intended a given incident to be included in or deleted from the final published manuscript. Of the three versions, versions one and two are more lengthy and detailed than version three. They contain many anecdotes from Gillette's early experiences. Version three is shorter in length and deletes some of these events. All versions are replete with Gillette's editing marks; some are virtually impossible to decipher because of his penmanship, the faded quality of the yellowed paper, the blackening out of entire sections, and Gillette's notes to himself. Gillette typed the manuscript himself.

Funds were secured from the University of North Dakota Faculty Research Committee to publish this edited version of Gillette's original manuscript. Photocopies were made of each of the three versions and then each version was read to determine which copy was the most complete. The most extensive version, version two, was then typed onto the word processor. If any material was not included in version two, and it appeared to have historical value, it was melded into the final edited version.

The manuscript was then extensively edited and reorganized. The previous twenty-eight chapters were condensed into sixteen chapters and organized in the proper chronological sequence. Although every effort was made to retain Gillette's writing style, it was necessary to make certain editing changes. For example, his sometimes paragraph long sentences were broken into several smaller, more manageable sentences. Repetitive anecdotes or comments were deleted. Gillette's vocabulary reflected the learned language of the turn of the century; unfortunately, many of those words are no longer in common usage. Consequently, a more modern vocabulary has been substituted whenever appropriate. Some of his more stilted phrases were also modified. For example, the phrase "pachydermous callousity" was changed to "elephant hide". Every effort was made to retain Gillette's authorship and writing style while at the same time facilitating the reading process.

For this is a document that should be read. It chronicles the life of one of America's earliest sociologists. It describes an oddysey that began with a hard scrabble farm boy in Kansas and ended with international recognition as a renowned sociologist. Some of the insights that Gillette reveals in this document are especially interesting. For instance, Gillette gives much credit for his interest in social reform to Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons. His tale of his final PhD orals and the resulting debate between Albion Small and John Dewey reveal that the academic world has not much changed. His boyhood adventures chronicle life on the prairies in the post-civil war period and provide insight into the aspirations of many farm youth at that time.

Unfortunately, Gillette fails to include much material that would be of interest today. He does not tell us of his involvement in the American Sociological Association or of his contacts with fellow sociologists. He relegates only one chapter to his experiences at the University of North Dakota, despite the fact that he spent half of his lifetime at the institution. He also relates little about his intellectual journey, his journey from social reformer to empirical social scientist. Perhaps he felt the reader would be more interested in his boyhood experiences than his evolving academic life. Or perhaps he focused on those early experiences as he took a retrospective look at his own life at age eighty-three.

This personal chronicle reveals that Gillette was both a plain man and a man of the Plains. The document reveals a man who was comfortable with himself, who did not harbor an inflated sense of self worth, who loved nature, and who enjoyed all phases of the intellectual life. He was a product of the Great Plains and chose the title, Eighty Years A Plainsman, to reveal his continuing love for this area.

Persons who may be interested in learning more about Gillette may wish to read the following articles. Researchers may wish to review the voluminous materials in the Gillette manuscript collection.

Dawes, Kenneth J., History of the Department of Sociology Anthropology-Archeology, and Social Work, 1895-1967. Grand Forks: University of North Dakota, 1983.

Dawes, Kenneth J., "John Gillette -- Social Reformer" in Whitaker, W.H., Proceedings of Conference -- A Celebration of Rural People, Place, and Struggle: Social Work in Rural Areas: University of Maine at Orono, July 28-31, 1984.

Dawes, Kenneth J., "The North Dakota Children's Code Commission of 1922: Protecting the Youth.", North Dakota History, 48, 2, Spring 1981, pp. 12-22.

McGuire, P. and K.J. Dawes, "Sociology as Social Contribution: University of North Dakota as a Case Study in Contradictions of Academic Sociology, The Sociology Quarterly, 24, 1983, pp. 589-603.

Tweton, D. Jerome, "John M. Gillette: The Rural Sociologist as Reformer," North Dakota Quarterly, 49, 3, 1981, pp. 5-25.

My special thanks to Jennifer Chester and Cindy Gruman who assisted me in this process. What was anticipated to be a brief effort did, in fact, become a major effort involving an extensive amount of time. Both Jennifer and Cindy approached their tasks with enthusiasm, dedication, and competence. I owe them much in the way of gratitude. Appreciation is also expressed to Dan Rylance and his staff in the Department of Special Collections in the Chester Fritz Library. As always, they were very helpful in many ways. The Faculty Research Committee provided partial funding to support the editing and publication costs; those funds were very helpful. I also owe John Gillette a great deal for in editing this autobiography I have developed a deeper appreciation of the roots of sociology, the social welfare movement, and the part played by "plains folk."

Kenneth J. Dawes
July 25, 1988

CHAPTER 1. INTRODUCTION

I began writing about my experiences on the Great Plains in the summer of 1945 while at my summer place on Lake Julia, in Beltrami County, Minnesota. A considerable manuscript was piled up during that and the next year. In later years the manuscript has been lengthened, shortened, and variously revised. The incidents which have been compressed into this present manuscript represent a kind on survival of the fittest according to my own subjective standards.

A discussion of motives for writing and of the values of the things written are probably not very important. They are subjective matters and likely would possess little interest for most readers. I suppose my big motive was to get things off my chest. But I confess that I did have a lurking idea that an account of one plainsman's experiences might have some historical value. Historians make much use of diaries, records kept by pioneers, and the like to get a background picture and the spirit of a time or a region. The things I recite are my own experiences and are largely peculiar to me, but many of them must have been common to many other plainsmen. A collection of many of these would undoubtedly have considerable value to historians and other students of cultures for their penetrative and interpretive purposes.

When I began to write, I could not quite qualify for the title, EIGHTY YEARS A PLAINSMAN. Now, however, I am able to beat that record by three years. At the present time I belong to that privileged or unfortunate class of persons, about 2.5 percent of all, who have reached the age of 75 or over. If we are not too infirm, we are "privileged," privileged to have "enjoyed life" so long. If we are poor, economically, we are "unfortunate," for then we have a hard time obtaining a wholesome livelihood. Having been a schoolteacher during most of my working days, the public can guess my classification in the latter case.

This is not a history, a scientific treatise, or a full-fledged auto-biography, but it is to be classed among "the simple annals of the poor," or as selected incidents in one plainsman's life. I probably would not like to recite everything that has happened to me. Enough unfavorable events are mentioned to show that I was not a genius or even very alert in making fundamental decisions. Some persons seem to know from the beginning what they are good for and should do or else they have competent advisors. Others, like me, did a lot of waste backing and filling before they attained a satisfactory occupational adjustment. But what I lacked in genius, I have made up for in part by industry. I can scarcely conceive how anybody could work harder or more incessantly than I have during the last four decades, the period when I found myself and what I wanted to do. Thru years of plodding I have developed techniques of research which facilitate performance and make work a joy.

In this American Democracy, one's right to write is uncontested unless what is written steps beyond the bounds of propriety and decency. A writer, however, has no recourse but to assume the risk of being judged harshly for what he publishes. Having published many articles and books, the present writer has become accustomed to taking responsibility and calloused regarding the penalties of authorship. With an easy conscience I am able to shift all responsibility for publication to the publisher after completing my part. I suspect he is likely to sweat until his latest protege' has become a big seller. In that event he is warranted in sitting back, thumbs in vest, and congratulating himself on the superior judgment he displayed.

It is nearly four years since I began this project. Its outline was hazy and just what would turn up in it was not clear. But a lot of manuscript accumulated in the course of time. It has been revised and rewritten repeatedly, as time permitted, and I hope improved, if for no other reason than that its volume has greatly lessened.

In the effort to recall why I undertook this excursion into my own career, I discovered an idiosyncrasy of human nature. During such a retrospection, the reason or reasons for the undertaking have a propensity to multiply. At first sight, only a single motive may appear. More introspection brings to light a couplet, and additional effort may yield triplets or even sextuplets. One comes to suspect that "the old bean" is playing tricks and that some of the discovered reasons are illegitimate. One is like the old hen who went to bed with one chick and got up in the morning with a score, due to the generosity of her owners. She stood on the edge of her nest cackling lustily until the other hens complained, saying "you empty headed old fool, why are you yelling your head off?" "Why, " she shouted, "I went to bed with one chicken and got up with multitudes." A wise old hen suggested, "someone slipped something over on you."

To be sincere, I confess that I did think a story like this might possess a kind of value as an exhibit of how one plainsman maneuvered thru life. The chronicle is real since the facts are real, unique in that the things they are related are peculiar to me. Although the events of other Plainsmen's lives may be similar in some respects, I think that the things I relate are quite different from those usually told. They are no better or worse, inherently. I happen to have been involved in many interesting situations, and have sought to tell about them briefly and , I hope, interestingly. I confess to a feeling of much satisfaction in looking back thru the eight decades, mentally reconstructing them and, in a measure, reenacting them. The things recounted are not great things, they are only the trivia that happened to and about one dweller of the Great Plains. Inevitably accounts like this bear an egotistical impression for they are centered about the individual who relates them. No matter how much humility you have, in writing about yourself you just have to resort to constant and frequent use of the pronouns which stand for yourself, "I" "myself" and "me." To print my name on each occasion would only make me appear all the more egotistical. Nevertheless, I do have a certain amount of sensitivity when every page is littered with them, suppressing one now and then in order to appear more modest.

I have used the names of persons whose names I never saw in print and the spelling of which I can only guess at by the way they sounded. If Isam Rosen saw his name in print, as I spell it, he might not recognize it. Anyway, he quit this mundane sphere long ago and being a bachelor male did not leave any descendents who might take umbrage. I scarcely remember a solitary early Plainsman who still lives. Consequently, I am free from the fear of litigation to collect damages from me for the maltreatment of their names.

CHAPTER 2. THE GREAT PLAINS

I suppose, in final philosophical and scientific thinking, that everything and every event is causally predetermined. Even theologians, Calvin for example, have argued this way. Certainly predetermination of physical, plant, animal, and human life in North Dakota, as an example of a Great Plains area, bear unmistakable evidence of natural fiats. Much of our soil was laid down and made by the glacial drifts scores of thousands of years ago. Our climate and rainfall are peculiar to plains physical conditions. Our crops and the degree of industrial development are outcomes of natural processes and decrees, and our collective cultural life is channelled and conditioned all the time by the influences wielded by total nature. It is possible to formulate a good many rigorous proofs of this, but it is not my function to reproduce them here. I have presented them in articles and books which are to be found in libraries.

The Great Plains were predestined to be what they are physically by the great geological and cosmic forces of the past millions of years. Our weather is what it is because of these past influences and the varying climatological conditions which obtained from time to time. Our place on the globe determines the length of day and the length of the growing season; thus, determining the crops we may and may not raise. The high Rockies shut off winds from the Pacific and determine that our sources of moisture come largely from the Gulf of Mexico. So far as we can see, this will "go on forever". Nature determines that much of the plains be a semi-arid, short grass region- one of prickly pears and cactus, of sagebrush, greaseweed, and yucca. Nature left its imprint on animal life. The plains abound in forms of "digging-down" instead of "climbing-up" animals- the prairie dog, ground squirrel, and flickers. The plains once abounded in far-seeing and fleet animals, such as the deer, antelope, jackrabbit and coyote. Indigenous to the plains were prairie chickens and sagehens. The cultural and ceremonial life of plains Indians were shaped by plains conditions.

Temperature and precipitation are the most measurable of the decisive factors determining plains society. The length of the growing year determines the crops that may be raised at the different latitudinal positions. This ranges from an average of 120 days for the state of North Dakota to 250 or more for southwestern Texas. The north grows crops which mature quickly such as small grains and tame hay. States farther south may produce corn, cotton, and even semi-tropical fruits. North Dakota's mean temperature has increased two degrees during its almost sixty years of recorded weather. This may favor an increase in the length of the growing season. The state has increased its corn acreage because of improved seed and know how, so that in a few southeastern counties, corn approximates the acreage of the state's major crop, wheat. The state as a whole, however, can never become a real "corn state".

Precipitation is cyclical and very determinative. There are single drought years, drought periods and perhaps quite long-time fluctuations. It is stated, as a rule, that less than twenty inches of precipitation in a year spells desert. An almost straight line drawn from the northeastern tip of North Dakota to approximately the southwestern tip of Texas cuts between an eastern over twenty inch and western below twenty inch area. Only a fragment of North Dakota's area is east of that line, a third of that of South Dakota, a half or more of that of Nebraska, two-thirds or more of that of Kansas, and most of what is Oklahoma. But nearly a third of Texas lies to the west.

One sees the determining force of precipitation writing itself on various things in North Dakota. Precipitation graduates downward from an average of over nineteen inches in the eastern third of the state, to almost seventeen in the central third, to a little over fifteen in the western third. Declining from east to west through the state is density of population, the average yield of wheat per acre, and the number of farm tractors per 100,000 acres in farms. On the increase is size of farm, loss of county population, and during the depression and drought years, the proportion of the inhabitants receiving some kind of public relief. I had guessed that the number of tractors per 100,000 acres in farms increased as farms grew larger, but my recent intensive study demonstrates that in this most mechanized state in terms of tractors, they are four times more numerous in the eastern as opposed to the western tier of counties.

North Dakota and the contiguous Plains region is a notorious exception to the minimum precipitation rule and is saved from being desert by reason of a most fortunate set of circumstances. If I refer to North Dakota frequently, it is because my chief pieces of Great Plains research have been related to this state. The mean precipitation of much of the western part of the state is several inches below the twenty inch marginal line, the extreme southeast having but thirteen to fifteen inches per year. Good to fair crops are secured only about half of the time and meager ones and complete failures occur the other years.

With farms large enough to supply grazing for extensive herds of stock, a fairly secure living is possible. The situation is as good as it is because of a wonderful seasonal distribution of rainfall, for over three-fourths of it is during the crop season from April to September. Besides this, the evaporation from the earth is much less than in states considerably south of North Dakota. Were it not for these two facts, most of North Dakota would be a desert. Much the same thing can be said for portions of South Dakota and Nebraska where sub-marginal limits are reached.

Now and then we experience drought periods--years in which crops are nil or reduced to sub-living level occur every so often. The two longest periods during which drought years occurred frequently, were between 1886 and 1895 and between 1930 and 1939, the latter being the more prolonged and severe. In the earlier period, successive crop failures drove a large portion of the farmers of western Kansas and Nebraska from the land. They trekked in covered wagons back to their old home regions. It is estimated that Kansas, through out-migration, lost about a quarter of a million people during the nineties from its drought regions. The latter drought period was intense and almost constant for years, especially in the most northerly Plains states. During the Great Drought and the Great Depression of the thirties, the average annual gross farm income of North Dakotan's was reduced to about a third of the previous amount (for the same number of years), or from an average of $244,000,000 to $90,000,000 a year. During the twenties and early thirties, nearly half of the farmers of North Dakota lost their farms through forced foreclosure. Education, church, home- everything suffered and almost went out of business. This writer's income from teaching was cut more than fifty percent within a twelve month period, and it was not magnificent before!

Much of the Great Plains area is predestined to be rural-agricultural for as long into the future as we are able to look. This is partly due to its location on the continent, and partly to climatic conditions. But the former is the larger factor, especially for the northern portion. The area is removed from great waterways with their cheap freight rates and is located great distances from the populous regions of the nation where manufactured goods are sold and consumed. Only certain types of manufacturers will locate here because of advantages that counterbalance the high freight rates they must pay to get their goods to distant consumers. Such industries are those that make sugar from sugar beets, produce dehydrated eggs, manufacture dehydrated potatoes to make potato flour, market dairy products, and perhaps someday to generate electricity for distant use. Otherwise, great manufacturing plants will continue to prefer to locate in the midst of great populations and to buy Plains agricultural and other raw materials to process in their plants. Thus, the northern Plains are foreordained by the natural set-up to remain predominantly agricultural and rural during those years ahead into whose mists and clouds we can now see only some distance. That means there will be few or no great cities and that the population will be widely and sparsely distributed.

As a kind of corollary, the larger portion of the area is destined to have a small population for such a vast expanse. The ten Plains states had only a little more population in 1940 than New York state (15.6 and 13.5 million). These states contain nearly forty percent of the national area, while New York has considerably less than two percent of it. If we should regard only that portion of the plains west of the twenty inch rainfall line, the difference would be much greater. The Plains area would be reduced by perhaps a third and the population to only a fourth or a fifth of the ten Plains states. Nor will the inhabitants of the semi-arid districts increase much in the future. In practically all the states where population expands, the increase is in the cities and towns and not in the farming areas. Farmers multiply more rapidly than urbanites due to the excess of births over deaths but the over-population moves to industrial regions to make a living. The trend is for smaller farm populations to produce even more agricultural products. The surplus of persons derived from actual increase is not needed on the farms. They have nothing to do and if they stayed there they would be a parasitic burden and so have to move out. As a result of this, farm populations are decreasing all over the nation and in practically all the states. As a consequence of all this, we must think that the Great Plains region, especially those parts which lie in semi-arid locations, will continue to have small stationary populations.

Have the Great Plains stamped a distinctive temperament upon its inhabitants which make for distinctive individual and collective responses? Terrence, the Roman writer, said: "I perceive that the things that we do are silly; but what can one do? According to man's habits and dispositions, so one must yield to them." Evidently in his "dispositions", he refers to something commonly called temperament. So we ask, is there a Great Plains temperament? Have the agrarian collectivistic movements, for example, which have swept the Plains from time to time, resulted from the hereditary dispositions in its people? Some geographers are prone to hold that many of the historic actions of different regions are explained by the differences in temperament stamped upon these regional peoples by the peculiar concourse in geographical conditions of their regions. Miss Semple, in her Influences of Geographical Environment writes: "Everywhere a cold climate puts a steadying hand on the human heart and

brain ... among the folk of warmer lands eternal spring holds sway." (121). Montesque believed that heat affects courage and that people of warm countries are timid like the aged. Buckle held that heat makes men lazy and produces laggard nations. Probably most of the earlier geographers believed that peculiarities of topography and soil stamped themselves on peoples and made them different. Some have labored to prove that only mountainous and coastal lands produce artistic people and that people of flat lands and plains cannot become great in artistic directions.

Our recent geographers are much less extreme in their views. Like some other sciences, geography has been sociologized and anthropologized through the findings of comparative studies conducted in those fields. They have learned that the same people, living in and under the same geographic conditions for ages, may and do exhibit changes in their activities due to cultural changes, to investigations, scientific discoveries, improved political systems, and through borrowing patterns of action and conduct from other peoples elsewhere. Another upsetting fact is that different peoples, living under geographic environments as nearly dissimilar as two separated environments could be, may and often do exhibit similar or identical behavioral patterns. The peoples act and think alike, or have come to do so, in spite of differing geographical settings. The informed reader will recall so many illustrations under each of these points that examples are not required. I, as a sociologist, am convinced and believe I could demonstrate that geographic factors do not fatalistically determine what men shall be and become. A new environment has been developed in addition to nature, namely socio-cultural ideas, beliefs, behavior patterns, laws, and institutions. Advanced peoples adjust themselves primarily to these things and secondarily to nature. Many inhabitants of great cities like New York or London seldom contact nature immediately and directly. Many children have not seen cows, chickens, and other barnyard creatures. They seldom see the sun, scarcely feel the impact of storms, are coming to live in "conditioned atmospheres", get their vegetables, fruits, meats, flour, and clothes second hand. Their conduct and thought patterns are built up in them in response to the socio-cultural patterns of life about them. Outside their original capacities, which were inherited and inborn, they are artificial constructs of attitudes, beliefs, tendencies and reactions. In addition to his military genius, Ike Eisenhower might have become a great entrepreneur had he turned his undivided attention to it. I am satisfied that there is no temperamental bequest that has been stamped upon us Plainsmen by our Plains geography.

Even were the Great Plains all desert, being where they are, they would exercise an effect on our national life. But being what they are, their influence is numerous and profound. We are compelled to think that our nation would be something quite other than what it is had the Plains regions not been annexed. I have been interested in thinking through some ways in which our nation has been effected by the Great Plains.

The addition of the Plains to our national area, then wholly east of the Mississippi River, practically doubled the national domain. This was accomplished without bloodshed and with only a part of the fifteen million dollars involved in the Louisiana Purchase. This is to be compared to a present value of multitudes of billions of dollars. Along with this vast region was acquired some population, probably a few score thousand all told. That was not so much, but it was considerable, considering that our national

population in 1800 was only three and a third million. It was an addition of perhaps two percent, a gain attained inside a year. Many of the persons were Indians who were counted in the census.

What was of paramount importance, control of the Mississippi River Basin, was thus assured. After we came into possession of all the territory lying between the Mississippi and the Rockies, no small or great power could get a footing to contest our possession. We now had control of a great avenue of transportation and commerce, so essential before railways made their advent. The possession of the lower Mississippi outlet to the Gulf had long been contested by the French and Spanish. Our western outlet to the sea was insecure and liable to blockade. The populations filling in along the Ohio, Tennessee, and Mississippi rivers were dependent on getting their produce out to foreign markets through the lower Mississippi outlet. Guaranteeing freedom in this respect was a great asset bestowed through the acquisition of the Plains area.

The fears of neighbors to the west of us which might cause trouble were very real in early national days. Napoleon had designs for a great empire west of us. Spain did possess the Louisiana Territory and all southwestern United States. Burr and others plotted to build another nation there. Britain sent fur traders and supported military forces in the North and Northwest. But with the accession of the west Mississippi region, we began to explore and settle the new region. This gave us a foothold for the acquisition of areas still to the west which we proceeded to realize, whether justly or unjustly, in due time. The westward expansion to the Pacific was viewed with alarm by some, especially on the Atlantic coast, before the advent of the railways. It was feared that our nation could not maintain a unity, that it would fall apart because of the impossibility of quick and easy communication among its various sections. There were grounds for such fear. Nations of the past had disintegrated because of the lack of quick and extended communication facilities. But railways, inter-oceanic waterways, air transport, and the wonderful systems of telegraph, telephone, and radio have banished danger from that direction. So far as systems of communication can realize national unity, that unity is all that could be desired. With our great regional and climatic diversity, we are able to realize a high degree of national unity in the midst of a most gratifying and fruitful diversification.

The acquisition of the Great Plains added untold wealth to the nation with their stores of natural resources. The value of these resources really were and still are untold, impossible of true estimate. That is because we still do not know about all the many deposits that under the surface, and we do not even know the final and total value of the soil that is available for agricultural purposes. Soil continues to become more productive with each new scientific discovery and invention in the agricultural field. The great deposits of coal, zinc, lead, oil, and gas which have been tapped in the Plains regions are examples of underground valuable resources. Then there is the gold of the Black Hills and the gold, silver, lead, coal, tungsten and other minerals which lie in the Plains and the eastern slopes of the Rockies which are a part of the Louisiana Purchase. Many billions of dollars have thus far been mined from these underground riches, still only a fraction of the potential. Along with the Mississippi Valley, the Great Plains constitutes the granary of the nation. Except for that carried off by erosion, the soil is relatively everlasting. New soil will take the place of that which is eroded away and all the soil will

be improved by advanced agricultural methods. Again, scores of billions of dollars have thus far been derived from the soil in crops and livestock, only a small portion of the potential.

The Great Plains accession had a gratifying energizing effect on our national government. During our first fifteen years under the Constitution, the government operated under the shadow of the system of states rights enacted under the Articles of Confederation. The states were very jealous of their rights and prerogatives. Each state had in reality become a nation and had exercised sovereign rights to a large degree. Many leading men looked askance at having a national sovereignty placed over their state. Anything which would mitigate and lessen that attitude would serve to build the strength and unity of the new nation. Anything which would make the nation appear to be larger and more powerful than any or all of the old states would enforce this view. Coming into possession of this vast territorial empire, larger than all of the then states and the territory lying between the eastern mountains and the Mississippi, necessarily elevated the nation in men's thoughts far above their previous conceptions. This domain would have to be dealt with as a national matter and not as a state matter. States rights did not disturb this situation greatly until the slavery issue was projected into the new region.

Historians make the point that the acquisition of the western territory helped drive the Republican party away from its strict construction of the Constitution, to one more largely in favor of a recognition of "implied powers". This, of course, refers to the Republican party of early national days, the Republican party of Thomas Jefferson, and not that of Abraham Lincoln. Even Jefferson himself was a "strict constructionist" in many ways. He hesitated over the purchase of the Louisiana Territory because he thought the Constitution did not give him the power to do so. But that was too good a bargain to permit the Constitution to stand in the way, especially since not to do so might make the ambitious Napoleon a western neighbor. How much he looked at the clause in the Constitution empowering the national government to do anything it might think necessary to "promote the general welfare", would be interesting to learn. But probably he glanced at that expression through strict constructionist glasses and, therefore, did not see the expansive interpretation which liberals are able to apply to it today. But the Louisiana Purchase opened the way for a more generous application of the principle of implied powers.

The democracy that developed in the new area was of a more advanced kind than that obtaining in the older regions, especially in the Atlantic coast states. It has been the experience of our developing nation that society in our pioneer regions was freer from the arbitrary and conventional restrictions than was true in the older communities. On the frontier, every man regarded himself as the equal of other men. There was no upper class with its prerogatives which could impose its claims on service, its condescension, its deprivation of education, voting, and association. Every ambitious man could secure a piece of land and, as a property owner, esteem himself as good as any one else. Consequently, the state constitutions that were formulated in the new states recognized common rights and equalities in larger measure than those of the older states, and laws were enacted which realized the spirit of these liberal constitutions. And, in turn, these liberal state governments impacted on the governments of the eastern states and put them in competition. In order

to hold their citizens from migrating to the new states and also to maintain their pride of standing among the states, the eastern states began amending their constitutions so as to realize the freedom of the new states to the west.

The new states to the west were also prone to be pioneers in passing legislation that would be beneficial to the farmer. Agrarian movements, such as the Alliance, Populism, Farmers Union, and Nonpartisan League found easy rootage there and promoted farming legislation of a kind thought to be outright radical and "red" by the more conservative eastern people.

The Great Plains region made an agricultural contribution to our nation. The marginal region of precipitation presented problems in farming with which the forest and more eastern prairie areas had not had to contend. The fact that many of the farmers of the east-Plains districts believed that the Plains were a desert and that most of the prairies were not good for agricultural purposes was some indication of this. The methods of tillage and pasturage which the forest farmers employed would generally not work when transfetted to the Plains. Obtaining sufficient moisture and water to secure seasonal crops and pasture were basic to Plains agriculture in a way not usually experienced in the east-Plains domains. In the latter districts, the problem often was how to get rid of the surplus of water which fell, avoiding flooding out of crops after they were planted, preventing erosion of lands by running water, and being able to cultivate crops between floods and to harvest the crops between rains. In the west the big problems were to get sufficient moisture to mature crops, to conserve the moisture which fell, to select the lands which would have sufficient moisture to mature crops and grass for hay and to use the other for grazing stock, to develop "dry farming" methods, to find a happy balance between cropping and livestock raising, and to develop irrigation where possible. The Plains farmers who developed good marginal precipitation methods of cropping and found a nice balance between grazing and cropping so as to always have a living, even in drought years, were the ones who survived and demonstrated "survival farming" methods. Without regard to all the other farm products raised, the Plains have come to be depended on for a very large part of our national meat supply, wheat and wheat products, and flax for linseed oil. Two of the finest wheat areas in the world are found in Kansas and North Dakota, the former the national center for winter wheat production and the latter for spring wheat. These two states are rivals as to which will produce the most wheat. Kansas is usually the banner state because most of its wheat producing land lies within fairly assured precipitation limits of more than twenty inches a year, while most of North Dakota is on the other side of that twenty inch line. In the best years either of these states may produce from 150,000 to 200,000 bushels of wheat and together they may produce sufficient wheat to feed a population of fifty or seventy-five million.

The Plains states had a good deal to do with the Civil War. The Missouri Compromise, which was supposed by most at the time to have settled the slavery issue in the west-Mississippi territory, had an impact on the Plains area. It is said that the state of Missouri might have slaves but that henceforth all states entering the Union should be free states. But the southern slave owners became more and more intent on extending slavery into the new regions, not only south of the 36-30 boundary line of Missouri but north of that line. Hence, they influenced the presidentially ambitious Douglas, with his developing doctrine of "squatter sovereignty", to introduce his Kansas-Nebraska Act which empowered the new commonwealths carved from the Kansas-Nebraska territory,

largely the Plains regions from the Dakotas to Kansas and west to the Rockies, to determine whether they would or would not have slavery. Kansas was the first to seek statehood under this act. There ensued guerilla warfare due to the "border ruffians" which the slave powers of Missouri sent over to rob and intimidate Kansas settlers, the burning of Lawrence, the domination of the Lecompton Constitutional Convention and the forcing of a slavery document. The sending of armed mobsters to Kansas, even from the most southeastern states, to promote slavery, the migration of people from the northeast and north to promote the cause of freedom, the dishonest quibbles and machinations of two presidents (Pierce and Buchanan) to fasten slavery on Kansas, and the final adoption by the votes of that commonwealth of a free constitution and its admission as free, were all effects of the slavery issue.

One of the interesting features of this anti- slavery and pro-slavery development was the idea held by some prominent statesmen and others that nature had settled the slavery issue and that it was a work of supererogation on the part of anti-slavery forces to attempt to settle what a fiat of geography had already determined. Seward, Webster, Ranney and other prominent men entertained this idea wholly or considerably. The basis of the belief arose out of the fact that there were few or no slaves in the districts settled north of 36-30. In spite of the fact that the South was seeking to make those states subject to slavery and instruments of its protection, slave holders did not possess slaves there in any considerable numbers.

Two important conditions made the region free instead of slave. One was the small annual precipitation that demanded methods of farming which slaves could not carry out well. The other was nature's prohibition against growing cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar, in this region- crops ideal for a society dependent upon slavery. Whether slavery ever could have been sustained in the Plains territory, is not known. The fact that nature predestined that slavery should not be established in this region does not justify a conclusion that anti-slavery action was unnecessary and unjustifiable.

CHAPTER 3. LOOKING AT ANCESTRY

Some people make quite a business of looking up their ancestry, while the great majority of us entirely disregard it. Thomas Overbury remarked that "the man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato-the only good belonging to him is underground." The position of Sheridan was that "our ancestors are very good, kind folks, but they are the last people" with whom he would choose to have a visiting acquaintance. Man, the haughty, condescending creature is subject to a dirty dig in a poem attributed, anonymously, to monkeys. Talking about the idea of descent they say: "Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss, but brother he did not descend from us."

My immediate family consisted of two parents who were both born in Lawrence County, Ohio about 1830, and two brothers, (1856 and 1843), and two sisters, (1855 and 1859). All children, except myself were born in Ohio. The only member of that original family, now living, is the writer. My relatives were good, kindly disposed people, but none of them were outstanding in any way.

According to my information, my ancestors and near relatives did not have a high rating, but my immediate knowledge of them is meager. It is rather surprising that I never saw a grandparent, nor any aunts and uncles on the paternal side and only three on the maternal side. I suppose there were scores of cousins, but I have been in contact with no more than four or five and correspond with only two. If this is a deficiency, I score a high rating. However, there are ample reasons why I have slight information and contact. We moved out onto the far frontier away from relatives. Transportation was by horse and wagon. What now seem short distances were then great and our present long distances were then out of the question. Most persons at that time had little education and their literacy graded low; thus, people seldom resorted to writing and correspondence. Perhaps once a year my parents received a brief letter or two from their Ohio folks and responded about as often. Evidently my parents were not exuberant extroverts regarding relatives. They liked them in their way but did not exert much effort to see and contact them. The outcome was that I knew practically nothing about my relatives and certainly was not beset with consuming love and longing for them.

It would be expected, consequently, that I would evince little curiosity about antecedents. My knowledge of paternal ancestry extends not more than four generations removed from me, while that of my maternal forebears stops at three generations. Had I an interest in tracing ancestry, I probably could establish a link to some ancestor still more remote; however, my research activities have not included such avenues.

One's position in life probably has a preponderant bearing on the way we regard our ancestry in general, whether they performed a service or a disservice to us in investing us with life. If we are prosperous and influential we may well believe that they did a good thing. But if we are unhealthy or are poor and miserable, the world may look like the worst possible abode and we may curse them as responsible for making us a part of it. In general, we frontiersmen made a good living, enjoyed fairly good health, and did not look at things miasmatically. We were little concerned as to whether our ancestors were great or ignoble, rich or poor. We knew little about such affairs and cared even less. In our frontier society there was an absence of social levels. A broad equalitarianism obtained. I knew of no one who "looked

down" on anyone and few, if any, who "looked up" to anyone. Ancestor worship, consequently, did not flourish and no one wanted to go on a long hunt to find an outstanding individual through whom descent might be traced. This attitude is reflected in my brother Carroll's remark to his son-in-law, Ben Gould, who was undertaking a pedigree hunt on account of his young son, whom he regarded as extraordinary. He explained to my brother that such a wonderful child as his son, Gillette, must have notables among his ancestry somewhere. Upon hearing this, my brother remarked, "Ben, do you know what I think you will discover? I think you will find that Gillette is just an ordinary scrub."

My parents were good lookers when they were young. My mother must have been a beautiful young woman. She passed away in my tenth year and my memories of her are rather vague. But a daguerrotype of her taken at the time of her marriage in the early fifties shows her to have been very attractive. Although nearly a century old, that picture looks fresh as new. She was beautiful in face, physiognomy, and form, a well set up and vigorous person. I do not wonder that my father fell in love with her. My father was a six-foot, fair complected person with black hair. He was well proportioned and strong and stood "as straight as an Indian", even when ninety years old.

I belong to the brunette type, being dark in skin, eyes, and hair, and am of average height- five feet, eight inches. My father was tall, my mother short, about five feet- one or two inches in height. Among our family of children were three living brunettes and two blondes, one of the latter dying in his second year. A twin sister of Mary died soon after birth. If she was an identical twin she would have been a brunette. We could almost conform to the Mendelian formula in the proportion of dominants to recessives. I suppose that we were "mongrels", as are almost all of us, since our ancestors have been crossing and recrossing with all sorts of human strains from time immemorial. Mating among human stock is apt to follow quite unconventional lines.

My early training and my later scientific work both lead me to take a rather humorous view of remote ancestry. A lot of snobbishness crops out in much ancestral pedigree hunting. We are apt to seek only the outstanding ancestor and ignore the more numerous ordinary individuals. Counting from the time that William the Norman conquered England and became King William I to the present, an Anglo-Saxon's ancestry (some 33 generations) would theoretically number some seven billion persons. Of course, there were not so many Anglo-Saxons living then and there are not that many inhabitants in our present total world. So William was only one of millions of possible ancestors. If we could juggle our tracer back to William I, we would be elated. We quietly ignore the millions of other possible and probable ancestors. We bear their contributions just as well as we bear those of William. That we seek to ignore all the others indicates our snobbishness.

If we looked down toward ourselves from William, we find that, theoretically, his descendents would number about seventeen billion persons. That is quite a scattering. It is not only theoretically possible that William's descendents now number into the millions, but it is likely. William was a kind of "free lance" about reproduction as were kings and nobles generally. He had a wife, a morganatic wife, concubines, and mistresses galore. He must have distributed the seeds of Normandy widely and originated many strains. Counting a multiplication of progeny at a three fold rate per generation we would account for his seventeen billion descendents by now. That figure is reduced because

of frequent intermarriage between distant relatives who were ignorant of being related. His descendents, a few generations removed, would be entire strangers and would freely intermarry. Consequently, we can justify every Anglo-Saxon in claiming William the Norman as an ancestor. Incidentally, I get double count, for I have British ancestry on one side and French on the other. However, I believe I would trade any chances I may have for a good turkey dinner, with all the trimmings!

Another humorous angle is found in squinting at what we inherit from our ancestry. On the average, we get approximately half of our heredity traits from our parents. The amount is halved every generation removed as we go back, grandparents giving us one-fourth, great-grandparents one-eighth, and so on. Ancestors five generations removed from yourself transmit one out of every 32 parts of your heredity. Each of those ancestors sends down to you only one out of every 1024 parts . Carrying this idea back for thirty-one generations to your ancestor, William the Great, that portion of your heredity you could receive from him, based on the law of averages, would not exceed one in millions. Try to imagine yourself becoming hilarious over a millionth of a part. His contribution to each Anglo-Saxon is scarcely worth talking about.

There is a rather humorous aspect to what scientific geneticists have recently discovered. They have found what they term "empties" among ancestors. That is, they are empty as to power to transmit some attribute such as musical or mathematical genius or talent. Although you figure back to Jonathan Edwards who was strong in logical thought, he may have been an "empty" regarding transmitting that to descendants. If we drive our sighting stakes back to a great ancestor or ancestress, we cannot be one hundred percent confident of getting a bequest. Although you may assume you received a millionth of an attribute from your ancestor, William the Great, in fact you may not have received even that infinitesimally small portion, for he may have been an "empty" respecting that attribute.

It is asserted that blood is thicker than water. But when it gets thinned down to a millionth it has little consistency, not enough iron in it to make us pulsate with fervor over that distant a relationship. So far as I know, my near relatives have not been achievers, discoverers, inventors, noted writers or actors. I know of no geniuses among them, none of great achievement. If they even made "Who's Who" I never learned of it. It is far from my judgement that this damns them in any way. It is merely a recorded fact.

My knowledge of my relatives is small because in my frontier childhood, my parents did not make much of ancestral matters. Beyond the fact that I knew I had four grandparents, my knowledge of uncles, aunts, and cousins was astonishingly little. My parents were not copious correspondents and I heard little from the letters only occasionally received from their relatives. In horse and wagon days a thousand miles was to be almost cut off from any communication. My scholarly activities of later days made the subject of ancestry of much moment. The interest was scientific, not personal. Ancestry has both positive and negative values. Our natural capacities are given through ancestors. We range in inborn capacity from feeblemindedness to genius. These natural aptitudes are affected by the influences in our environment. A born genius may remain at an ability level of almost zero because of an empty cultural environment. A born moron can never rise above the level of his natural capacity not withstanding the richest environmental influence.

The evidence indicates that my ancestors in America settled in New England during the eardy seventeenth century. By the time the first census of the United States was taken, the Gillette name was spelled at least seven different ways. It was Gilet, Gilat, Gillet, Gillitt, Jellet, Jillet, and Jillitt. There were probably additional spellings that were not included in the reports, for the other day I saw "Gelet" in the papers. My own name is "Gillette." I think it is legitimate for it seems that with names you may spell them most any way and have them accepted. Close to "Gilit" are "Goellets," "Gelat," "Gellet" and "Gillott," any of which might have been imposed on me for a moniker and would have fit as well as the one I drew. There were eleven ways that "Goelett" was spelled. But the variations in the spelling of "Gillete" and "Goelett" were not as much as some of the others. For example, there were thirty-one ways to spell Gillispie at that time, twenty-five ways for Dougherty, and twenty-seven for Campbell. Even McCoy ran many variations from M'Coy to McKoye. It must have been difficult to know who was the "real McCoy".

My father and mother were born in the very southern tip of Lawrence county in Ohio, on the Ohio River near Protorville. The former's birth year was 1829 and the latter's 1831. It was a heavily forested region at that time, aside from the clearings, and my father became an expert in the toolcraft of forest workers. That came out in characteristic fashion when we made our homestead on Cow Creek in Kansas, nearly forty years later. His father was Sydney Gillett who was born in New York in 1801, and who migrated to Ohio early in the century, probably with his father. He was tall, spare, and a blonde. He married Christian Wilgus, a light haired or gray eyed blonde who was born in Pennsylvania about 1807-8. It is easy to see the source of my father's blondness. Sydney's father, Zebulon, was born in New York about 1769, and was said to have migrated to Ohio with his family early in the nineteenth century. We have little information about him and much less about his father, John, who lived in New York or farther east.

The place of origin in New York is not certain, but I have a guess that it was in the region of Syracuse, in Onondaga county. My basis for thinking so is the fact that I spent a summer at Cicero, near Oneida Lake, in 1894 and met Gilletts in that vicinity whose ancestors had lived there for generations. A cemetery located along the plank highway toward Syracuse (a mile or two) was densely populated by Gilletts. The gravestones dated back to the beginning decades of the eighteenth century. I sometimes say that it was "alive" with Gilletts. Since the name was spelled the same as my father's name, I judge that some of those early Gilletts were ancestors of mine.

Our family name originally appears to have been some form of "gilet," the French word for vest, waistcoat or synonymous terms. Herbert Spencer and others wrote much about the origin of names as being descriptive of articles, places, crafts, and the like. The name of Smith in the English speaking world comes from the calling that the name originally represented. First it was "the smith" and later just "Smith," the man who did smithing. Then came along goldsmiths, silversmiths, blacksmiths, and all the other differentiated callings. From them were derived the proper names of those who were engaged in such vocations; Goldsmith, Silversmith, Blacksmith, and so on. The man who was very white in color came to be referred to as " the white one" and ultimately as "White;" this gave rise to all the "Whites."

I will explain why it is that my surname is spelled differently from that of my father. In Kansas we had a neighbor by the name of Byron at whose home I visited a great deal as a child. They had numerous boys of about my own age. Tom, the father, liked to make jokes and he found he could get to me by reciting a verse he made up about me:

"Little Johny Gillett,
packed round a skillet
in which he placed some millet
and fell down and spilled it."

It was not good doggerel but it served its purpose. As they say, it got my goat! I had heard my father say that he had heard that the proper way to pronounce our name was Gillette, with the accent on the last syllable, denoted by the final "e". The accent on our name, as it was then spelled, was on the first syllable. I accepted his statement as true history, which I have since found erroneous, and resolved that when I got away from those who knew me, I would change my name in the way that Dad indicated. Then I would have a name which could not be made to rhyme with skillet. Of course, I never considered what the changed name might be made to rhyme with. On such tiny things events may turn! In due time I carried out my resolution. I suppose other sensitive youngsters have taken like steps for similar reasons.

Does ancestry look toward democracy or aristocracy, toward equalitarianism or class distinction? It looks like a great leveler. Most of my kin since the advent of my 128 ancestors of seven generations ago appear to have been commoners. That is the case with nearly all of us. Only where nobility is hereditary and kinship is restrained strictly within the noble kin, could there be an aristocratic cast to ancestry. Numerically, that class would be very small.

The shuffling of human events sometimes obscures and erases personal identity. I had a foreign born neighbor, a noted physician, who regularly voted at election time. Later, at the time of settlement of his estate, it was learned that he had never been naturalized. He just assumed his citizenship rights and no one knew the difference. I have known other foreign born persons whose records of naturalization were in doubt and others where the matter was clouded in some way. Then we see people with amnesia who lose all memory as to who they are. We also see schizophrenics with split personalities whose personalities vary from person to person, according to the condition of their emotional surge. My ancestry worries me not at all nor does it affect my own personal identity. But if I had to give legal evidence that I am the same J. M. Gillette who purports to have been born in 1866, I would have a hard time of it. There were no birth certificates then in the frontier region where I was born. The old family records have gone with the wind, and no one has contacted me consecutively, year by year, during all of that intervening period. My wife has known me since we were married in 1901. My step-brother, H. V. Plant of Wichita, has known me intermittently since I was about fourteen. The nephews and nieces I knew when they were youngsters have not seen me for a generation. They could give no testimony of weight that I am who they suppose I am! However, since I have no great estate to leave to others and the direct inheritance law is fairly clear, the business is not a practical issue. I am left to luxuriate in the realization that I could be caught in a tight place!

CHAPTER 4. WESTWARD HO

"The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land."

Emerson

"And the maize field grew and ripened, till it stood in all the splendor of its garments, green and yellow."

Longfellow

I think of it as the great trek. My family joined the great westward movement of population about the close of the Civil War. My mother's family, the Radfords, had gone before and settled at Quitman, Nodaway County, Missouri, in the very northwestern corner of the state. Whether the Gillettes started for that point at first, I do not know, but they arrived there before I joined the family on August 9, 1866. On the way, they farmed a year near Peoria, Illinois. It is likely that news of the opening to settlement of the Cherokee Strip in southeastern Kansas reached them when in Nodaway County, for they settled in that strip in July of 1867.

That westward journey does not seem much of an event in this day of rapid transportation. But at that time it was an affair of first rate importance. I calculate that it required over three months to make the entire triple journey. They traveled by team and covered wagon. Where roads were good, their average speed, when not encumbered by extraneous impediments, would range from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. But they seldom had good roads. More often they were mere trails and ungraded earth roads which often were rutted and muddy. Floods, storms, heavy rains might detain them indefinitely. Long detours to get around natural barriers would sometimes consume days or weeks. They also had slowing down impediments, the cow or cows they drove or led. The daily pace of a cow is not more than twelve or thirteen miles. But bossy had to go along because her milk was essential to family living. They could not have averaged over a hundred miles a week and it was probably much less.

The journey involved much outdoor living. There were five in the family before I joined it, all of whom had to sleep in and under the wagon. The wagon cover was not impervious to the heaviest downpours of rain and they were often wet. That little linchpin wagon carried all our earthly possessions: clothing, bedding, food, cooking utensils, necessary tools, and more. The three children- Emily 10 or 11, Carroll, 9 or 10, and Mary, 6 or 7- could help with the lighter work but the mother did most of the heavy work. At camping time she packed and unpacked food, bedding, and cooking utensils. She cooked over a campfire on the ground, washed dishes and clothing, mended, besides making beds and the like. I have no doubt that Pa was helpful in his way but the brunt of things fell on the wife and mother. I think the woman got the worst of it on these long journeys. But my mother was a strenuous worker, was ambitious for her family, and I'll venture that she took it in her stride without undue complaint.

Our ancestral Gillettes had long been westward bound. They began to move westward from Massachusetts and Connecticut in the seventeenth century as part of the general migration to the new frontiers. As I have recited, my father and his father, Sydney, were born in Ohio, but my great-grandfather Zebulon was born in the state of New York, as was his father John, back in the 1700's.

We Gillette children had a double dose of Gillette blood. My mother's mother was Philinda Gillette before she married Henry Radford. She was first cousin to my grandfather, Sydney Gillette. Consequently my parents were second cousins. This could have been unfortunate for us if both parents had a hereditary defect which might have been reinforced by transmission. However, so far as I know, nothing serious happened to our generation.

The covered wagon which carried us westward was of the small linchpin variety instead of the much larger Conestoga type. It got its name from the linchpin which held the wooden hub on the wooden spindle. All of the spindle was wood except for the thin straps of iron which ran from the shoulder to tip. The same was true of the hub save for similar circular strips of iron within it, which rode on the spindle iron strips near the shoulder and tip. Unless kept well greased with axlegrease, this arrangement gave rise to unearthly groans and screeches. These wagons were less than half the size of the farm wagons of today. They contained a minimum of bands and bolts. The felloes which took the ends of the radiating spokes were held at their ends by wooden pins. No bolts secured the steel tires to the wooden felloes. The wooden wheel was laid on its side and the tire which had been heated in a circular ground fire till it was red was placed on it. It was then cooled by pouring water on it. That was called setting the tire.

It was all right as long as it was wet but in dry times the wood shrank away and allowed the tire to roll off. We rolled our wagon into the creek to soak up in dry weather. People generally wedged and wired their tires on at such times. I remember that we once met a man who had just lost a tire and was back along the road hunting for it. Another tire was in the process of rolling off. My provident father carried soft pine wedges with him for such eventualities and was able to help the man wedge his tires on. All of our live stock was built on the same small dimensions as that wagon. Our horses weighed only about 700 pounds a piece. Our first thousand-pound horse looked as big as an elephant. Our cattle and hogs were scrub stock. It required several years to raise a hog to the size now raised in six months.

I experienced a notable event when, as a child, I went down to the creek where our wagon was soaking to swim. It was the "old schoolhouse hole", the largest pool in our region. In those early days before erosion carried in soil from the fields its bottom was of flat smooth soapstone and slate. I had my swim, had dressed, and was watching a muskrat swimming about when I was astounded and shaken by seeing a great wave of water come pouring into the upstream end of the hole. It soon raised the level of the pool until the wagon bed was lifted off and began to float about. The dry shoal between that pool and the next below was running deep with water. It was magic, uncanny, and too much for me. I heeled it for home as fast as I could run and told my folks about it. Dad did not seem to be much astonished and had a natural explanation for it. He had been to town and had heard that there was a "cloudburst" on the headwater of the creek. There was enough runoff to get down to our vicinity and account for the exhibit I saw.

The great objective of our long trek was, of course, to get land. We obtained a most desirable 160 acres by preemption. Two-fifths of it was forest and the remainder was prairie, nearly all of which was available for cultivation. The forest contained much valuable timber- useful for wood, lumber, and rails. Big Crow Creek extended southward thru the extent of the

forest. It was dry in summer but had a series of large deep pools which furnished water for our stock all the year. The woods ended on the east at the top of a long high limestone escarpment, beyond which lay the level prairie. Our cabin stood at the edge of the woods at the top of the high hill. The soil was excellent and a farm could be made there which would be hard to beat.

I suspect that my parents had somewhat different motives in going west. My mother was a practical woman, an incessant and strenuous worker, and a far-sighted planner. She would think of an economic foundation for her growing family. My father liked to hunt and fish and to be free from the restraints of "civilization". Although he could and would do the necessary pioneering work, he also liked to have his freedom to range and to experience the frontier opportunities he had enjoyed in his early Ohio days. Otherwise, overalls and much fishing and hunting would satisfy him.

My mother died in my tenth year but in those childhood days I saw enough to later realize a difference in the parental equations. My mother's ambition would be for her family--to attain a secure home, to grind and to save so that each of her children would have a future. Although my father would enjoy fishing and the rod and gun, he would also work hard in a pinch; however, he would be inclined not to push too hard on the bits most of the time.

The quarter section on which we settled was exactly four miles due southeast of what later became the public square of the Village of Girard. It was a wonderfully well constituted farm for pioneering purposes. Big Cow Creek ran southward through the east eight. Sitting astride of it was nearly a quarter-of-a-mile belt of splendid timber containing oak, black walnut, white ash, hackberry and white hickory, all valuable for fences and buildings. In addition, there were: sycamore, willow, white maple, box, cherry, mulberry, locust and both black and honey redbud trees. Various wild fruits and berries grew: cherries, plums, mulberries, grapes, red and purple raspberries, black haw, red haw, persimmons, strawberries, and papaw. Such a timber set-up obviously exerted a strong appeal to adults who had been reared among the forests.

Early prairie farming was but a stage in the transition to a new type of agriculture. Forest agriculture was basically hand tool, one-horse type farming. The wide and level plains permitted and encouraged both expansive and extensive tillage. Previous farming was designed to provide just for the farm family; the new farming would provide produce for distant and world markets. By means of gang plows pulled at first by three or five horses and later by powered tractors, by great harrows, seeders, and threshers, fields of hundreds or thousands of acres could be developed. Relegated to antiquity were the scythe, cradle, harrow, hoe, one-horse plow and cultivator, flailing grain out on floors and yards and winnowing out the chaff. Our Kansas farming process was at the beginning of this transitional period.

It was difficult for my father to break away from the old methods. Even after we had two-horse plows, a wheel cultivator with two double shovels that could cultivate a row at a time, two-row cornplanters, grain-drills, and the like, he would occasionally revert to the old methods and small hand tools. My brother would explode with indignation and grouch over Dad's reverting to one-horse cultivation of corn when the other cultivator could do it twice as fast. As a child and youth I saw the evolution of grain machines from cradle through

mower, from reaper that threw off bunched grain to be bound by hand, to a self-binder and finally to the combine, a combination of reaper and thresher. I also witnessed the development of plows, threshers, cleaners, corn cutting and threshing machines, and a great plurality of soil preparing and tilling devices.

Speaking of cultivating corn brings to mind an incident. We were all eating supper one evening when brother Carroll broke out snickering over something. Someone asked him what was the matter. He replied that something funny had happened out in the field that day. Urged to tell about it, he said, "Well, you see, I was following dad uncovering corn that got covered up with dirt from the plow. Dad was ahead of me a ways. Once when I looked up, I saw him stop the horses and suddenly grab himself by the leg. I thought he must be troubled by bumble bees inside his pants. I ran up to see what it was. He did not say a thing, but stepped to one side a little and pointed to the ground. A lizard was lying there kicking. Pa said it had run up his leg, inside his pants, and that he just grabbed and squeezed it and it let go. Just like that, and he wasn't even excited. I'll bet I would have yelled if it was me." Mary said," Imagine one having a live, crawly, cold lizard creep up his bare leg! It makes me shudder." Pa smiled and said, "But it was not creeping, it was running mighty fast." For a fact, none of the males of our section and time wore underclothes, so that lizard must have scaled up the bare skin.

Corn was our chief crop and sometimes about the only one. Our soil and climate were favorable to small grain which we sought to raise when we dared. Our handicap was chintzbugs. They generally were present and bred rapidly. They always were in small grain, especially wheat, and often destroyed it. From there they would travel to the corn and ravage it. A few years of growing small grain bred so many bugs that almost no crops could then be raised. Occasionally, we would raise enough wheat to provide our flour for a few years and a few acres of oats for the horses. Otherwise it was corn, corn, corn! Our yield of corn was not more than 25 bushels, on the average. When corn was selling locally for ten cents a bushel, it took all of our acreage to furnish groceries and to pay the taxes. My mother insisted on feeding corn to the cows and selling the young stock and the butter, a practice we generally followed thereafter. We did raise a lot of wheat one year, in the early seventies, and sold it at a good price.

In the summer of 1874 my father suffered an attack of wanderlust. He caught the California fever and believed he could become wealthy in the gold fields of that state. We had had a big crop of wheat for those times, a $400 crop. That was a mint of money to Dad. It offered great possibilities for seeing the world. My mother argued against it and fought his plan but finally she yielded. He went, did not get into the gold fields at all, but handled logs and lumber in the saw mills, took sick, exhausted his funds and sent for money to return home. If he was a chastened man, I was not old enough to detect it. But I think he got more than one family roasting. The money he "wasted" (that is what my mother called it) would have served as a foundation for her childrens' future. She was a frugal, economical, hard working soul and had an eye to the future. Dad was a typical backwoodsman; he was happy-go-lucky, with a love for out-door life, hunting, fishing, and camping. A good meal, three times a day, satisfied him and he was not troubled by thoughts for the future. But all of us did enjoy hearing him tell about his long trip by slow train over the Plains and through the mountains and about what he saw on the coast. One

thing he told me especially gripped me: the stoppage of the train for several hours to permit the passage across the railway of thousands of buffalo in their herd movement. Men shot at them from the train, and also at other forms of wildlife.

While my father did not push on the bits in an endeavor to get ahead, as did my mother, he was a man who was not afraid to work when it needed to be done. What he accomplished by his physical efforts in two or three years, during which time he made a farm, assumed rather colossal proportions to me later in life after I had some personal experience on my Minnesota cut-over forest land! He and Carroll broke up fifty acres of prairie with oxen and made it fit for tillage. He mined out lumber and rails from our woods for a new house and all the miles of fences for the pasture, lanes, lots, stables, garden, etc. He planted hundreds of trees and developed a fine orchard. Besides, he went out carpentering and earned considerable money from such work. I recently made a computation of the time and labor that he devoted to making the posts and rails alone which were required on our place. Over 7,000 posts and rails were used. It takes a fast worker to fell the trees, saw the logs into the required lengths, and split them by means of ax, wedges, and maul to the finished article. With all the other demands on his time at that initial stage, just the making of those posts and rails probably required at least five or six months. In addition, to haul, set, and build them into fences would demand half as much time again.

Besides, he cut many great posts and sills for the new house, walnut blocks for the shingles, oak blocks for the clapboards, logs to be sawed into sheeting, dimension lumber, and the like. And it was his head and labor that built that house. We had a large garden enclosed by a fence of oak palings made by hand. To split many hundreds of thin palings of a certain width and to sharpen them to a point at the top was a time consuming job in itself.

He built the new neighborhood schoolhouse during his first two or three years there. That was the largest and finest structure in the region at that time. It was sided, ceiled, shingled, painted, and the seats and desks were hand-made. It was only about 24 by 32 feet in dimensions, but it required much labor. Perhaps my father really deserved his California trip after all.

In building his fences, my father used several thousand black walnut rails made from our own trees. A rail fence on the long limestone escarpment was necessary, because the soil was too shallow to take posts. A worm rail fence, seldom seen now, was built. It was a zig-zag fence with at least six rails high. Such a fence is a great rail consumer. Elsewhere, oak posts to which were nailed thin oak rails, formed the fencing. Our timber belt contained much fine oak and walnut. One extraordinary black walnut tree was six feet in diameter, two feet above the ground, and furnished us with thousands of feet of siding, other lumber, and shingles. Seldom is so mammoth a black walnut tree found anywhere. The old stump and its giant roots were hollow and served as the home for many possums who burrowed beneath the roots. We extracted many choice marsupials from that domicile. The great limbs furnished us with many loads of wood for our stoves for years.

In my more mature days I came to realize that my mother was a real person in our house. She was a comely little woman, as I remember her in her early forties, and her picture as a young woman shows that she had been a real beauty. She was undoubtedly the driving and directing mind in our farmstead plant. She was a powerhouse of energy, a facile and rapid worker, an indefatigable and tireless homemaker. I suspect that she drove my father at such a rapid pace that at times he had to take a relapse and rest up. Those of the family old enough to work were kept at it and even I had my tasks which I was held to performing. She was not an ogre but a systematically efficient person. She almost had to be to make things go. She did all the cooking, preserving, housekeeping, sausage making, smoking meat, soap making, wool carding, yarn spinning, made all our clothes by hand sewing, knit our socks, did most of the gardening, made butter and candles, and so on. The things she had to face daily and accomplish in a day's work would make the modern housemother blanch and recoil. All the frontier women had to do these things (if they did them), but I think my mother did them rather faster and better than most.

Housekeeping for a large family was a rather heroic job. This was especially true when we were dependent on the fire place in the log cabin for cooking. By the time I was three or four, we were in our new house and things were easier because we had a cooking stove and a heating stove. The M.K. & T. Railway had come in, Girard had stores, and we could buy things ready made unless it was cheaper to resort to handicraft production.

Two or three processes have impressed my memory. Spinning is one because I liked to watch the spindle wind the yarn and the big wheel be spun around by a touch of the fingers. Or perhaps it is because it is associated with Mrs. Bean, a tall angular neighbor who sometimes helped my mother. I can see Mrs. Bean running that wheel and stepping forward and back to prosecute her task. Then sometimes she would josh me a little. Her most felicitous approach was to say, "Johny, if ye ain't careful, I'll grease yor year,(ear)." That made me hustle away at first, until I learned she was just joking.

Our lighting was about as primitive as it could be. One device was a saucer, coiled wick, and melted grease. The coil stood, its end was lighted, and its "flaming effulgence" made some impression on darkness, but not much. We had a three pronged candle mold. My mother would hold it up, points down, put a string wick in each mold, projecting slightly at the lower end, pour in melted tallow, and set out to cool. There was a little candle holder with a sliding bottom which could be slipped up when the candle was burned down low and so prolong the life of the candle. That made quite an impression on darkness. If eyes were good, reading could be done by it. Soap making was intriguing. Dad made a lye gum out of a large hollow elm tree. The lower end was planked across, with a small opening just above it for drainage. It rested on a low elevation, was filled with wood ashes which, after being inundated with water from time to time, stood and drained. The drainage which was caught was the leached out lye which was mixed with grease and the whole became soap. It was sliced into bars and became bar soap. I failed to observe or remember the technique or the process which resulted in soft soap.

It was the handicraft and boundless industry of my mother which clothed our family while she lived. She spun the yarn and knitted all the stockings the six of us wore. All garments were cut and sewed by hand, sewing machines being in the future. Clothing for the male members consisted of jeans that were lined with white cotton cloth. We did not wear underclothes, and in winter, at least, that lining served as a substitute. I was long grown before I had underclothes or a nightshirt. We threw off pants and went to bed in our day shirts. The clothing of the females was simple and inexpensive, being also cut and seamed by our mother. They had one dress-up garment apiece, the males had none, most of the time. Ready-to-wear bustles were worn by women who desired and could afford them. My sisters sported bustles but they were hand-made. Several folded newspapers that were looped over a girdle string were tied behind, above or over the buttocks so as to give the desired impression. They were crude and treacherous. More than one woman had her modesty placed in jeopardy by the breaking of string or by some other type of accident that let the papers fall to the ground. It was the day of crinolines and hoops. My mother somehow brought her light metallic spring hoops and crinoline with her, but the girls had to be content with heavy, and only slightly resilient ones. Their good fortune was that our frontier society did not indulge in conspicuous consumption, so that the demands for dress and style were only low pressure ones. We were all poor and while we had ample food of the rough, vigorous sort and other things to match, there was no time for the practice of vicarious leisure nor the money to finance it. Since we were all poor, we could not indulge in class distinction and snobbery, even had we been so inclined.

I believe that country was fairly healthful and that the people were healthy. But people did get sick and die, though not so often as other places. The most frequent ailments were ague, or chills, colds, and rheumatism. Occasionally there was "consumption" and typhoid. Infrequently there was "congestive chill", "inflammation of the bowels", and "white swelling". I heard people talk about the first but never knew what it meant, the second was probably appendicitis, and I knew one case of the last but have never understood what it was. Of course people got "run down". Nose bleeds ran in our family; my brother Carroll, sister Mary, and I, all being it's victims. During the dusty days of summer, especially when haying and threshing was on, I often bled a half dozen times a day but thought little of it. My brother once bled for two days straight. Everything they knew was tried in order to stop it: hot foot baths, puffball stuffed up the nostril, red string around the neck, cold water on the neck, etc. Carroll escaped death only by the skin of his teeth. Malaria was rife and occasioned the ague which was due to the breaking up of the prairies. Quinine was the standby remedy. We were told that people in southwest Missouri, near Joplin, took quinine as regularly as their meals. We ran a close second. Purgatives for "biliousness" were blue mass pills and bone-set tea. A build up remedy for a run down condition was sulphur and cream tartar. Childrens' noses ran like brooklets with common colds during the winter. In the spring time we resorted to sassafras tea to thin the blood after its winter sluggishness. My father and mother would go to the woods to dig sassafras roots in springtime from which to make tea. Dad at times resorted to skunk oil for rheumatism and wished he had some bear oil to try.

Then there was Castoria, Radway Ready Relief, and Wizzard Oil, which, after drug stores came, were common family remedies. Castoria was resorted to when infants had scrofulitic heads, as many of them did. Radway Ready Relief and Wizzard Oil were used for pains and were popularly said to be able to kill any

pain, at least those near the skin surface. For several years, during the early eighties, a reputed Indian doctor, "Doctor Johnson", brought his troupe of singers. He put up a show stand in a grove on the outskirts of Girard and proceeded to sell the latter remedy every night. A male quartet knew many hillbilly and other primitive songs which they sang with great gusto and charmed the simple folk gathered about. Interspersed between songs were sales talks by the Indian Doctor. He was lively, jocular, and plausible. People thronged about his platform to hear and to buy. It offered a captivating show and farmers with their families drove in each evening from many miles about. I still remember some of the ditties they sang, all new to me then, such as:

"Git along Cyndie, Cyndie,
Git along Cyndie, Cyndie,
Git along Cyndie, Cyndie,
Down that rocky road," and

"George Washington was a good man,
The truth he'd always tell,
But when his father gave him a hatchet,
Didn't he give that cherry tree hallelujah!
Whoop up, Lizie Jane."

The long anticipated Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 created much interest. My parents talked about the wonderful things that would be exhibited and expressed strong wishes to be there to see them. Of course it was merely wishful conversation because neither believed we had any chance of going. But it was a great subject of conversation. One of the most wonderful events, to them, would be the exhibition of a balloon. Although balloons had been invented in the previous century in France, they had not been widely used. Just a few years before this exposition, however, the besieged French armies in Paris had used them to elude the enemy and to communicate with outside authorities. The exposition evoked great wonderment about what men could do; the balloon was one of these great advances. This stimulated discussion as to what men might invent in the future. Mrs. Shipton, long before, had prophesied that men of the future would fly in the air and glide in iron ships beneath the water. I heard her prophetic poem read. My parents seemed inclined to believe that these things would come to pass because the prophetess had been accurate in some predictions. They thought she must have been able to see into the future through a touch of divine inspiration. But my parents were skeptical about prophecies made by their contemporaries. They had been fooled by the Millerites. Being Ohioans, they knew about the prediction that the world would come to an end on a certain date in 1843, and then of the postponed prediction of the "second coming" to a date in 1844. They also told of the great consternation among the people of Ohio caused by a great eclipse of the sun; it grew so dark that chickens went to roost. Many frightened people believed that the world was coming to an end. The impressions made on me by these conversations were deep seated and lasting.

CHAPTER 5. CABINS ON THE PRAIRIES

My very first memory is of my mother cooking at the fireplace in our log cabin home. From the abundance of trees on our place, my father had built a log habitation. It was probably about fourteen by sixteen feet in size. Since he was too busy to cut puncheons for the floor, and there were no sawmills at that time to make lumber, we lived on mother earth. Some shelving and the pegs on the wall held the little clothing we had possessed. A home-made bed frame, a few hickory bottomed chairs, and a rough table constituted our furniture. The three older children slept "upstairs" on rough boards laid on the sills below the clapboard roof and shinnied up and down the cleats fastened to the logs. My parents and I occupied the bed in the southeast corner of the one room. Midway along the east wall, a few feet from the bed, stood the fireplace. It was there, when I awoke each morning, that I saw my mother at work.

It would be a hardship today to prepare meals with the equipment she had. All the baking had to be done in the little Dutch oven. It looked like a deep, circular skillet with almost vertical sides, with three or four long iron legs. There was a lid with an edge that curved up all around to hold the heaped up coals. Much wood had to be burned to get the live coals for cooking. These were spread out on the stone hearth, the oven set on top, the food to be cooked was put in, the lid put on, and then the coals were drawn out and heaped thick on top of the oven and all around. Believe me, you could get a hot oven in short order, for I cooked on a dutch oven down in Arkansas a few years later. I remember an iron kettle for boiling things, an iron skillet for frying, a little dishpan, and a few heavy dishes. That was about all she had with which to cook and serve food. The scant laundering was done in fair and mild weather at a beautiful spring at the top of the limestone hill. I still experience nostalgia for that flowing spring every time I recall it. The laundering equipment consisted of a little washtub, a big iron kettle to heat water and a pail. The children gathered kindling from the nearby woods to heat water over the wood fire built on the ground. A rail fence close at hand, bushes and the limbs of trees were used to hang the laundered clothes. It was a pleasure to do the washing there in fair and mild weather. In cold and inclement weather the washing was done in the cabin and dried by the fireplace. I suppose that some of the structures of a later civilization have rested on the ashes of my mother's fires interspersed along the way between Proctorville, Ohio; Peoria, Illinois; Quitman, Missouri; and Girard, Kansas.

My mother used a squawpath for her first garden. The Cherokee Indians had just moved off our place. They may have lived near the spring on the top of the wooded escarpment, for at the foot of that wooded slope was a cleared out tract, perhaps sixty or eighty feet square. It was enriched by the forest humus and protected from the winds. The squaws had done their gardening there. This was a godsend to us because a garden made in newly turned prairie sod does not do well without a great amount of work to disintegrate the sod.

That southeastern part of Kansas had been left unsettled by the Cherokees. The northeastern portion of the commonwealth had been settled for a considerable period of time, because migrants centered at Kansas City had settled the land nearest to it. We settled in frontier country, a country much different from the forest regions of Ohio that our parents had previously known. There were no towns and villages, no made roads, no railway. Our earliest neighbors were log cabiners living near our creek, Big Cow. Middle

Cow Creek was about five miles east and East Cow Creek was ten miles to the east. All joined to make a larger stream which later emptied into Spring River. The prairies soon began to settle, however, after the railway came. Board shacks and houses could be seen scattered here and there in all directions over the undulating prairies. Our nearest town was Fort Scott, twenty-five miles to the north. This was our trading point and it required a day of travel each way. Girard was established before the railway came; stores had to freight their goods by wagon from Kansas City, a hundred and twenty-five miles away. My father made a trip or two for the Sinet store which required a week or more of travel each way because of road and flood conditions. When swollen, various creeks and rivers could not be negotiated by team and wagon, especially when goods were stored in the wagon.

In this log structure era, the first schoolhouse was log and not a great deal larger than our cabin. It was floorless and had a clapboard roof. The cracks between the logs were chinked and daubed and the "daubing" was reddish because of the red color of the limestone soil that was mixed with the lime. We sat on puncheon seats, used shelfless, hewn desks, and were without blackboards, maps, books of reference, or a dictionary. Writing was all done on our small slates and we wrote with chunks of chalk or red keel found in the limestone ledges. A fireplace at one end of the schoolhouse was designed to heat the place but in cold weather the heat did not effectively reach the farther end nor the corners. The building had but one door, at the southeast corner. When it was closed, the daylight had to come in by way of the small, square window on each side. We did not have formal grades in school- that was in the future. School terms were brief and teachers knew little more than their most advanced pupils. But it was a beginning. We learned to read by the alphabet method. The alphabet was first taught and then we learned to assemble those alphabet letters into words. I can still see myself, at the age of four, going up to the front of the classroom to stand by teacher Kipp's side to name letters as he pointed to them with his small pointer.

The first picture show that I ever saw appeared in that schoolhouse. An itinerant showman came along with a magic lantern and gave an exhibit. The only thing I can remember was a picture of what seemed to be jaws grabbing at things, a shadow made by crossed and moving fingers. People came in numbers to see the show and it was a marvel to the young fry.

This log school, while it stood, served various community purposes. It was the only place we had for religious meetings, save the camp meeting grounds in the woods below our cabin. One of the unique characters who occasionally preached there was ornamented with the name "Hogit". It was spelled as it sounded. He was a saddle-bag preacher of the Hardshell Baptist persuasion. I retain a vivid memory of one of his delivery techniques. He would get well het up, shouting loudly and telling of "the vengeance of God-ah", and of the divine threat to "children of sin-ah", and so on. Then he would mop his face with a big red bandana handkerchief and proceed to stuff it in his mouth, fold by fold until it had disappeared. Then suddenly he would pull it out by a corner, unfurl it and whip it about his head, all as he talked. It was a most marvelous demonstration and many appreciative remarks were heard about it. Some critical housewives, however, suggested that the kerchief looked in need of being laundered.

Young, lusty Jim Loaky also exhibited demonstrations of the spirit. Just what psychological term would fit his manifestations, I am not specialized enough to know. You will have to judge for yourself. He would become highly wrought under the stimulus of revivalistic religious fervor, would shout, leap about, and finally fall down on the floor in a trance-like condition. There he would lie for a long period of time. One time he fell in the aisle right by my seat where I could look down at him. My fright registered a high and I grabbed my father for protection. I wondered if he was dead, for he lay entirely motionless. How he got out of this predicament I did not observe, for we left the meeting shortly thereafter.

Developing a farm may appear to be a simple and an easy undertaking to those who have never done so. Is not a farm just a piece of land which has already been created by nature? No! The Indians lived on our place, hunted, fished, did a minimum of gardening, but they did not establish a farm. My parents, my father in particular, had to perform almost Herculean tasks to convert that land into a sanctuary which would shelter us and supply us with a living. They were Herculean because all the tasks had to be done almost at once. To raise a house over our heads came first, however. We had been camping out for many months and that way of life had its limits. My father had to chop down the trees, saw and hew the logs into shape, lay them up, make clapboards for the roof, make doors and windows, quarry rock for the fireplace, build it and the chimney, and then lay the roof. Just the thought of doing all of that in such short order is overwhelming. But that was only the beginning. Prairie sod had to be broken in order to gain the fields on which we could raise our corn for stock and for the cornbread and mush we largely lived on. There were over 600 posts to be made and driven in to the ground for fences. In addition, at least 5,000 rails had to be made for wormfences and for stake and rider fences where posts could not be driven because of the limestone layer lying near the surface along the escarpment. Our forest contained many magnificent oaks and black walnut trees from which to make posts, rails, and eventually lumber for a new house. A great walnut tree, six feet in diameter, was to furnish much of the posts, sills, dimension lumber, boards, and shingles for that new house. Had I had the foresight to keep that stand of black walnut I would have a fortune today. My father built the house by about 1870. The task of establishing a farm, from prairie sod to a rudimentary farmstead, was crowded into two or three years. Most of the work was performed by my father, William Wilgus Gillett, a tall, black-haired, fair complexioned man, standing six feet in his stocking feet, well proportioned, and as straight as an Indian, even till his death at age 89.

I did not come to appreciate that great accomplishment of clearing land in such a short time until I, too, owned land in the forests of northern Minnesota and began to use those same woodcraft tools. After I had done enough of it to understand what he had accomplished, I wrote to tell him what I had discovered and to indicate what a gigantic accomplishment I thought he had attained in early Kansas. He was deeply gratified by that letter. It was a very late and only partial recognition on my part.

This story demonstrates what Dad could do, shall I say, if he had to. Perhaps I should say that it indicates what he could do if he was urged and inspired to do so! Without the stimulus and urging furnished by my mother, I am satisfied he never would have accomplished so much in so short a period of time, and perhaps not for a long, long time. She was ambitious and strenuous,

and could nag Dad until he would perform the seemingly impossible. He had the strength and endurance, she had the ambition and the urge. They made a great pair. If she drove him at a greater pace than he naturally would have taken, it was because of her great ambition for her family. The family was her life. Family was more or less incidental to him. It was something good, but a thing to be taken for granted and not to be worried about too much.

Our new frame dwelling was "magnificent" for the time. It would be a third rate farm house today. Fourteen by twenty-two feet in dimension, it was a story and a half weatherboard affair. There was no ceiling or plaster, the inside boards were left in the rough, the upstairs was unfinished, and only rough loose boards were laid on the joists for a place where the children could sleep. There were two rooms down stairs and an attached lean-to kitchen. I remember particularly the beautiful white ash floor made from wide unmatched boards. That floor was my mother's pride and joy and she certainly kept it scrubbed to the limit. Our new house could accommodate a small gathering of neighbors. They enjoyed coming to such a commodious place. I well remember one such gathering because I was involved in it. I had learned to play tunes by ear on the accordion, the one musical instrument we possessed. I was asleep upstairs when I was requested to come downstairs to play for the people. I was called forth, not because I could play much, but because of the novelty of hearing such a young performer. In default of a stairway we climbed up and down on narrow boards nailed across adjoining studs. I had to shinny down and play before all those folks. The event made a dent on my memory but I cannot remember anything about what or how I played, nor about the acclaim I received, if any.

One who has tried to break an old habit after reaching maturity and sought to replace it by a new pattern, is in a position to sympathize with those farmers from forest regions who came to farm on the prairies. Forest methods were not suitable for prairie farming. Forest farming was characterized by handcraft, little farms, and small field agriculture. The wide open and level prairies called for large farms, expansive fields, and agricultural machines. It took time to discover these differences and to make the necessary accomodations. Successful prairie farming techniques have slowly evolved and are still developing. It calls for a great array of specialized machines adapted to a large acreage.

My father was a product of a small farm with small fields. He was trained to farm with one-horse plows and cultivators, and did much hand work with hoes, sickles, scythes, cradles, rakes, and forks. He began farming in Kansas, in the sixties of the last century, in this same way. Even after two-horse cultivators came in, he was inclined to utilize the one-horse cultivator and handcraft method. It was as easy to revert to those earlier techniques as it was for humans to indulge in "original sin". I remember a striking example. Once when my brother returned home, he saw our two-horse cultivator standing idlly by while my father was out in a nearby field cultivating corn with a one-horse shovel plow. He was indignant and exclaimed, "The old man is out there wasting his time with one horse when he could do twice as much work with two!"

I saw the inconsistency then, but it was not until later years that I realized that it was a case of undying fondness for the older methods. To him a ten acre wheat field was large. It would have been almost impossible for him to conceive of wheat fields of hundreds of acres in size. After my mother's death, he sold the south eighty because he did not use it very much; or perhaps, it was in order to finance his Arkansas trip.

In the first years on our new farm, when the newly upturned sod was tough, we planted our corn by splitting the sod with an ax, dropping the kernels into the slits, and covering them by a stamp of the heel. No cultivation was required, for no or little grass and weeds troubled that sod. After the sod was rotted and disintegrated, we planted our corn with a hand planter. It required several days to put in ten acres. Then the two horse planter came along. Our first grain was spread on smoothed earth and flailed out. Then it was cleaned by letting a strong wind blow off the dirt and chaff as it was poured from a height onto a canvas. This process had to be repeated two or more times to secure clean grain. We also threshed grain, at first, by spreading it on the earthen floor and driving horses over it or pulling a big log roller over it. My earliest memories are of sitting above the roller holding the lines.

In a few years, small threshing machines appeared. They consisted of a tiny separator and a horsepower machine. Two men accompanied them and it would require several hours to "set" those machines prior to threshing. The machine was held to the ground by tie rods and stakes, so they would not travel about when in action . Power was generated by teams of horses hitched to beams radiating from the center. A long tumblerod carried the power generated by this horsepower plant to the cylinder of the separator. It was rotated by the power plant, geared to the threshing cylinder, and put the latter into rotation. A man stood on the platform above the big horizontal cogs of the power track and drove the circling teams of horses. He kept a great quid of tobacco in his cheek and spat tobacco juice copiously. With his long braided lash suspended from a handle, he could make a horse squirm or fleck a fly from its rump without disturbing the equine. The driver kept up a volley of clamorous admonitions to the horses, amongst which were distributed numerous and picturesque cuss words. I would sit by the hour watching this wonderful man; my first ambition was to become a horsepower driver.

As a mere child I helped with the farm. I followed behind the cultivator and uncovered the little plants which the plow submerged. At the same time, I counted the number of stalks in the hills and thinned out the crowded hills by pulling all stalks above three per hill.

We raised castor beans as a cash crop and I helped drop the seed beans in furrows to be covered later by the harrow. On one occasion, seeing my brother eating beans, I asked if they were good, and if I could eat some. He grinningly said "yes" to both questions at once. In a short time I was deathly sick and had to repair to the house, where I enjoyed the agony of probably the most violent cathartic I had ever experienced.

Going for the cattle down in the forest pasture was more joy than work. Our expert on cattle driving, a small black shepherd we called Coalie went with me. When flies were bad, the cows would often be quietly standing bunched up in a thicket of brush in order to be protected against them. We were prone to

accuse those cows of hiding, for they would not let us in on their location, even if we shouted from a near distance. But Coalie's keen scent would locate them, and a nip or two at their heels would always make them explode out from under the cover and scurry toward home. Coalie's recreation was to hunt in the woods at night. Occasionally we would hear him barking steadily. It was good evidence that he had treed an animal- a rabbit, possum, or coon. Sometimes Pa or Carroll would go down to the woods to see what he had. Once Pa woke me and took me along with him on such a trip. We took gun, ax, and lantern. We found Coalie barking under a tall hackberry tree. Dad gathered kindling and small limbs and built a fire. Presently we could see a moving lump on one of the higher limbs. Dad shot at it and a coon came tumbling to the ground. Coalie was on it at once and quickly finished it, for he knew his coon and just where on the neck or back to bite. He was a wonderful dog and we all loved him. We all felt the tragedy when, in chasing a rabbit in the woods, a sharp snag struck a shoulder, breaking it. It never knit properly and that front limb hung limply, swinging about as he ran. After a time it became diseased and poor Coalie had to be relieved of his misery.

One of my farming chores backfired. Cows were fed corn at milking time. It was my job to cut the ears in pieces so the cows could masticate them more easily. I was kneeling by the block, cutting away with the hatchet and singing merrily as I chopped. Alas, the hatchet caught the tip of my left thumb, excised it cleanly, and the tip went sailing thru the air to alight several feet away. I dropped the hatchet, jumped up and yelled lustily, frightened beyond description. My mother made time reaching me, grabbed me up and ran with me to the house. She rushed Carroll to town to fetch the doctor while I bled into the water in a washpan. I saw that blood spurt and was certain that I would soon die. When the doctor came, he put the tip in place and bandaged it on. But it did not stay there for long since my playing soon displaced both bandage and tip. We found the tip but, for some reason, it was left off. Perhaps it was too dead, by that time, to grow on. As a consequence, I have had a somewhat truncated thumb, good for bigger tasks but not worth much when the task calls for picking up pins and needles. I developed something of a thumb complex. I find I am not inclined to thrust it forward where it will attract public attention, but tend to keep it in the background.

CHAPTER 6. Hardshells, Grasshoppers and Country School

Save for very occasional meetings, the first public religious services I remember were the camp meetings that were held in our woods just under the high escarpment on which our cabin stood. Elder Knox, an eloquent carpet bag Methodist preacher would occasionally conduct such meetings. Once while my father held me up in his arms, the elder baptized me by sprinkling water on my head, much to my astonishment. There were people representing a number of sects (once the country was fairly well settled) but no one group was strong enough to establish an organized church. My people were of the Methodist persuasion but were willing to worship with any other church group. The Hardshell Baptists were the most numerous of the sects in our immediate neighborhood. Their correct name, I believe, was "Little Old Two Seed in the Spirit Predestinatian Baptists". They were strong on predestination and they were primitive. The drawls and quavers they put into their hymns appealed to me because of their minor primitive strains. I can still reproduce their variations on "A Charge To Keep I Have". They held services in our schoolhouse from time to time and every winter conducted protracted revivals.

Their religion was inexpensive to them, because it was their whole way of life and because they had so little money. Their meetings consisted of preaching, praying, and congregational singing. There was no organ, no dues, no taking up of contributions through passing the hat. There were no paid preachers but they had several "exhorters", who ranged from good through indifferent to poor. An exhorter had to have an audible call from God to preach. Skeptics said that most of them evidently mistook a farmer calling up his stock from the pasture for a call from God. But it was difficult to head off an exhorter who claimed a divine summons. An exhorter would develop an harangue which he would first memorize and then shout at the public whenever he had a chance. Comity among exhorters afforded even the poorest one a chance now and then. Unfortunately, only a moronic soul could be touched and quickened by the average exhorter. Conversions awaited the stimulus of cumulative revivalistic suggestion and fervor.

Billy Denton, a farmer who lived a half mile from the schoolhouse, was the best local Baptist preacher. He had considerable native eloquence and sagacity, a splendid voice, and a good physical appearance. He was musical and commonly led and carried the congregational singing. His wife was a religious enthusiast when once warmed up to it. Shouting during religious meetings was frequent and ranged from fervent "amens" to standing up, jumping about, clapping of hands, leaping into the air and the shouting of "Hallelujah" and "Glory to God". Betsy Denton was a prima donna shouter. When she warmed up to praying she was apt to put both sinners and saints on the run. Her voice had a vehement, stirring quality that penetrated to the innermost seats of people's emotions. She was frequently asked to pray during revivals while all the worshipers were down on their knees. She would begin slowly but distinctly and then grow in fervor as she proceeded. She became vehement, rose to her feet praying and shouted with an abandon that stirred souls and captivated wills. Spirited ejaculations and shouting became general as the congregation rose to its feet in religious fervor. Such a collective manifestation was what moved sinners to repent and seek the mourners' bench. Betsy Denton was a shouting star of the first order! She was known to leap into the air while shouting and strike her feet together twice before alighting. Few athletes could do that without practice!

Winter revivals were annual events and were as much looked forward to as were the yearly circuses which appeared later. They were to us in winter, what the movie is all the year now, something to view like a show for the outsiders. But they were also to exhilarate the lives of the faithful. Bringing sinners to the mourner's bench, converting them, and "saving their souls" was the primary object of these meetings. The "sinners", before the event, were like scattered cattle on the ranch who needed to be rounded up and properly branded. Some of those who came to observe and laugh were touched by "the spirit" and sought the mourner's bench. The crop to be harvested was always excellent, because settlers increased in number each year and some past converts backslid yearly, thus requiring reconversion. "The faithful" looked on these backsliders with solicitous leniency, for it gave them something to do and manifested the perpetual availability of saving grace, no matter how often one failed. Outsiders were not so gracious and made harsh remarks about the poor boob who lacked the stamina and backbone to keep the pledge they had taken. Even a "good Hardshell", Tommy Byron, once declared that backsliders ought to have the seat of their pants chalked so that it could be told when they were beginning to slip.

The mourners bench was a regular institution at these revivals. It was a bench set apart near the speaker's platform, dedicated to the use of mourners, those sinners seeking repentance and salvation. Salvation was seldom accomplished in the twinkling of an eye. It was slowly worked up to through torment and agony. Several nights might be required before any symptoms showed, until the crisis was reached when the sinner broke down and mourned. It might be days before the first seeker for salvation was joined by others. Meanwhile, the singing and exhorting of sinners to repentance, the praying, shouting, and demonstrations of the presence of the spirit continued. Exhorters and shouters visited the mourners and pleaded with them to turn from their wicked ways and to turn to the Lord for salvation. (Being wicked was being irreligious). Occasionally a saint or sinner went into a swoon or a trance. This was a sure sign of the presence of Jehovah. Such seizures might continue until the meeting ended but generally they were of shorter duration.

What brought a series of revival meetings to an end was not obvious to the outsider. It looked as if the machine just ran ran down, as if the participants became deflated of the spirit and the fire by degrees. Emotions had burned out and the workers could do no more at that time. No doubt it was "spiritual" exhaustion.

One of the highlights of these revivals, for me, was the impressive presence of Dude Loaky. Although Dude's father was an itinerant, saddle bag Methodist preacher, this fact did not prevent Dude from attending these Baptist revivals and helping to "save sinners", especially those of the male persuasion. Dude was a young but mature female, with an attractive body but an unattractive face. She was so homely, in fact, that she was reckoned by the young men to be the "ugliest woman" around. During revival meetings the young men stood at the rear of the meeting areas. This was both because of a lack of seats and because they could see better what was happening if they were standing. When it came time to invite sinners to the mourner's bench, the preacher and other faithful participants made the rounds of the young men who were standing. Sinners were suspected of being most frequent among this group and there was much shaking of hands and urging of these young sinners to come forward to be saved. Here was where Dude Loaky shone with great and gracious radiance. She

was a valiant rounder and shook young mens' hands with warmth and abandon. She would shake hands, hang on, and plead for their souls with all the perseverance of the saints. Had she had a beautiful face, the young men would have doubtless enjoyed her persuasive efforts. But she was so spectacularly ugly that they were repelled by her attentions despite her intentions! It came about that when they saw Dude making for their line, they would break ranks and run from the house, laughing and whooping all the way. My brother Carroll was one that she especially liked to meet in order to shake his hand. I don't wonder, for he was a handsome rascal. However, the frequent jibes from his family provoked an extreme sensitiveness and he was among the first to make his getaway when she rushed for the male line.

Footwashing was a ceremonial observance of the Hardshells. It was performed by the chief men only, so far as I knew, and followed the example of Jesus as he went about the circle of his apostles, washing their feet and wiping them with the towel with which he was girded. The Baptist men held a footwashing event now and then. I was not aware of the ceremony until one day when the Loar boys said to me that the Baptist men were holding a footwashing at the nearby school house. "Let's go and see them do it." That afternoon, besides the dozen Baptist men who were assembled, there sat on the rear benches three Loar boys and myself. Two of them were near my age but Will was a few years older. The men looked at us somewhat askance but said nothing and did not drive us out, as I am sure they would have done had they known what was going to happen. The men drew their benches into a circle and sat down. They took off their shoes and socks, at which point Will Loar looked at us smaller fry and gave a significant sniff. Brother Billy Denton, the "big bull" among the Baptist exhorters, was equipped with a towel and a wash basin of water. His towel hung from a suspender, for it was not large enough to tie about his loins and leave enough of a margin for wiping the brethrens' feet. He made the rounds on his bent knees so as to be nearer to his objectives. Nobody said anything, and there was no exhorting or sacred service that I remember while he made his rounds.

We three smaller boys were sitting on one bench leaning forward raptly while Will was sitting on a long bench by himself. He was tilted back at an angle with one foot laid across his knee. When brother Denton got to deacon Walter Stevens, he gingerly picked up Steven's foot by the big toe in preparation for lowering it into the basin. But his hold was bad, the toe slipped from his grasp and landed on the edge of the basin. The utensil tipped and splashed water in all directions, liberally sprinkling some of the nearby brothers. At this, Will Loar threw back his head in a boisterous guffaw which resulted in he and his long heavy bench falling over backward with a tremendous noise. It sounded like a note of doom for me, for I expected we would be threshed and driven from that place. The brethren looked at us mighty seriously. Perhaps some of them were smiling within, but there was no visible sign of anyone's appreciation for the humor of the situation. They again proceeded with their ceremony in dark and somber silence while we little outsiders and our big culprit crept out quietly. To say that we beat it away from there, is to put it superficially. We fairly flew. Even when we got home we were too scared to laugh for we did not know but what we would be hauled up and given a trial. Furthermore, at least one of the malefactors knew that if his father ever heard about it, that a rigorous penalty by means of a long, tough switch would be enacted. All footwashing observances were, from that time on, at least in that locality, held behind closed doors.

He who scoffs at prairie fires reveals his ignorance of a deadly event, for such fires may devour fields and homes and burn to death its victims. A horizon ablaze for miles with leaping flames was a frequent night scene in the fall of the year. Dry grass and strong winds were fraught with danger for prairie settlers.

I recall vividly a prairie fire in 1872. I had accompanied my brother by wagon to a meadow a few miles from our home where we had put up hay. The stack would stand there until it was either used for feed or sold. Carroll, almost a young man, burned rings around the stacks as a protection from possible prairie fires. When the job was done we drove leisurely home. Just before sunset, a great smoke appeared to the southeast. It spread as we looked at it and appeared to be driven by a strong wind toward out home. Carroll jumped to his feet, tightened the lines, whipped up old Lady and Jane until they were on the run and we went bumping and bouncing over the rough prairie terrain toward home. I could not stick to the loose board seat and sat down on the floor of the wagon bed while desperately holding on to the sides. Carroll was able to stand steadily, with feet spread wide apart, since he was braced back against the taut lines. The fire was still several miles away over a ridge but we could see an occasional leap of flames. The smoke billowed and expanded westward, indicating that the fire was traveling westward as well as to the north. It was threatening many farms as well as the village of Girard. Cow Creek was able to confine it on the east. As the flames climbed toward the crest of the east and west ridge, about two miles south of our house, it seemed as if the whole countryside was aflame. From our house we could see corn fields, stables, hay stacks and two different homes that were surrounded by flames. My father was away from home on a carpentry job; my mother had to bear the brunt of leadership. She ordered my brother to place a rain barrel, heavy horse blankets and grain sacks in the wagon, and then drive them to the creek. He was to fill the barrel with water and take it to the big draw south of our farm where men were gathering to fight the fire. They plowed a strip of sod and then backfired against the oncoming line of fire. They beat out the flames with wet cloths wherever possible and necessary. It required quite a broad strip of overturned sod and burnt-over stubble to keep the flames and firebrands from leaping across the break and setting new fires. The fighters, most of whose homes were threatened, were neighborhood settlers and men from the village of Girard. The big question was whether the fire could be stopped there? My mother was deeply worried that it would not be. But the big draw, with its occasional water holes, its bare earth where water had dried up, and the valiant fire fighters saved the day. Our home, and many other farm homes, and the town of Girard were saved. The blessing that mother said over the delayed supper that night had an unction that was far beyond the ordinary. We youngsters recognized something that we could both see and feel thankful for.

During the early years, the little stores in Girard had to freight their goods by wagon from Kansas City, a hundred and twenty-five miles to the north. A round trip could take about two weeks, considering the winding trails and bad weather. It was a special event when the railway came through and the trains were running. Those locomotives and cars would seem to be toy affairs now. The smokestack on the engine looked about as large as a furnace boiler. People came from afar by wagon, horseback, and on foot to behold a wonder that many had never witnessed.

Young fellows tried to beat the trains by speeding their ponies along side, and some could even keep neck and neck for a short way. My brother Carroll tried to beat the train one day. He, sister Mary and I were driving to Girard on family errands. We three were about seventeen, fourteen, and seven, in that order. When we were about a mile from town, we could hear the north bound passenger train approaching us from the rear. It would be parallel with us for awhile and then pass us in a short distance to the left. Carroll jumped to his feet, seized the whip which he applied vigorously to the old nags, and shouted, "I'm going to beat that old train." Old Lady and Jane were soon at full speed, excitingly fast it seemed to me! Our trail angled slightly toward the railway but down a mild grade that ended in a small ravine, with a shallow ditch which we needed to cross. We hit that ditch at full tilt! The front end and then the hind end of the wagon gave bewildering lurches. I remember sitting on the bottom of the wagon bed behind the seat on which Carroll and Mary rode. I was holding on to the side of the bed for dear life, when we lurched across the ditch. Mary came tumbling back on top of me, grabbed me frantically since I was the first available object. Carroll stood in front, urging the old nags forward with his voice and whip. It was a merry but a brief race. The train passed us easily at what seemed to be a terrific speed. Carroll was galled when the locomotive engineer laughed at us and waved us to come along. Years later, while in college, I rode that train back and forth between Girard and Kansas City and found to my dismay that its usual speed was about twenty-five miles an hour.

While there were occasional racoon, possum, and deer in early Kansas, and many cottontail rabbits, it is impossible to speak of prairie chickens without seeming to exaggerate greatly. During the spring, at breeding time, the drumming of the cocks was almost incessant in all directions. After the corn had matured and was standing in the fields awaiting husking, the prairie chickens swarmed into the same fields by the thousands. Unless shot or trapped out, they would devastate a field in a short period of time. My father made large corn stalk traps with pivoted tops which trapped alighting fowl inside. These traps would catch dozens of chickens in a single night. He sold the choicest of the fowl at Girard for ten cents a dozen. The chickens were shipped from Girard by the carload. If we had had refrigeration, we could have stored our annual meat supply. I suppose our region today would be referred to as a hunter's paradise. But before I was grown those birds had become relatively scarce. They had vanished as had the passenger pigeons from the wooded regions and the buffalo from the Great Plains. My father told of clouds of pigeons migrating over Ohio and of swarms of squirrels trekking north and south by swimming the Ohio River. Pa said that a squirrel was a safe swimmer as long as his tail was curled up over his back, but once it got wet, he was a goner for it would pull him under.

The appearance of rolling tumbleweeds was an annual occurrence as prairies were being converted into agricultural fields. These weeds grew especially abundantly on new fields. Their height varied from one to two feet, their great number of branches and twigs grew densely within a diameter that sometimes reached over two feet. They were very light and round, almost spherical, when detached from the soil. They moved about over the level country with rapidity and abandon. Thousands could be seen moving across open country in a heavy wind; it was an interesting spectacle to observe. As a small child I stood at the window and watched the moving sea of tumbleweeds; as an older child I played at chasing and catching them as they rolled across our

yard. Hedgerows and fences would be congested with them and they stood in danger from fires which might get started in the weeds. During my last visit to Kansas, about twenty years ago, I do not recall seeing tumbleweeds in motion and I suppose they are a thing of the past in the older established regions. The Russian Thistle, which abounds in sections of the northern plains, often resembles the southern tumbleweed in form and size and when detached from the ground, gives a modest exhibition of the same type of mass movement on windy days.

The book of Ecclesiastes, (12:5), asserts that the "grasshopper shall be a burden". We found that assertion to be very true in Kansas during the seventies of the last century. I still envision those hoppers which migrated from the Northwest. They were huge vigorous fellows with red or yellow legs peppered with small black spots. They fairly devoured the country during their first invasion. They ate the earth bare of grass, leaves and green crops. They even ate any clothing that was left hanging outside. Pa and I lay in the shade of a tall corncrib and watched them migrate through the air. At times there were swarms so large and thick that they obscured the sun like running clouds. For a time it seemed we would be starved out. We cut our green corn and shucked it to save what we could. Those hoppers would eat the fuzz from fence rails and posts, leaving them as clean as a newly shaven face. There was little anyone could do about it. Had my father been a profane man, I am sure he would have relieved his feelings by profanity. His most violent swearword was "dodzon it". But he did relieve his feelings another way. The hoppers in our pasture formed great windrows, hopping over each other to get at the grass. Pa hitched a team to a heavy log roller and drove astride those hopper windrows, wherever possible, and mashed them by the millions into pulp. It was a mere driblet in the mighty holocaust, a drop in the bucket, but it helped some and it certainly did relieve my father's emotions. Had we been hopper eaters, we could have stocked our larder and lived off the "fat of the land".

We often caught possums in our woods. They were usually carried home, played with by the children for awhile, then destroyed. My brother caught an unusually large fellow who played his game of trance to perfection. It occurred to Carroll that it would be great sport to tie the tail of this possum to that of our big yellow tomcat and then hang them both over a pole to see what they would do. He thrust the tines of a pitchfork into a stack, held the end of the handle, and hung the animals over it. The possum continued in his state of obliviousness. The cat looked about wildly for a moment, but then seeing the possum, proceeded to grab its front leg in his teeth. The cat shut down its jaws with full force, and projected all available claws into his unsuspecting "pole mate." At once the possum's pacific attitude was replaced by stern and vigorous action. He seized that tomcat's leg within his jaws and crunched down on it. The cat emitted a howl, tried to get away from that spot, and shot strong, stinking secretions high into the air, much of it descending on my brother. We shouted with glee and laughter. Carroll dropped the pitchfork handle and beat it. The cat and possum were allowed to make as good an adjustment to a bad situation as they could. My last vision of them is of the possum marching off toward the forest dragging the tomcat behind. My mother came out of the house to see what the uproar was about. I suppose she may have laughed initially but when she discovered Carroll's plight, she made him undress, had him wash thoroughly, and buried his clothes in the ground for several days in order to get rid of the stench.

There was no doubt that my brother Carroll, then about twenty, was deeply in love. Although it was tragically serious for him, the other party seemed to regard it lightly. Carroll had been going with Cora Nelson and they were engaged. The Nelsons lived across the Creek about a mile to the north. Cora and Carroll had gone to school together, she being his junior by about two years. He spent a great deal of time at the Nelsons and they undoubtedly like him. He kept his three-year-old horse, Bill, in their stable. Bill was his pride and joy, his first horse, and there could be no other like him. Things went well until Joe Broomside, who worked at the Norrison brickyard on Nelson's place, began to board at their house. It was a case where propinquity of sexes bred allurement, and it was not long before Carroll was aware that Cora had become lukewarm toward him. He worried and brooded to no good effect. Cora evidently was infatuated with Joe. Our young man grew almost ill over the situation. He continued to hound the Nelson place where all, save Cora, remained fond of him. Then another tragedy overtook him. His horse, Bill, accidently cut his throat in Nelson's stable. Carroll practically lived there for many days while Bill's fate was being determined. The horse doctor could do nothing for poor Bill and he died. The double tragedy almost put my brother out of business for a long time and more than his own family felt deeply sorry for him.

Incidentally, I was an innocent bystander who got penalized as a result of Carroll's love episodes. Older brothers often make confidants of their younger brothers. Without any solicitation from me, Carroll would unload his troubles on my itching and unresisting ears as we chored about together. After things grew desperate and hopeless for him, he told me how he was going to retaliate against Cora. He was going to take her riding in our new wagon with its spring seat and he was going to hug her and treat her rough. I would have kept his confidence had he not chided or twitted me at the Sunday dinner table in the presence of both Pa and sister Mary. I retaliated by unloading what he had said that he was going to do to Cora, much to the enjoyment of Pa and Mary. Carroll grew very red in the face over their jokes and razzing. He said nothing to me but after dinner he suggested that we go to the orchard to look for ripe apples. While there he cut a sprout from an apple tree, caught me by the hand, and gave me a trouncing. He said it was for betraying his confidence. Of course he did not bother to explain my responsibility about keeping the confidence when he told me of his plans. That ethical question had not occurred to him. It was an older brother's prerogative to thresh his junior brothers as he saw fit. Anyway, my hurt feelings did not last long. I was like one of my dogs that I was forced to thresh. His feelings were poignantly expressed during punishment but a moment later not a vestige of self condemnation was manifest.

The spelling bee at the old schoolhouse was one of the best drawing cards in the way of public events. Even today, a national spelling match attracts much attention. People would drive their farm wagons, ride their horses, or walk many miles to be present at a local spelling match when I was a boy. I'm not sure whether round dances with their single fiddler, the Hardshell winter revivals, or the spelling contests commanded the greatest attention. One such event, unwittingly, gave unending merriment to the observers and enveloped the contestants in confusion and embarrassment.

Eight youngsters were selected to stand in line and spell down. Whenever a word was missed, the next person in line was asked to spell that same word. If correctly spelled, the successful student was rotated up to the position just ahead of the first one who had missed the word. By accident, I had succeeded in moving to the head of the class and was feeling pretty cocky. Then a calamity befell me. I was asked to spell the very familiar word "tired". I belted it out with supreme confidence but spelled it without an "e" and pronounced it "tird". This pronounciation was met with loud laughter which bewildered and overwhelmed me. The word went down the line and was spelled in every conceivable way except the right one and was pronounced in one of two ways, one of which always brought titters or boisterous guffaws. The class became completely demoralized and none of us could have spelled dog or cat correctly. The word finally reached the girl at the foot of the class. She was not a mental giant and nobody expected her to spell it correctly. She assailed the word, with a half giggle, and did the astounding thing, for her of guessing it right. But she was under that same influence that affected us all. She spelled it t-i-r-e-d- but pronounced it as if it had no "e". That brought down the house and the crowd roared with merriment. The lady school teacher sent the victor to the head of the class and dismissed us all in extreme embarrassment.

We called it Lyceum and the name was roughly fitting. It was a weekly occurrence for us during the short winters. We children had a part through involvement in exhibitions and entertainments. Those who thought they had something to exhibit were given an opportunity to do so. Our presentations were rough, for we were rough people; finished and cultured features would not have been appreciated.

Our debates were rough and tumble affairs, noisy, and sometimes exciting. They were especially exciting when a debater would get angry and want to fight his opponent. The preparation of the debaters was about like that of our frontier preachers. They thought up things to say which were imagined to be pertinent and then thought up enough of there arguments to fill the allotted time. The arguments and speeches were designed to impress the hearers, get applause, and win the judges approval. Establishing or proving the truth was of only secondary importance. The questions that were debated were of the chestnut variety, such as "Is truth stranger than fiction?," "Is pursuit better than success?", "Was Lincoln greater than Washington?" As is obvious these were questions for which there could be no definite answer.

A sample of the crudeness of our offerings is illustrated by the following event. I was asked to recite a poem about a Negro plowman who was remonstrating with his mule. One of the verses went like this, "Whoa thar, Nebuchadneezer, what is yo tryin to do thar?" "I'd have yo to know, sah, I'se a holdin onto these lines." In order to make it graphic, I arranged with my buddy, John Byron, to act the part of the mule. We had a dry, hardened, undressed calf skin lying around which had been tanned in the sun and was nailed to the side of a board wall. It was as stiff as a board. John offered to wear this to indicate the mule skin. Since it would not lie down over his body, the legs and neck stood out horizontally like wheel spokes. The rough hide merely rode on top of his back. No one could possibly have guessed , by his appearance, that John was impersonating a mule! John stooped over and stood on his hands and feet to indicate the four legs and I recited my lines to that mangy mule.

He pranced about, exhibiting the stubbornness and cussedness characteristics of that animal. It must have been its extreme absurdity that touched off the audience, but it did make a great hit. The applause was uproarious and at a later date we were asked to repeat the performance.

At least once a year, usually on the final day of classes, someone read a paper called "You Tellum." It consisted of news, notes of a humorous nature, and digs at well known persons. It was a kind of local newspaper that was read aloud and people were as keen to hear their names appear in it as they are to have their names appear in print in today's press. The reader, who was a combined journalist, reporter, and editor received our rapt attention. Every ear was stretched, hoping to hear their name mentioned. Even a dishonorable mention, if appropriately salved, would not be spurned. Sometimes a dig would occur which would take the skin off anyone but the most obtuse or calloused person. I still remember one.

A transient had strayed into our neighborhood and, after trying out various homes and being given the cold shoulder, had settled in with the Byrons. His name was Jack and we called him "Jack Bum", for he was a bum. The Byron family consisted of father Tom, mother Mary, and ten youngsters who ranged in age from almost zero to about eighteen. They all lived in a four room house. They were kind-hearted people who just couldn't turn anyone away. Jack wedged himself into that family some way. He slept there, ate three meals a day, but never did more than sit with folded hands, although there was plenty of farm work and chores to do. It became the talk of the region. Some thought Jack should be tarred-and-feathered and ridden out of the county on a rail. The following editorial comment at the "You Tellem" session was highly appreciated by most in attendance: "Jack Bum wishes he was some rich man's dog and had no hogs to run." So far as I know, this jibe did not even cause an itch on Jack Bum's thick skin and he continued to live as a parasite on the Byron's kindness.

The Loars did not have a very high rating in our neighborhood. I know how my father felt about them since I heard him say that Loar had stolen black walnut timber from a distant unfenced tract in our woods and that he had a hard time collecting a few dollars for the damages. My dad forbade me to play with the Loar boys because he thought they were too tough. The Loars allowed their cattle to range freely over the country and they damaged other people's crops. As you would expect, this turned their fellow settlers against them. They quarrelled violently, without much justification, with their nearest neighbors. The Loars, who, had no close friends and were generally held in low esteem, lived at the corners near our district schoolhouse.

The following episode illustrates that their reputation was well justified. One day my brother Carroll came home by way of the schoolhouse corners and could scarcely wait to break the news. "What do you think? The Loars found a wagonload of goods under the schoolhouse and they gave me this." He placed in evidence a cigar and a handkerchief. Ambrose Loar had told him that his dog had chased a rabbit under the loose rock foundation of the schoolhouse. When he pulled out some stones to get at the rabbit, he saw something underneath. He pulled out more of the foundation and, much to his surprise, he found a large pile of store goods. The Loars hastened to requisition the goods and take them to their home. The news soon spread throughout the neighborhood and people drove over to the Loars to learn more about it. Surprisingly, the Loars were generous and made presents to their visitors. I was one of those recipients.

A smoked cigar stub was handed down to me by one of the Loar boys. It joined the miscellany of other treasures that I carried in my pants pockets. In the process of showing off to a girl who sat next to me in school, I swallowed the stub. Against strong resistance, I managed to get it down. But then the agony began. Before long I was a very sick youngster. The girl asked the teacher for permission to let me go outside for air. I fought it out behind the schoolhouse and finally that poisonous stub was ejected out from my body. I rejoined the ranks of the pupils shortly, a paler but wiser little American.

It was a considerable time after the Loars discovered their windfall that another story was processed around to the effect that the Loars had actually hidden the goods under the schoolhouse. According to that version, some of the Loars had driven to Joplin, Missouri, about forty miles to the southeast, to market a load of farm produce. After the marketing was completed, they were about to start for home when a fire broke out at a Joplin store. There was a call for wagons to help rescue the goods and haul them to safety. The Loars volunteered their wagon and loaded a wagon full of variety goods to help save them from the fire. However, they somehow failed to unload them at their designated location in Joplin but rather transplanted them to our old schoolhouse. The invention of the rabbit-through-the-wall story came very naturally and easily to them. Of course, no one could prove or disprove either version of the story but it was widely believed and was probably true. No one ever tried to bring the Loars to the attention of the legal authorities. No one thought it was his personal business and so no one pressed the case. That was the frontier way of doing things; it appears to be the present way of doing things too, in many matters.

A former student of mine, Vernon Aaserude who was formerly principal of a school on the western slopes of the Cascades in California, informs me that this philosophy prevails there also. Located in a logging and mining center, he relates that many of the traits of the old time California mountain settlements still prevail. A good deal of the conduct that we would likely frown upon and ask the officials to take action about, is there considered purely private and personal business. No "reformers" are welcomed or allowed.

Our early settlers were not a bellicose people. I can recall only three fist fights during my first dozen years. One of these was between Hank Nelson and "Poke" (Polk) Ralph. Hank was slim and tall and Poke was short and pudgy. They were neighbors and very good friends. For some reason they got into a quarrel which soon resulted in a full fledged fist fight. Hank soon had Poke down and seemed to be getting the better of him. Hank was heard to say, "Poke, you're hurting me," and Poke said in return, "Doggoneit, Hank, git offen me and we'll call it even." Hank obligingly let Poke up. They shook hands, told each other how sorry they were about the incident, and went on as friendly as they were before. Hank's only complaint was over Poke stretching his mouth through pulling at each corner with his inserted fingers.

One event I especially remember from those days was a fight between Bill Bean and my brother Carroll. Bill was a sixfooter, almost a head taller than Carroll, who was lithe and active, and a great long distance walker. He was able to make fifty miles a day, even over mountain roads. Bill was angered because Carroll was wearing a ring that Bill had given to a girl. He challenged my brother to a fight. Carroll told me afterwards that he was

really a coward and would not have fought Bill if he had not been afraid of being called one. I was the only small fry hanging around and accompanied the pair down the road toward the creek. As Carroll was pulling off his coat, Bill threw a "missile" which barely missed Carroll's head. Then Bill rushed him. They struck at each other and tussled about for what seemed to me to be a very long time. I had supposed that fights would end quickly with one party knocking the other down and out. I was disappointed that the battle hung on for so long. Then Bill was down and Carroll was on top of him doing something to Bill that I could not see very well. Bill soon shouted that he had had enough and the bout was over. The next day Carroll and I went to the scene of the fight to determine what Bill had thrown at Carroll. It was a chunk of sulphur rock, larger than a man's fist. Had it struck Carroll in the head it could have killed him. Carroll was pretty sober about it. I did not seek to learn what had become of the ring, until long afterwards.

CHAPTER 7. BEFUDDLED WIDOWER OR PROBLEM CHILD?

The death of my mother in early January and then the passing of my little brother Franklin in late February of 1876 devastated me. My younger sister was married by then and lived away. My older sister, Emily, took over the housekeeping chores for Pa, Carroll and me until she married Will Riling in June of the next year. I apparently became somewhat of a problem child to my father following her marriage. Of necessity, I was left home alone with my dog most of the time. Since there were no other boys who lived within a mile of our place with whom I could play, I was thrown on my own resources for amusement. My dog Shep and a few crude devices that I made constituted my play facilities. My father, who was away carpentering a good deal, was again becoming woman conscious. Women evidently found him attractive also. I heard a schoolteacher from Girard, who I thought was very pretty, discussing him. She remarked that she thought Dad was a handsome man. In this kind of situation, a lonely, mischievous boy could not but be regarded as a nuisance. The following two stories illustrate what I mean.

One of the episodes was occasioned by my violating Pa's injunction not to play with the Loar boys. He thought they were a bad influence on me. One day they loitered along our road and called out to me to come play. My folks were away and the invitation was irresistible since I had not seen another child for a week or more. Unfortunately, a neighbor happened to mention that he had seen me playing with the Loar boys to my brother Carroll. Carroll told my Dad about it at dinner the next day. Dad looked at me sternly and reminded me that he had forbidden me to have contact with those "bad influences." He said he was going to whip me for disobedience and summoned me to our backyard. He cut a strong red sprout growing from the roots of a maple tree, grabbed me by the hand, and began to switch me on the back of my legs. I reacted as you would expect. When my dog Shep heard me crying, he ran to my rescue, jumped for my father's throat, missed it, and darted around the corner of the house to escape the treats of my father who suddenly forsook me and went in pursuit of Shep. As Pa tried to navigate the turn around the corner, his foot slipped on a board and he fell forward on hands and knees, forcing him to crawl in order to keep from falling flat. When I saw that, my howls of distress were replaced by even louder shouts of laughter. My brother left his dinner to see what occasioned my sudden mirth and, seeing what happened, joined me in laughter. While we were so engaged, Pa returned wearing a rather sickly, crestfallen expression. My licking was over, due to my canine pal. Dad admonished me not to repeat my transgression, advice I readily took. I feared he would punish Shep but he seemed to hold no grudge against that old dog. Shep stood at a distance until he saw how things stood. Then we three Gillettes returned to the kitchen and resumed our dinner.

Shep also figured in the second episode, but in a quite different role. I remember that it was a warm, sunny day. Dad's young roan horse, Dexter, was standing along with some cattle in the lot. They had come from the pasture through the lane and were standing in the dusty lot in order to be clear of flies. Dexter stood by himself, sleepily swishing his tail at an occasional fly. I was in the yard, near the house, playing with Shep. I had placed a rope around his neck and would run and then suddenly stop in order to see Shep take a tumble. Incidentally, Shop got so smart that he gripped the rope with his teeth to avoid falling. But the heavy jerks loosened his canine teeth so that he eventually lost them.

It suddenly dawned on me that it would be great fun to tie Shep to Dexter's tail and turn them both loose in the pasture. Shep did not object and Dexter's only notice of it was to sleepily turn his head to see what was going on. When the knot was finished, I headed Dexter down the lane to the pasture, gave him a slap on the rump, and urged him to go. He started away quietly but when Shep found that he was tied to Dexter, he gave a joyous bark and nipped Dexter's side. The young steed went into action and Shep ran along his side barking jubilantly. They were soon out of sight, over the hill and into the woods!

Pa saw what I had done and immediately I heard, "John, come here. Don't you know better than to tie Shep to that young horse's tail? Dexter will dash through the woods which is likely to wrap Shep around a tree and tear Dexter's tail off. I'm going to lick you for that. You've probably ruined Dexter for life." That made me realize how serious my fun was. Out came the knife, the cutting of the red maple sprout, the switching, and the howling of the culprit. Pa then announced that we would look for the horse, but he didn't even mention my beloved Shep, the chief figure in the tragedy for me. We struck out though the fifty acres of forest where visibility was limited. We tramped back and forth but with no sign of either horse or dog. We returned to our yard, weary and wet with perspiration. To our joy, we found Shep lying near Dexter, panting and grinning, safe and sound. Dexter, who was standing and switching his full tail at the flies, was half asleep. I hugged my dog while Pa examined Dexter critically but found nothing wrong. The loose knot, made up of stiff horse-tail hair and a frayed rope, evidently shook loose during the action which released the friendly dog and horse to return together to their cowlot repose.

It seemed that something had to be done about me, delinquent as I was. I heard Pa remark that he did not know what to do with me. He said he guessed I needed to have something to do to keep me busy. Consequently, he hired me out to the Morrison brickyard as a laborer in making brick. It was a small concern and seems very crude compared to the modern plants we have today. I had companionship on the job in the form of Bob Nelson, a boy about my age who was also a laborer. During the interim, while they were filling the pit with earth to be mixed for the next run, we had time to play and swim. One bright spot was the ripening seedling peaches that we found in a nearby orchard. They were hard and bitter, but good eating for ravenous kids and they could be carried in our pockets to eat at convenient times. My employment continued until school time in September. Then I went to live with my sister Emily Riling, who lived two miles down the creek. At the same time, Pa and Carroll went to Arkansas for the winter, preparatory to farming there the next year on the Arkansas river bottoms. Undoubtedly, visions of hunting and fishing loomed large for to my father!

One morning I left the old home place to take up residence with Emily. Pa and Carroll were leaving soon in the covered wagon on their long trip. I had put all my belongings- a shirt, coat, and a few school books- in a handcart I made from a discarded cultivator and trundled away. Although I could have used some of my brickyard money to replace my worn out pants, it apparently went into the treasury for the Arkansas trip. We said a quiet good-by with little demonstrable affection. Of course there was unspoken affection on both sides but I believe I felt most sad at parting from my dog Shep who was to go with them. I was to transport my belongings to Mount Zion school which was two miles away. After school I would hike another mile to my sister Emily's place.

It later developed that I would once again live in my old home, on several occasions, before I reached the age of eighteen. I did chores and other farm jobs a boy of my age could do at my sister's home, chores such as herding the cattle that were run into the field after the corn had been husked.

Another Shep at the Riling place was soon a boon companion, and for him I almost lost my life. It is another example of how farm life has its perils for children. How and why Shep got into the pen with that large and vicious sow, I still don't know. His barking and yelps of pain quickly brought me to the pen. He was in a corner and was being attacked by a large, vicious sow who, it appeared to me, would soon kill and devour him. I jumped in the pen at once, kicking at the sow and pulling her ears. Then she turned on me, backing me against the fence, and would undoubtedly have killed me had not my brother-in-law, Will Riling, heard the din and come to my rescue. He seized a club and drove off the sow before I was seriously injured. He was so wrought up over the affair that he ran for his gun and shot the sow. He said she was too dangerous to have on the place. Shep and I beheld, with some sense of satisfaction, the retribution. Furthermore we were gainers because the hog was then butchered and we had fresh meat which we would not otherwise have had.

Will kept several dozen hogs in a hoglet and a large pasture where they ran, rooted, and fed. It was my chore to feed them swill from a barrel near their feeding trough. Some of the big hogs would make me angry by standing lengthwise in the trough and forming an impediment to feeding the smaller hogs. Maybe a hog is a hog because of his disregard for the rights of others, if there is any such thing as "hog rights." But I've observed some humans with similar traits. On the average, ourexploiters are the strong, the cunning, and the unscrupulous, who, in a large sense, are the rulers of our big society.

Once while feeding the hogs, I heard a little pig squealing and a big hog grunting with growing intensity and frenzy. Upon investigation, I saw that the little fellow was caught in the fence where he had tried to squeeze through on his way to freedom on the outside. The mother would rush to the piglet, then run back and forth emitting increasingly excited squeals and grunts. The more the piglet squealed, the more wrought up and frenzied the sow became. Her tones brought hogs on the run from throughout the pasture and soon there was a mob of frenzied, milling swine. I knew it would be too dangerous to get into the lot to try to rescue that piglet. Fortunately, nature resolved the pig problem, for when the old mother sow could forebear it no longer, she grabbed the youngster by a leg, pulled and tugged, and finally drew it from the fence into the lot. Had the piglet not come free, it would have been torn asunder. Quickly the noise and hubbub subsided and the hogs went back to their pasturing and wallowing.

I never really took to hunting and what hunting I did tended to be vicarious. However, I was involved in making a bear knife. My father was a died-in-the-wool frontiersman. He pioneered in the forests of Ohio and on the Ohio and Mississippi flatboats. New countries soon became too crowded for him and he longed for virgin frontiers and freedom from encroaching "civilization". He began to plan his next move shortly after my mother's death. Northern Arkansas offered much allures to him because of its mountains, wildernesses, and its wild game, especially bears which he longingly talked of hunting. If he was going to Arkansas, a bear knife was a necessity. From a discarded saw blade, about the hardest steel then available, he cut out a plate of steel the

size of the knife he desired. He did this with hammer and cold chisel. It was my job to reduce this piece to shape and sharpness on our little wood-bearings grindstone. When not frequently greased or soaped, it rent the air with the most disagreeable sounds and screeches. I seemed to have been predestined to turn that resisting and shrieking grindstone for all eternity. My internal groanings competed with the grindstone mutterings. We ground and ground to reduce that resisting steel to the proper knife shape and then spent another eternity in honing the blade. I tried to escape the boredom by counting numbers to the hundreds and thousands and then trying to count them backwards to the beginning. I spelled from memory every word I could remember. We ground in hottest weather and in the shade. It seemed that making that bear knife would last forever and I had so many important things I really wanted to do. Furthermore, I had no interest whatsoever in bear knives and never expected to share in any bear enterprises. But all at once, to my delight, our grinding work was finished. Dad made wooden handles, drilled holes through the wood and steel and riveted them together. The "bloody thing", (my blood) was finished! The irony of it all was that the knife never stabbed a bear, but served well as a frequently used butcher knife.

In my early adolescence I had an experience with a giant water moccasin which still brings tremors of terror when I recall it. I was constitutionally and extraordinarily afraid of snakes as a youth and even the most harmless little reptiles would cause me spasms of fright. This particular water moccasin threatened my physical and psychological undoing. John Loar and I were herding cattle on the big prairie across from Loar's home. The cattle were resting quietly after a morning of heavy gorging. We had eaten our lunch and were ready for a swim in a big waterhole in the nearby creek. The prairie extended right up to the brow of the bank of this small lake. The bank was steep and brushy and didn't provide a good shore for swimming purposes. The farther shore was sloping and its low bank was carpeted with soft grass. Beyond was a thick forest of large trees. Soon we were across and stripped to the skin, ready for a swim. I was out in the water, up to my chin, a couple of rods from the shore. John was nearer land in water that was only up to his waist. Our peaceful pleasure gave way to terror when a huge water moccasin came swimming toward us from the other side of the water hole. His head seemed a "foot high" above the water and there was a deadly glitter in his eyes. John moved toward shore with rapidity but I was in "up to my neck". I splashed and shouted at the snake but to no avail. Steadily that deadly reptile swam toward me with no hesitation. I was terror stricken and had visions of being coiled and strangled. In desperation I turned on my stomach, kicked water as hard as I could, and yelled in terror. (Even as I think of it now, that feeling of total fear returns!) Then John shouted that the snake was turning. I made for the shore and stood trembling while that moccasin condescendingly swam for the prairie side of the pool, a hundred feet away. There he crawled up onto the steep bank and into a low spreading red haw tree. He stretched out on the topmost stiff branches. Soon John and I were dressed and ran across to the other side of our lake to where we could look down on the monster. He lay thereand was either unaware of us or held us in utter disdain. We seized a short but heavy log which we threw down on top of him. The snake dropped into the water and disappeared. I don't suspect that we hurt him much. John and I estimated that the moccasin was as large as most of the boas we paid good money to see at the sideshows. Even after making a liberal discount for our boyish imaginations, there still appears something to talk about.

We had a few neighbors, all scattered along both sides of Big Cow Creek in small log cabins by the time I was old enough to take notice of such things. However, it was not long before the open prairies were dotted with frame shacks, having been made possible by the coming of the railway to our county seat, Girard, and the establishment of lumber yards. In those early years the settlers largely came from the northern states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, but there was a sprinkling of Southerners from Kentucky and Tennessee.

A colored person migrated in and I well remember the first time I saw him. My brother and I passed him on the street near the public square in Girard and I disgraced my brother by pointing at him and shouting out, "Is that a nigger?" No doubt the colored person was used to such comments for he made no sign that he even heard me, the brutal and ill-mannered little cuss that I was.

As I think back over our neighbors and that region, I am impressed with the kindly and law abiding tone that was set by those early settlers. I can not recall many bad things about them. There were no murders, few fist-fights, and no outstanding thefts. Fifteen or twenty years later horse stealing was occasionally practiced. The upshot was the formation of an organization called the Anti-Horse Thief Association. My brother-in-law, Will Riling, took some pride in being secretary and treasurer of our local chapter.

A few neighbors are outstanding in my memory. The Tommy Byron family is first in my memory because I was a frequent visitor at their home. Several boys were near my age and the whole family of six boys and three girls were kind and congenial. They were a rollicking set of youngsters, full of fun and pranks. Tom, the father, witty and vulgar, was prone to tell his toughest stories even in the presence of the women folks. When his wife Mary felt Tom was leading toward one of his tough ones, she would try to head him off, in her good natured and laughing way, but she was never successful. On Sundays, after the meeting at the schoolhouse, the Byrons would usually invite or cajole a number of people to join them at their home for dinner. Protestations and remonstrances were unsuccessful and they would end up recruiting a throng. Mary Byron would cook up enough corn bread, salt pork, and potatoes for everyone. The food was rough but palatable and thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance. After dinner the adult men repaired to the living room to tell stories and to argue over politics and foreordination. The boys who were old enough to do so would play outside- running, jumping, riding calves, going swimming in the dammed up pond or in the nearby creek, or maybe riding a handcar that the section hands sometimes left along the railway that ran thru the Byron land.

Elmer Loomis, another neighbor and an Ohioan, was a different type of person than was Tom Byron. He was not very sociable and had no time to waste on associating with neighbors. I never heard of the Loomis'es entertaining although Mrs. Loomis was sociable and a good conversationalist. Left to herself, she probably would have welcomed the exchange of visitations. Charles Loomis, who was my age, was a friend and we occasionally swapped visits. Although Elmer Loomis owned a half-section of land he also rented much additional acreage. He kept hired help the year around and hired additional help during the haying and harvesting season. I hired out to him in the latter capacity when I was old enough to be of help. Earlier, when I was about ten, I earned my first money by running a bullrake for his hands at haying time. I remember being paid in small paper bills that were in use at that time- twenty

and twenty-five cents. Elmer, who became quite a cattle man, canvassed the country on horseback, bought steers, pastured and fed them, and sold them on the Kansas City market. Loomis, who rode his dun pony at a gallop most of the time, gazed abstractly ahead and scarcely ever recognized acquaintances or stopped to speak with them. He was the "biggest farmer" in our section of the country. When his eldest daughter became a young woman, my brother Carroll confided in me that he was going to ask Mr. Loomis if he might keep company with her. A young fellow ordinarily at that time proceeded to pay court to a girl without asking her elders about it. But evidently Carroll was in awe of Mr. Loomis and did make the request. He was disposed of by Elmer with a laconic and unenthusiastic assent. Evidently Carroll got cold feet, for nothing ever came of it.

Billy Denton became an outstanding person in that new country. He pre-empted a quarter section about a mile up the creek from us, half of which he later sold to Tommy Byron. He was a farmer and an exhorter, of whom there were several, and occasionally preached among the Hardshell Baptists. Compared to the other willing but tedious exhorters, he was among the most able and eloquent. He was about the only one who later sought to improve himself by reading and study. Billy was a handsome man, with a splendid face and features, a classical nose and forehead, and he possessed a remarkably strong, musical voice. In those days, when there were no musical instruments in meeting houses and no choirs or choruses, he knew all the tunes and all the verses and lead the congregation in the singing. He loved to do so and gave it all that was in him. He was a fine man and well deserved the wide popularity that he attained. His services were free, although I believe he later received compensation for services that were rendered away from home. When it came to stirring up the revival spirit his wife, Betsy, was a real rabble rouser, too.

Isum Rossin lived with the Dentons a good deal of the time. I have to guess at spelling his name, for I never saw it in print. He did chores about the place for his keeps. Occasionally he was hired by someone else when their emergency became so great that they had no other choice. I take little pride in recalling that Isum and I were co-workers, for a month, on the railroad section of the old Fort Scott and Gulf Railway. Two things impressed me about him when I was a child; his runty appearance and his false teeth (the first in my experience). His mouth emitted a putrid odor that was the talk of everyone. Persons who met him sought to stand upwind of Isum, rather than the reverse. He was a bachelor and I can scarcely conceive how any woman could stomach him as a husband because of his dynamic halitosis.

There were two John Martins; each left an impression on my mind. The first John Martin was one of our earliest log cabin neighbors and lived on the ridge a mile south of us. He and his family soon left and his home place was taken over by the Beans. The most impressive thing I remember about this John Martin was the three-pronged steel hook he wore strapped to his left forearm as a substitute for a hand that was lost in the Civil War. It was a useful apparatus but most frightening to me. When he desired to thresh his son John, my sometimes playfellow, he would hold out his hook to John. John would grasp it with one of his hands and yell and jump about while his father applied the hickory switch. It was a terrifying and unsettling experience for me and I headed across the big draw to my own home as soon as possible.

The other John Martin, a later neighbor, lived east of us on the ridge between Big Cow and Middle Cow Creeks. He was the most voluble, persistent, and prolific liar that I have ever encountered except for a one time colleague of mine (but then he was a college graduate, held a Ph.D degree, which might conceivably develop his creative imagination!) John Martin could not read and write and so, as nature's product, he was unspoiled by learning. It required very little stimulus to get him started; just the mere presence of another human being was sufficient! His tongue would then loosen and spin out episode after episode without apparent mental effort and unbroken by lapses of memory or linguistic difficulties. It almost seemed that the man possessed infinite resources in his constructive narrative ability. He was capable of meeting the demands that the Eqyptians pressed on the Jews, to "make brick without straw." Two of his children went to my school when I taught a five month term in my home neighborhood, but neither manifested the creative or imaginative ability of their father.

The Beans, who succeeded the Martins, consisted of a widow, some sons and a daughter or two. Bill Bean became the most rapid long distance walker that our people knew. He was reputed to be able to walk fifty miles a day in traveling to and from the center of Arkansas, 300 miles distance, over hill and mountain terrain. In that day, good horse and wagon travel was at a rate of about thirty miles a day over the same terrain. Bill's buxom sister, Luna, was not noted for her pulchritudiness except that she was physically attractive. My brother brought her home behind him on his horse one night from a meeting at the school house since she was working for us temporarily. Perhaps it was the darkness of the night that somehow caused him to wander near her bed in our upstairs area where all the young people slept. He got a decidedly athletic reaction from her since she kicked him into a stovepipe, with a resounding noise. I slept near him but didn't hear a thing. My sister Mary repeatedly joshed him the next day; I wondered if Mary hadn't lay awake that night just in case something was to happen. She was about fourteen then and was mischievous and full of deviltry.

The Neet family was in fact as neat as the name implies. They lived on the prairie three miles northwest of us. We became well acquainted with them because my younger sister resided across the road from them after her marriage. My father built the Calkins house, her domicile. I was at her house much of the time as a youngster and played with some of the ten Neet children. I slept in the hay mow and hunted eggs with them, and did whatever else boys do. They were a numerous but close knit family and preserved their family integrity for an unusually long time. Link Neet was my special crony. He was older than me by a couple of years but was small for his age; we hit it off well. I can not possibly forget one incident in our common experience. We attended an exhibition at the Center Valley school house not far from the Neet home one night. While seated on a long hard board seat and waiting for people to arrive, Link fidgeted about as if in distress. I learned that he had sat down in a natural deposit left by some iniquitous cuss. We made our way out of doors to consider what to do. Although we had no soap or water, there was considerable snow, and in some places, deep drifts. I suggested that he sit down and hold on to his legs so as not to tip over backward. I took him by the heels and dragged him over the snow. The deeper drifts were especially appealing to both of us for I could kill two birds with one stone; clean up Link and also give him a lively time. After tussling and laughing for quite a while, we finally concluded that he would pass, and went into the building to

find a seat. One hilariously funny exhibit included a large enclosed machine that looked like a brick-making mud grinder. It purported to grind up white children, who were fed into the vat at one side, and expel them as colored children from the outlet chute on the other side. When Link and I met in later life we often laughed over our unique clean-up experience.

Recollections of the Neets also brings to mind a visit from my old boyhood chum, John Byron. John was in love with Dora Neet, a small, vigorous, and attractive young lady. He was a rival for her attentions with Bill Toby who was athletic in build, handsome, and alluring to the other sex. Bill was winning out. John, who was only medium in size, was somewhat stoop shouldered, and carried a vivid scar on the side of his face from falling into a fire as a child. His object in calling on me was to urge me to also seek Dora's hand and thus become a rival of Bill Tobey. Although he was paying me a compliment, his proposition did not appeal. I was not a woman chaser and was busy trying to finish my last year of high school after an absence of several months to teach a district school. I had neither the time nor the money to invest in such an undertaking. Besides, I had not seen Dora for years and she held no allure for me. I had advised John that he would have to be his own Lothario and work out the problem for himself. Shortly after that I learned he was living among the Cherokees in the Indian Territory and had married a landed Indian woman. I believe that the land later became valuable for its oil deposits, but poor John died an early death and never realized his investment.

According to Homer's Iliad Thersites was the ugliest man who ever entered the ancient city of Troy. In that same vein, Sam Arnold was the laziest man who ever entered our Kansas neighborhood (barring Jim Bum). Since he was almost too indolent to eat, I truly do not know where he got his eats. He lived down by the creek in a decrepit shack and gardened a little, but spent most of his time hunting and fishing. He drove an old horse that was hitched to a rickety light wagon. Seated on a board that was laid across the front end of the wagon bed, he leaned forward with elbows on knees, smoked his stub pipe, peered out from under his shaggy eyebrows, and inched back and forth to town. He was a familiar figure and a pet expression was soon coined, "he or she is about as lazy as old Sam Arnold." Sam really was a well set-up, good looking fellow if he was scoured and dressed up. He probably was in his early thirties when I first knew him. His facial physiognomy and bushy eyebrows bore a resemblance to John L. Lewis. Usually Sam wore a beard and a rather dirty shirt and overalls; when he did spruce up, shave, and put on clean clothes, he was handsome. One of the Spencer girls, Sara, had grown into spinsterhood and everyone said that she was doomed to be an "Old Maid". But she fooled them! She and Sam made a match of it and both seemed happy. She had a good farm and house. How much Sam actually worked was questionable but certainly more than he had done previously. "Cross-eyed Sara" and "Lazy Sam" made a conspicuous couple and became respected members of our developing society.

Hank Nelson and Polk Ralph register in my memory as having put on a first rate Punch and Judy show. Hank was tall and gangling while Polk was short and stubby. They lived near each other and were close friends. I do not know how it happened but they got into a disagreement and finally into a physical encounter. Although I did not see it, I heard about it frequently. Nelson got Ralph down but Ralph imparted the greater punishment by gouging Hank in the face and then stretching Hank's mouth by placing his fingers in the corners and pulling. After a time Hank could not stand the punishment and yelled to Ralph,

"Polk, stop that, darn you, you're hurting me!" In a surprisingly non-belligerent tone Polk yelled back, "Well, consarn it, if you will jist git off me, I will." They got up, shook hands, and vowed continued friendship. The men who witnessed it declared that it was the funniest fight they had ever seen. They asserted that the two fought "just like two women,"- my apologies to them.

CHAPTER 8. CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

One of the greatest adventures that I have ever experienced occurred when I was thirteen. It was a five hundred mile trip by covered wagon. A modern flight by airplane would make it in half the distance that we required because of the winding roads and cut backs that we were required to take in order to avoid great obstacles. Pa and Carroll had grown a crop of corn in the Arkansas River bottoms in Franklin County which was across and down the river from Ozark. They had planted and cultivated it and had returned to Kansas by June to spend a few weeks before returning to harvest it. To my delight, I was invited to accompany them. This trip was as great an adventure to a lad who had never been more than forty miles from his Kansas prairie home as an around the world trip by a jet propelled plane would be to a boy of the same age today. On the second day out we left the prairies and entered the hill and forest regions. There were beautiful streams, delightful valleys, and wonderful camping places in those hills and in the mountains that we later traversed.

We traveled very light our possessions included our bedding, a grub box, the clothing we wore, feed for the team, a gun, and an ax. Carroll and I bedded down at night under the wagon while Pa slept under the canvass in the wagon. Shep curled up near us on the ground. The horses stood at the feed box and munched much of the night although sometimes they laid down for awhile. Shep canvassed the country for squirrels and rabbits. He had lost his tushes (teeth) and was at a disadvantage in any fight. To make up for his teeth, he devised a bluff. When he saw a dog approaching he would crouch low, push his bristles up to look fierce, and when near enough he would rush at the dog while all the time barking fiercely. Often the dog would turn and run away, much to Shep's relief. But an occasional dog would fight back and easily make Shep retreat to safety under the wagon. My first thrill was over the Indians camping in the Indian Territory- real "blanket Indians". They looked fierce and I thought I should not like to meet one of them alone on the road. The Cowskin River, which was a clear, sparkling hill stream that was knee deep to our horses where we forded it, thrilled and captivated me. I asked Carroll to stop and camp so I could swim. He opposed the idea for he said he wanted to reach a certain point before nightfall. He was as much fixated at making time with that team as is today's auto driver engaged in cross-country tests. Carroll's average speed was three or four miles an hour or about thirty to forty miles a day. I cried, protested and pleaded- all to no avail. Finally Pa intervened in his kindly way. He said that it was so near camping time that we would not lose much distance; further, that if we did stop he would cross the river and shoot some squirrels for our supper. Grudgingly my brother consented but when he dove into the river he forgot all about his self-imposed speed aims and reveled in the swim. Our camping spot was later inundated by an artificial lake- Grand Lake. But I still remember that swimming hole- the pool was almost perfectly clear. We could see the pebbles on the bottom (ten feet down) and an occasional fish at even more remote distances. While we were disporting in the water, we heard just three shots and presently saw Dad returning with three fox squirrels. He was a crack shot and a rifle ball for each squirrel was all that he required. Neither of his sons ever reached his class of marksmanship. We had fried squirrel for supper. We cooked on the camp fire and made good gravy in the frying pan in which to sop our bread. My sleep that night, while spread out on the grassy level close to that gurgling stream was sound and blissful.

Much of the road was stoney and rough. Flinty regions sometimes resulted in stones that cut shoes, wagon tires, and even the feet of our dog. Now and then the men would examine the none-too-thick wagon tires and indicate they could see a reduction in their thickness each day. The Shoal Creek road was the supreme example of rough roads. We followed it one entire day, crossing and recrossing it thirty times. It was a dry summer and the usual water was lacking. Sometimes we would travel over the loose stones in the bed of the creek but more often over layers of rock. These layers were six inches or a foot thick and at the end of each layer we would bump up or down to the top of the next rock's level. It was not a made road, just a trail of least resistance. That was the only part of the trip that disappointed me. But even then there was compensation. There were beautiful and, to me, grand forges between the mountains, startling cliffs, and red cedars seemingly growing out of solid stone.

Poor Shep's feet suffered from travel over those stony surfaces. One day he became so lame that he would lie down frequently to lick his feet and then later run limping to catch up. I asked that he be allowed to ride in the wagon until his feet were healed. That was not a popular idea to my pace-making brother. He thought Shep was too heavy a burden to add to the load and would reduce our speed. I suppose Shep weighed thirty pounds. Dad came to the rescue. He told Carroll that he thought Shep's small weight would not be felt by the horses and we ought to be merciful to him. Carroll was mollified and so Shep got to curl up with me on the bedding behind the seat.

Many mountainous regions have "lover's leaps." We found one in the mountains of Arkansas. We could see the perpendicular cliff some distance removed from where we camped by a small stream. A hillbilly settler came to our camp to visit and told the story behind this lover's leap. Of course, the usual jilted, despondent lover leaped to his death from the top of the cliff. But that was my first contact with such things and I went to sleep that night thinking about and feeling sorry for that poor forsaken lover. The hillbilly brought his fiddle and was easily induced to play and sing. His songs were unusual backwoods strains that would go over big on radio today. They made a deep appeal to me. I dare say this now since a recent music critic has pronounced those hillbilly songs as America's basic contribution to world music.

One afternoon Dad called my attention to a long bluish colored streak in the far distance and asked what I supposed it was. "Mountains," I shouted. I believe they were the Boston Mountains, for we passed through that range. They were, of course, rather minor when compared to the Rockies as seen from Denver or Fort Collins. But they were great heights to me. I suffered some disappointment because these mountains didn't have great towering peaks and yawning gulches at the foot of mighty cliffs. Evidently my mind was influenced by pictures I had seen in my geography books. There were occasional moderate cliffs and gulches, but nothing to match my imagination. We did things gradually and needed no scaling devices to see us through. Getting over mountains was simply a process of going up one hill after another, winding around and around through slight declivities, getting to what they announced was the top (which looked like a level field), and then going down the other side in the same gradual and casual way.

We spent about three months on that large plantation, our farm being but a small part of it. We could not close out the crop until the middle of November. Meanwhile, Pa would carpenter and make rails for those who needed them. Carroll would pick up odd jobs and act as weighmaster on the plantation at the time of cotton picking. I would swim, play around, and hunt pecans in the forest. The Arkansas River held a special allure for me. It was at its lowest depth in forty years and could be waded and forded at certain shoals. I had learned to swim and dive so well that my folks never cautioned me about the dangers of the river. There was a sunken steamboat across the stream near the shoal where I often swam. They said it was a Union boat that had been sunk by Rebel fire during the Civil War. Another boy of about eight would wade the river with me and we would play on a part of the deck that was above the water line while I dove into the adjoining deep water and swam about in it. I still get troubled when I think of the great risks we took with that small lad who was so helpless in swimming. It was our good luck that he never drowned.

I saw my first wild turkey along the river. My favorite diversion was to hike to a long narrow lake which may have been an old river bed. It was surrounded by a heavy forest and was overgrown with overhanging bushes on which hundreds of white pelicans perched. To me it presented a wild, uncanny appearance- limbs of trees festooned with hanging moss and fishing pelicans that were perched like gnomes on outjutting bushes. An old flat bottomed boat with a set of crude oars furnished me a magic passage across the lake. The pelicans rose with protesting squawks as I approached them but quickly resumed their perches after I had passed. It was a weird sight, one that reminded me of a picture in my geography book of the Dismal Swamp in Virginia. I felt like an explorer who was looking at things never before seen by the human eye.

Pa found out, to his regret, that a pelican could be a dangerous fowl. He was making rails near the old lake and shot at a pelican. In some strange way he was attacked by the bird and was forced to club it with his discharged rifle. He brought it home and I was amazed at the huge pouch that hung under its bill for storing food. That old lake also had many large carp. A neighbor caught a thirty pounder which he displayed as he rode through our yard. My father loved to fish but he evidently did not like carp for we never ate fish that summer.

My brother and I both learned something about cotton picking. The plantation manager was to be away so he engaged Carroll to oversee the cotton picking in his absence. Most of the pickers were Negroes, some from the hill country to the north. After the cotton was weighed on stilliards, the amount the picker had earned was calculated. When he was too busy to attend to this at once, Carroll sometimes turned the task over to me. While sitting on a cotton bale and calculating the wager, I would be surrounded by the pickers. There would be a circle of black faces staring at me in wonderment, amazed that such a little fellow could "figure."

One morning after Carroll's weighing job had ended, I told him I was going to try to pick cotton and make some money. He scoffed at the idea but when I was ready to start he too had his picking bag on and was ready to go along. We proceeded to a farmer's field a mile away. Each of us took a row and started to pick although neither of us had ever done so before. We had three handicaps. First was our greenness and awkwardness. Second was the cockleburrs that grew large and frequent; their long thorns pierced even our thickest clothing. The

third was the Jonnygourd, a vine that spread widely over cotton plants, cockleburrs and other weeds. It bore thousands of small needles in its numerous branches which dislodged at the slightest touch and showered the picker. The tiny needles penetrated our clothing and pricked us at a hundred points at once, making our life far more miserable than one can imagine. It was a very hot day and the sun beat down upon us between the rows. It was like furnace heat with no wind to blow it away. We sweat copiously, mopped our faces on our shirt sleeves, fought the Jonnygourds, and fairly writhed in the intense heat. By noon I announced to Carroll that I had had enough. He faintheartedly urged me to stay on and see it through, pointing out that things would get better. But I had had enough and took my bag of cotton to the weighing place. It weighed in at twenty-four pounds. At the picking price of three-fourths of a cent per pound, I found I had earned the magnificent sum of eighteen cents for my morning's labor. A "slow" picker would earn several times that much. I went home and while I was getting a snack to eat, my brother came in noiselessly. He threw down his sack and declared that he was all done in. He had picked exactly the same poundage I had! We were now willing to allow the Negroes and the "low-down white trash" to do the cotton picking. Because of our disgust, the shame of asking for our small wages, or perhaps sheer neglect, we never went back to collect our eighteen cents apiece.

I was seldom far away when Carroll and the other young men talked together; I learned a good deal about neighborhood activities and the ways of both men and women. It was the practice of certain white men to go by night to the homes of comely young married Negro women, pound on their shacks and then shout vengeance until the man of the house had taken to the woods for fear of his life. Then they would take their turns at watching outside and going in to command the favors of the woman. I also heard stories about the ferryman at Roseville where we went to buy groceries. When only a single passenger was to be taken across the river, he would use his rowboat instead of the ferryboat. Sometimes, when the passenger was a good looking female, he would rock the boat until she was throughly frightened and would promise compliance with his proposal for copulation, if he would but see her safely across the river. These things had no appeal to me personally but they found a retentive home in my memory. I seemed to have no more ethical reaction to such human practices than I did to the mating of animals which I had observed all my life.

The agricultural methods of that region were of the one-horse variety that I had observed my father practice in his early Kansas days. A man and his mule accounted for much. Beyond that, hand tools performed a large part of the cultivation. Chopping cotton and corn with a hoe was a familiar practice. I was too young for politics but I do remember a remark made by a Southerner with whom my father was conversing to the effect that he feared President Hayes was going to set up a dictatorship, especially over the South. How typical that was of southern thought I would not undertake to guess at this time.

In early November our men had a chance to trade their corn crop for a herd of cattle. That seemed a better arrangement than to remain in the area to husk the corn and market it; hence, the trade was consummated. The bovines in question were small native brutes and were scattered widely throughout the region where they were free to graze. Help was hired to round them up and to segregate the stock. Meanwhile, I was commissioned to cook dutch oven bread as provisions for the trip. My biscuit dough loaves were made of flour, water, cream of tartar and soda. They were eight or nine inches across and three

inches thick, if they were good. Otherwise, the thickness approximated that of a one inch plank and their density and impermeability were somewhat equivalent to that same board. My finished product ranged somewhere between "good loaves" and "thin loaves." They served as our only bread since there were few places where light bread loaves were available.

Two riders helped us during the first days when the critters were getting broken to the road and accustomed to following the wagon. We did much running, shouting, and throwing "missiles" when available. Those cattle were built to run and their souls lusted for the grass and blackjack oak leaves that grew along the way. Our job was to keep them on the road and following the wagon. We soon became adept at throwing stones, especially at hitting their horns. They learned the meaning of "come in there"- a stone on a horn and they would hustle back to the road shaking their head. Carroll generously gave our assistants my remaining loaves of bread when they left us. They seemed to appreciate it very much. I did not mind it when he told me that they were as hard as the rocks we tossed at the cattle and they were as welcome to them.

The cattle were put in a farmer's lot at night and fed whatever was available. Occasionally it was corn blade bundles, something previously unknown to me. Green corn blades were stripped from their stalks, bound together in bundles, and stacked under cover. Our animals devoured them as if they were manna sent from heaven and could never be completely filled.

That homeward journey was geared to the bovine ability to walk which was not much better than fifteen miles a day. Shep and I were always the rear guardsmen. Pa and Carroll took turns driving the team. I do not remember that I got tired but the constant vigilance did grow monotonous. Things livened up occasionally. Pa and I got lost in the one street village of Springtown when we went to town to buy some eats. We missed our way back, wandered about for a time, and were mercilessly kidded by Carroll when finally we found our way back to camp. One day I was unceremoniously ushered away from a pack of growling blood hounds. I had gone to rescue Shep who seemed about to be devoured by the dogs. The owner shouted to Pa to get me out of there lest those fierce hounds tear me to pieces. I was never afraid of dogs and those "'fierce hounds" paid no attention to my slaps and admonitions.

We passed through the Civil War battle ground of Pea Ridge and I saw the scars of cannon balls and shells on the large trees. I had read in my history books about the battle and now it became even more real to me. At Fayetteville, we drove the cattle into a small valley on the edge of a town and had dinner by a fine spring. The spring welled up copiously from its sandy depths and gave rise to a considerable stream of the clearest water. On a ridge to our left stood a large building, the largest I had ever seen. Pa said he believed it was a seminary, a place where young people went to school. I suppose it was the precursor of the many fine and stately buildings of the present University of Arkansas. That was a favorite spot for me and I was loath to leave it. My hat was off to Fayetteville.

Our last night's stop was near Opolis on the line between Missouri and Kansas. There were few settlers and none were close to the place on the wide prairie where we camped. We settled our cattle in the open after they had grazed sufficiently. Something frightened them during the night and they started to run. We had to round them up again. It was a country of sandburrs,

something Carroll quickly remembered after starting to run in his stocking feet. He discarded his socks and went sockless with only his shoes. His accompanying language was violent and tinged with reverse theological terminology!

That next evening we arrived at the home of my sister, Emily Riling. Although I had enjoyed it, it was a relief to be rid of those hungry, darting cattle, now safely grazing in Will's large pasture. We then traded those cattle for a bunch of Mexican mules, something not very easy or even profitable to resell.

A reasonable amount of education was regarded by most people as being very desirable. It was felt that people should be able to read and "figger". Children were thought sufficiently vocationalized by their experiences in family agriculture. Teaching was a traditional art with little illumination or human sympathy. Children were regarded and treated as little adults. Teachers had to be tough hombres in order to survive duals of physical strength with unruly "big boys".

One of my early teachers was "Hank" Martz. Tall, strong, and of good appearance, he was a hard-boiled disciplinarian. Big boys were not able to bluff him and they dared not tackle him physically. Whatever he wanted done, was done without question. I think he punished too severely, especially the smaller boys. He would pull a boy out of his seat, place a hand on top of his head, and by some movement of hand and arm set him to spinning like a top and kept him spinning as long as he desired. The lad was soon groggy and when he was let go he would reel to his seat as if intoxicated. One such treatment was almost always enough, something to be remembered and dreaded. Martz either carried a long heavy ruler or kept it handy on his desk. Sometimes he would pull a boy from his seat, hold the boy's fingers firmly with one hand and with the other apply the ruler to palm or wrist with vigor. No boy ever took that without flinching and crying out with pain. From his desk, he might throw that ruler at a pupil the width or length of the schoolroom, irrespective of how or where it might strike. The ruler hit me by mistake one time and scared me half to death. He called out to me that it was meant for my neighbor and proceeded to punish that neighbor by other means. I was much too intimidated to do anything to ever bring his wrath down on me. How he got away with throwing that ruler without maiming someone for life or destroying an eye is a mystery.

Joe Wilkins, who came later, was a farmer at Cow Creek, two miles away. He owned and farmed forty acres of land, was an energetic and incessant worker and got along well with others. He was not a bad teacher. I liked him and worked for him by dropping corn on a horse planter while living at his home. His drawback was his small stature. This might lead unruly boys to unruly conduct; this is what happened during his final term in our school. Will Loar, a strapping teenager, undertook to do just as he pleased. Joe Wilkins stood this as long as he dared to without demoralizing the school. One morning he appeared with a bunch of hickory switches which he had cut on his way through the woods to school. Hickory was about the toughest and wiriest of the woods. That day Will misbehaved and was called to the front of the room by Joe for a threshing. Joe took Will's hand and began to apply the hickory. Will grinned and grabbed the whip. A scuffle ensued and the two wrestled each other all over the rostrum. It ended as a kind of draw. In a few days, Will again overstepped the proprieties and was again called to the front of the room for a

threshing. And again Will seized the whip and a scuffle ensued to determine who would have the hickory. They bucked each other about all over the schoolhouse that day, making the pupils scuttle around to keep out of the way. This ended in another draw so far as we could tell.

We were beginning to think of these daily events as a kind of show and Will Loar was feeling cocky and arrogant. Now he became the aggressor and at the next attempted threshing carried the battle into the enemy's territory. He got possession of the whip and although he did not use it on the teacher, he did flourish it victoriously. Pupils were reporting these events to parents. A few took it as a joke but most parents felt that something should be done. Wilkins made an appeal to the school board that Will should be dismissed and barred from school; if not, he himself would give up teaching. The board met and, to its credit, little old Joe Wilkins taught in peace till the end of the term. He later taught in the adjoining Mount Zion school, which I also attended. He engaged me to sweep the floor and, in cold weather, to build the fire in the stove before he appeared in the morning.

After my great trek, we helped move the Rilings onto our old farm. Dad had previously sold the south eighty to a neighbor, since he regarded himself as too old to farm. The other eighty, half of which was wooded pasture, was plenty large enough. Now he disposed of the remaining land and buildings to the Rilings. Since he practically gave the property to them, Carroll grumbled. We three males then "batched it" in a shack a quarter of a mile east of the school house. Carroll farmed the field land around it for a year. We were located close to a good spring and I, along with other boys, carried water to our school. I raised a crop of tobacco on a small garden spot, and incidentally began to smoke on the rough long cigars that I made. Our almost exclusive diet was biscuits, sorgum molasses, and navy beans seasoned with pork, a kettle of which was almost always cooking on the little stove. We were without butter, milk, vegetables and fresh meat. We didn't have a garden--I was not put to gardening, Carroll would not garden, and Pa was too busy otherwise. The next year we farmed part of the old Loar place right by the school and lived in another one room shack that was built from lumber that was torn down from the original house. One year was a drought year and with the small amount of corn that Carroll could sell at the low price of ten cents to twenty-five cents a bushel, farming was not lucrative and our living was scant.

In July of 1882, Pa remarried. He had courted Georgia Plant, a grass widow, and daughter of emaciated James Byron, a Civil War survivor of Andersonville Prison. In order to have a place to live, Pa bought forty acres on the "white land" prairie ridge near Lone Oak, a station midway between Girard and Pittsburg on the Frisco Railroad line. He and Carroll had always talked of that region as consisting of second class land. Had Dad kept his old homeplace, he might have settled there and done his farming. Carroll hauled lumber onto the forty from Girard, and Dad and I camped out there while we built a two room house. We lived on cheese and crackers largely, mitigated and supplemented by occasional bread and the butter and eggs that we could buy from neighbors. Pa smashed his thumb badly during a heavy windstorm when we mounted the roof in the dark to nail boards onto the rafters in order to keep them from blowing away. I slashed my knee with a hatchet while kneeling to split kindling for a fire. This produced a long deep gash near the knee cap which made me lame for weeks and might well have lamed me for life. We did not worry

about germs then, for there were none in circulation according to the available information of the time and vicinity. Only my health and robustness could have withstood the millions of germs that the soiled cloths that we used for a bandage must have contained.

Pa and Georgia did not get off without a (charivari shivaree). Neighbors, and Pa's two sons, arranged to meet near Byron's home where the marriage was to occur and to assault the home with noise galore after the wedding. We lay on the grass of the pasture until we were notified that the event had taken place. The unconventional nature of the times is denoted by the fact that Carroll and I were the only members of the Gillette family who attended the nuptial event, and we did so only to aid in making a big noise. The participants in the charivari used pistols, guns, cannon crackers, horse fiddles and whatever else would make a noise, including mouths and lungs. I had heard that an effective noise producing device was a gun loaded with powder that was fired into an empty barrel. I had a gun and fortunately found a sixty gallon heavy rain barrel that was on hand. I propped it up so that the rungs touched the house and fired into it repeatedly. This was the biggest noise producer there was. Every shot "raised the house". It was a pandemonium of noise. After the besieged couple had had all the honor of that sort that they could stand, Jim Byron opened the door and invited us in. The proffered cake and ice cream were greedily absorbed and the serenaders beat a noisy departure followed by another round of shots and shouts. Undoubtedly, some of the serenaders extended congratulations to the newly wedded pair but the two Gillette sons were not in that number, not because of any lack of good will on our part but because such decorum hadn't gotten into our way of roughneck living.

I gained a junior brother by that marriage, Harry V. Olant, now of Wichita. We formed a real affection for each other which has lasted thru all these years. Now in his late seventies, he still loves music and is a participating member of the fine University of Wichita Chorus.

The cornstalks had to be disposed of in the springtime before plowing. Our method was to level them with a stalk breaker, rake them into windrows and burn them. Our handmade stalkbreaker consisted of three runners about four feet across, to which two wide eight-foot boards were nailed. A low seat was fixed to the rear middle where the driver could sit and drive the horses that were hitched to the front. Breaking stalks was something I could easily do as soon as I was old enough to drive. I was so employed one spring day. In making a turn over a low place at one side of the field, some bent-down sprouts sprang up and struck the horses in the stomach. The team, young and skittish, grew excited and together gave a great leap forward. The breaker was jerked from under me, the lines which were tied together tangled about my feet, and I was dragged backward behind the breaker which lurched wildly in front of me. Our speed across the field must have been good. Stalks, clods, and dust flew around me. We were headed toward the big woods and a precipitous hill a quarter of a mile away. A high rail fence would have to be negotiated before we could go over the bluff. My view was partial but I could tell our direction. One horse made it over the rails but the other could not and the team hung up astride the fence. I was scratched and dirty but not hurt much. Carroll had seen the event transpiring and ran to help me. He took down part of the fence, got the horse back on the field side, straightened things out and took over from there. After I told him what had happened, he allowed that the same kind of thing might have happened to him. It was a relief to escape being scolded.

The team was Dock and Jen who took us to Arkansas and back. They were hair triggered and would run away at the drop of a hat. Not long afterward, much to his mortification, they ran away with Carroll. We were going toward the woods with some fodder on the hayrack. I was riding on the rear end with my bare feet hanging down behind and could not see the front but we seemed to be going too fast. I was shaken about over bumps and loose stones and soon either jumped or fell off. When I got up, I saw the team and wagon approach the brow of the big hill above the woods and turn to the left too sharply for the verticality of the wagon. The wagon turned over, the rack and wagon disintegrated, my brother crawled out from under the rack and fodder, and the team, dragging the front axle and wheels, disappeared over the hill towards the woods. Carroll ran after them and I ran after him. We found the team hung up against a stout hickory sapling, with Jen pulling her best against Dock who was enmeshed by the tree. Nobody was injured but Carroll felt deeply chagrined and he had a lot of work to do to repair the breakage.

A few years later my Mexican pony, Fanny, gave me a frightening experience. I had herded on her in the Indian Territory and had ridden her back home. She wore the celebrated bridlebit brand on her left hip and was fast and sturdy. I had been visiting at the Loomis'es whose previous home had been destroyed by a tornado. It had rained and the roads were slippery. As we turned onto the public road out of their place, Fanny slipped and fell. She was so slender that my feet rested on the ground. To help her getup, I swung my left leg over her rump and stood up with my rightfoot in the stirrup. At once she was up and running excitedly, dragging me by the stirruped foot. I had dropped the reins and had no means of stopping her. My shoulder and head bumped her hind foot at every stride. My weight veered her gradually toward a large "bodoc", or osage orange hedge on the right. I soon was skirting that hedge, and unable to avoid it, was grabbing desperately at its thorny branches. After a seeming hour, a large branch was grasped and held, and I found the pull taken off my leg. Scrambling up, I saw my pony running down the road toward home. Fortunately, the stirrup strap had broken and I was released from the saddle stock. I picked up the stirrup, the stirrup leather and trudged home after my steed. I found her grazing peacefully. She looked up at me with innocent recognition but received no chastisement for it was not her fault.

I had often heard the saying that a tail hold is a good hold. A couple of my experiences help confirm this. Having been raised with farm animals, I had no fear of them and dealt with them in a confident manner. One of my father's little Mexican mules was a shiny sleek beauty about three years old. I had broken him to ride and drive and thought of him as a tractable animal, never suspecting him of treachery and a revengeful disposition! But one morning when I was cleaning up behind him with a pitchfork, he kicked out viciously with both feet. I was missed, but the fork went flying out of my hands. The rattle of the fork against the stable timbers frightened the animal (maybe he feared retribution) and he jumped forward in his stall as far as he could. As I stood wondering what I should do about that mule, the admonition of an old horseman flashed into my mind- "The way to cure a mule of kicking is, just after kicking, to grab its tail, throw your legs about its hind legs, and hold on." I proceeded to execute that idea, simply thinking, "Well, I'll just try that." The ensueing results were surprising, something I could scarcely have anticipated. That poor mule was scared almost beyond belief. He jumped his forefeet up into the manger as far as his halter would permit and stood bawling and whimpering like a forsaken dog. His bawling was really ludicrous and I

have never heard anything like it since. After letting him suffer a little while, I got his feet out of the manger and petted him and talked to him kindly until his composure was restored. He was a reformed mule as far as I was concerned, for he never kicked at me again and was about as respectful toward me as one could expect a mule to be. My father had watched the affair from near the house. He laughed about it but all he said was "John, I didn't know I had two donkeys in the family".

Tailing a skunk is a different proposition. A trapper had once told me that the way to take a skunk clean was to seize it by the tail as it emerged from its den, hold it up, and smite it with a spade or club. Since this avoided the aroma, it was something to try. Not far out on the prairie was a hole in which a skunk was hiding. Taking a spade, I was soon at work digging toward the bottom of the hole. It was only a short time until a big skunk was discovered crouching in its lair. As he rushed out of its house I grabbed him by the tail, jerked him into the air with one hand and smote him on the head with the spade in the other hand. That was all there was to it. There was no odor, since I had held the body area from which the secretions are thrown and by which they are scattered upon the disturbing object. I took that skunk home, skinned it and stretched its hide on the side of a building where the sun and air would tan it. An itinerant purchaser of furs purchased it from my father.

During the early eighties of the last century, the newspapers had a good deal to say about the "cyclone belt". It seemed to news reporters that there were an exceptional number of what were then commonly alluded to as "cyclones" and "twisters." The state of Kansas was struck repeatedly by such storms and gained for itself the sobriquet of the "cyclone state". I do not know that such storms were, in fact, more frequent than in some other states but at any rate, things were shaped up in the public mind that way. The papers too were replete with vivid descriptions of what later were scientifically termed as tornadoes. My father read everything he could find in the papers about them and could retell, at great length and upon the least provocation, his view of the way such storms were formed, their appearance, their mechanical construction, and the like. He was continually observing cloud and storm formations and reporting on the pacific and violent signals that they displayed. I believe that he had a better understanding of cyclones than anyone else in that region. Perhaps my own interest in observing and studying weather hales back to him in some way.

A Kansas twister occurred to the south of Girard in the summer of 1881. Charlie Loomis was at our place visiting me. Two storms seemed to be forming, one in the southeast and the other in the northwest. Pa was watching them and told me to go after the cows before it stormed. Charlie and I went into the big wooded pasture where they were grazing and soon had them in the lot. Then Charlie scampered away to his home a mile and a half away, little knowing that he was rushing right into the path of destruction. Pa stepped out frequently while we ate supper to see how the storm clouds were acting. He reported that the storms were moving toward each other from the northwest and the southeast, the conventional pattern for generating tornadoes. He seemed to sense that something extraordinary was about to be exhibited by old mother nature. After one of his observation trips he called my brother, sister Mary, and myself into the yard to see a cyclone. About six to eight miles southwest of us in the valley of Thunderbolt Creek was a funnel shaped cloud extending from sky to earth, writhing and twisting like a great suspended serpent. It was a

terrifying spectacle. Its shape reminded me of pictures of waterspouts at sea that I had seen in my geography book. We saw that it was moving directly towards our home and would be upon us shortly. We were deeply frightened but no one exhibited any hysterical behavior. Stolidly and expediently we followed Pa's suggestions.

He advised that we take refuge in a little nearby grove. This consisted of several rows of cottonwood and maple saplings, some twenty feet high. The dimension of the grove was not more than twenty-five feet by seventy-five feet. Later knowledge has convinced me that we would have been blown out of that place and handled severely had the center of the tornado struck the grove. The thick woods below the big hill, which were not over two hundred yards to the east and away from the storm, would have been almost a perfect refuge. The hill would have lifted the storm over us and the woods would have offered supplemental protection.

My first act upon reaching the grove was to climb a tall cottonwood sapling and perch in the lower limbs. When my father saw me he shouted, "John, come down out of there. That storm will beat you to death when it blows that tree about." Even in that serious moment, my brother and sister gave me the laugh and I slid down onto the ground feeling chagrined and foolish. We huddled there and watched the noisy, whirling advance of the monster in what seemed to be a march of destruction. Our vicinity was free from wind at the time. Mighty claps of thunder shook both air and earth. It looked like doomsday to us. It was like being bound on a railway track before an advancing train, awaiting certain death. The time it took for its approach was only a few minutes but it seemed an age. Then, presto, the miracle happened. Lady Luck came to our rescue, bringing us good fortune at the expense of our neighbors to the north (so often the accompaniment of a turn of luck). The direction of the tornado changed when it was about three miles away. The twister had been moving chiefly eastward, but now it diverged much more to the northeast and passed us by a mile and a half. A strong wind began to blow, moving parallel to the center of the tornado at a distance of about a mile. This left us with a relatively calm space. If we said anything about our happy deliverance, I cannot remember it. I think we were too engrossed in watching the course of the storm to give expression to our emotions. The twister, which disappeared northeast of us, ran a course of destruction ten or fifteen miles in length. We did not learn anything about its effects until my brother returned from a visit to the home of the Gabriels who lived a mile closer to the path of the storm.

The next day we drove in our farm wagon through the track of the tornado. Its greatest width was not much more than a quarter of a mile. Boards and timbers, entire and in splinters, furniture, beds, bedding, clothing, carpets, utensils, dishes, in all stages of destruction, were spread everywhere and lodged in hedgerows, trees, and bushes. Many trees were blown out by the roots, or stripped of their limbs and leaves and left standing in a twisted and distorted way. Barns, houses, and buildings of every description were blown about or leveled to the ground. Dead animals and fowl lay scattered throughout the wreckage. Some of the latter were picked clean of feathers and were completely naked. The railway track was moved off its grading in places and freight cars were blown over or carried into adjoining fields. A boulder of half a ton that was partly embedded in the earth was dislodged and rolled some distance. The Byrons found an unbroken beehive standing upright in their yard. It had been carried two miles cross country.

I recall various interesting human incidents. The first home that was demolished was that of the Gagers who lived west of the railway. A daughter, who became my sister-in-law a year of so later, was picked up and swept above the earth a hundred feet or more, and then dashed to the ground. Her back was badly injured, and she was bed ridden for months although her eventual recovery was complete. The Loomis family was at supper when darkness suddenly enveloped them. All who could simply jumped and ran. Their large dwelling collapsed and was rent in pieces. Only the south wall of the kitchen, where they ate, still stood. It was leaning, resting against a strong piece of furniture. Behind it was Georgie Loomis, sitting in his highchair unharmed and perfectly composed. He was beating on the leaning wall with his spoon and greatly enjoying life when he was found. Mrs. Loomis had been carried into the yard by the tornado and was bedfast for weeks with severe bruises and broken ribs. Charlie Loomis, who had left me an hour earlier, had managed to survive amidst the flying debris and was none the worse for the debacle. Charlie Davis, who lived with the Loomises, somehow escaped the holocaust and reached the public road. Frightened out of his senses, he rushed south as fast as his legs would carry, him. The Gabriels were standing by the road when he hove into sight. He went puffing by without a note of recognition and paid no heed to their calls. Long legged John Gabriel had to do his best in order to overtake Charlie. He found it difficult to halt him and induce him to stop. He actually had been driven daffy and Charlie Gabriel laughingly remarked that "The boy would be running yet, if we had not stopped him."

Charlie Case, grown brother of Mrs. Loomis, (another storm victim who later married into my family), rushed from the supper table only to fall into an open well and land in the refreshingly cold water fifteen feet down. Fortunately, an unopened barrel of flour had preceded him; he mounted the barrel and rode out the storm. The well was walled with slabs of limestone. Charlie climbed the slabs, but found that a wall had blown across the well top where the curb had been. He returned to his perch on the barrel of flour and awaited deliverance, which turned out to be quite a wait. A short distance down the road from the Loomises was the Huffs who had just finished a new home and a stone barn. The house was demolished and a carpenter who worked there was killed. Mrs. Huff was badly beaten and confined for months with injuries. The stone barn was unroofed, but a team of mules was left in their stalls unhurt. A stammering neighbor boy who viewed the scene reported it to his family, saying that the barn roof had been carried away but that the mules were left standing in their stalls uninjured and right behind them was a big pile of sh-sh-sh-shelled corn.

"Old Redburn" lived to the northeast near Pleasant Creek and was alone at the time of the tornado. His home did not have much damage, but the wind pounded it noisily and made as if it were to take it away. Redburn reported that he was greatly frightened. He said that he saw the lean-to kitchen roof repeatedly lift up from the plates but then fall back. In order to keep the roof from blowing away, he reached up, took hold of the rafters and held on to them, and, in his own words, "prayed like the devil" for deliverance. Whether prayer or beef worked I do not know, but his roof remained. The tornado had spent itself and this was the end of it. It lifted at Redburn's and was seen to move up Pleasant Valley, hanging and dipping, but finally drawing away into the clouds.

An outstanding event in my memory was the stubborn stand made by Mary Byron whose home was immediately in the path of the oncoming tornado. The home was not yet overgrown by trees and the family could see the approaching monster. The large family ran into the yard and the grown men agreed that their best course of action was to run to the top of the ridge, a couple of hundred yards to the south. Mary Byron was a Hardshell Baptist and strong in the predestinatian belief. She positively refused to run or to budge from the brick lined frame dwelling. She maintained that if she was supposed to live she would live wherever she was and if she were to die, she could die in the open field as certainly as if she remained in her own house. Since there was little time for argument, two stalwart sons picked her up bodily and ran for the ridge. The home was pounded to rubble by the tornado, but all the family came through safely. The evidence was overwhelming that Mary Byron could not possibly have survived the demolition, but she never averred and insisted that her life had been foreordained and that she would have survived without injury had she remained at home.

There was a somewhat prolonged aftermath to that tornado. The destruction of homes, barns, fences and livestock constituted a severe loss to the smitten families. There were no hospitals within hundreds of miles to take the injured. As a matter of fact, I doubt if any of us had ever heard of a hospital at that time. The mending and convalescence had to take place in our neighbors' crowded homes or in strangers' houses. There were no loan funds and no organizations for social work such as the Red Cross. But neighborly cooperation and generosity came to the rescue and within a remarkably short period of time the homes had been reconstructed to sufficient size and warmth to guarantee continuance of family life. Nearby neighbors opened their homes to those who were made homeless. Family members were parceled out among different homes, sometimes with highly felicitous results. My chum, John Byron and his sister, Ollie, (a friend of my sister Mary) came to live with us. When not at work, we four teamed up and managed to have many exciting and enjoyable times in spite of the shadows cast by the twister. On Sundays we "borrowed" my brother's team of mules and his wagon to go joy riding over the country, singing, jumping out and into the wagon, while the mules were whipped to gallop. John and I would be out running behind the wagon and the girls would whip the mules to as fast a pace as they would go, to see if they could leave us behind. We were never able to assess the strength of the mule appreciation for the performance they were involved in.

During their stay with us, an incident took place which reflects the evolution which was taking place in table manners. My sister Mary had served as a studio assistant in a Girard photograph gallery and had brought some urbane ways home with her. One was the use of individual side dishes. We were accustomed to a few central bowls from which we filled our individual plates. A knife, fork, spoon and drinking cup constituted our place setting. It was the practice to eat with knives and drink from saucers. One day my sister served raspberries in individual side dishes. John Byron had evidently never seen such a practice. When the berry dishes were passed, he looked at his dubiously, took a few berries onto his plate and started to pass it on to me. I was amused, but tried to hide my amusement. When told that it was his individual dish, he was confused and apologetic and showed his extreme embarrassment by blushing vividly. I tried not to act too superior, for I well remembered that it was not too long ago, in a like situation, that I would have done the same thing.

CHAPTER 9. ON MY OWN

During the winter of my eighteenth year, I worked on Gene Sheldon's ranch near my father's new home. Gene and I "batched" in his house whose chief room also served as a corncrib. We did very light housekeeping and cooking. Someone washed our bed laundry once in awhile, Gene had his personal laundry done in Girard, and I washed out my own shirts and socks now and then. Because we had sheep, our meat was mostly mutton in cool weather; otherwise, it was bacon. I learned how to slaughter and dress out mutton so it would not taste of the wool. My work was hauling hay and watering the sheep.

Gene was in his early twenties and was probably ranching because of a parental mandate. He spent most of his time in the pool halls of Girard which were eight miles away. My occasional companions were neighboring boys of my own age who lived in the nearby Dutch settlement. We played cards, wrestled, boxed, swam in the ranch pool in mild and warm weather, and sipped on a beer or two. My first beer was a memorable occasion for me. I had never tasted beer, and the boys ganged up on me. They kept urging me to drink, which I did copiously, and was soon rip roaring drunk. In short order I was as crazy as the traditional bed bug and raring to go. I presume that my performance was an accurate clue to my natural inclinations. I favored running rather than turbulence and fighting. My companions had a lot of fun at my expense and also, I think, some trouble. They had to put on their best runners to chase me through the fields of ripened corn, corral me, and bring me back. I lost all consciousness of persons and events until the next morning. I disgorged all within me except for the alimentary system and sank into a drunken slumber. My hangover the next day made me feel like a wreck. It was my sole drunk on beer. The penalties appeared to be proportionately greater than the momentary exhilaration.

Each year Gene would drive his sheep to Indian Territory about thirty miles to our south, where ample free grazing was obtainable. Baxter Springs, Kansas, was the terminal point for the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway which ran a race with another road to first reach the Territory so that they would have the sole right to run through it. They were beaten by the M.K. & T. Ample stockpens lay just north of the state line a couple of miles south of Baxter. Herds of stock, especially horses, from as far away as southwestern Texas were held on the prairies south of the line awaiting shipment to the north and to the east. At one time there were five herds of wild horses waiting their turn, herds ranging in size from 200 to 500. Stampedes were frequent. Occasionally all herds would rebel at once and horsemen would be busy for days picking out ponies and getting them back into the proper herds. On one occasion a herd got out of control and many ponies dashed over the high cliffs at Devil's Promenade on Spring River and were either killed or badly broken.

My first case of puppy love occurred while at Baxter. Mrs. Foster, the boarding house landlady, had a girl, Eve, working for her. Eve was a beauty and was fine and friendly. I spent all the time I could being around her while she was at work and contracted quite a case of infatuation. She was nice to me but evidently did not regard me as a suitable suitor. Anyway, I discovered that my boss had the inside track for he had money and leisure time. He took her for horseback rides while I was busy; I possessed little means and no transportation.

Those droves of wild horses broke down into smaller groups of fifteen to twenty ponies each. Each drove was composed of a stallion and his mares. The number of mares claimed by a stallion depended on his prowess. If he was a cunning thief and a strong fighter, he would get more than his share. When one stallion thought another stallion was not looking, he would dash to the other group, cut out a mare, and drive her back to his own bunch. If the move was detected by the raided stallion, the latter would prevent the abduction by every means he could, especially by attacking the raider and beating him down, if possible. In case of success, he would recover his stolen mare and take another one or two for good measure. I never saw more thrilling battles than occurred between those contending stallions. They used their teeth like gripping vises. Usually the fighters would rearup on their hind legs, club each other with forefeet and legs, bite viciously at head, neck, or body, grunt with effort or from blows, and often scream with rage. Consequently, the size of the droves varied, for attempted thefts were frequent.

The mares seemed to be absolutely indifferent as to who their master was. They knew what it meant when a stallion bit their neck or rump and pushed with his body toward another group, and would follow the clue unprotestingly. They were the typical females of mammalian life generally, sexually passive agents. Females may seduce but they cannot rape, the latter being the prerogative of the male. This is due to their specialized mechanism and instinct. Males are the aggressive wooers and mate selectors. It may sound tautological to say that.

Sheep are "sheep minded" all the time. A northeaster of several hours duration pushed my herd several miles to the south in the Territory in spite of all my efforts to hold them back. I patrolled before them on foot to hold them back but had to steadily give way. After the storm they had to be herded back to their bedding-down lot in the stockpens. Things went well until we reached a deep, wide, usually dry ravine which was now a rushing torrent. Time after time I rounded up those sheep and urged them to swim across, only to have them dodge back and retreat. Finally I centered my attention on the recognized leader, a stalwart, wiry ewe. Seizing her, I took her into the rushing stream and piloted her across to the other shore, placing and holding her on a high point in full view of the herd. The situation was in reverse at once. Immediately there was a rush into that distasteful flood and a speedy reunion with their beloved leader. Had I sought to restrain that gregarious outfit from crossing, I could not possibly have done so.

After a few weeks tryout, I was left at Baxter with the sheep. Sheldon returned to the pool halls of Girard where he would finally run one of his own. I bunked in a tent staked by the Territory side of a big Osage Orange hedge which stood on the east and west state line, a protection against heavy north winds. In early July, Gene returned and we moved the herd south of Chetopa, just west of the Heosha. Our tent and surplus supplies were left at Baxter and we took to the open. Our only protection against the rains were our yellow slickers. Immediately after settling there, Sheldon left me and the sheep for his old haunts. My equipment, besides Fanny a Bridle Bit mustang I had bought from Sheldon, consisted of a saddle, lariat, blanket, fry pan, coffeepot, hatchet, slicker, and a small wooden grub box. My meal was bread, bacon, and coffee cooked on a campfire three times a day.

This region was the land of Cherokee Indians; unoccupied portions were used for grazing. Since there were few or no fences, it was difficult to know the boundaries of the pieces of land that the Indians individually claimed. This resulted in an exciting adventure south of Chetopa, to which place I occasionally galloped for supplies. While the sheep were grazing one morning, I walked from my Cabin Creek camp to a nearby Indian well for drinking water. While getting the water, I was accosted by an angry Indian woman, named Silver Heel. She berated me in Cherokee for allowing my sheep on her place, and grew increasingly more angry and finally flourished a club and threateningly advanced toward me. I had frequently run from frenzied bumble bees and now made use of that procedure to escape that angry female. The affair was both humorous and discomforting. Nevertheless, I avoided her place with the herd, but kept on going there for water. Later, she treated me in a friendly manner.

My Mexican pony, Fanny, astonished me by a unique exhibit of metal. I knew she was tough and devoted, but the flair she manifested about an old ewe showed a trait I did not suspect. Occasionally a sheep, especially when becoming ill, will seek to wander away. This particular one developed a strong propensity for that. We went after her and headed her back repeatedly. Once when we were at this and I was guiding Fanny this way and that way to turn her back, Fanny lost her patience and her temper. She rushed the ewe, seized the skin on her shoulders or back, lifted her into the air, and proceeded to shake her vigorously. The old critter collapsed on the ground and obstinately refused to get up and walk. She had to be left to herself and within a few days was dead. I did not lay her demise to Fanny for she probably would have died anyway. My mare got extra good treatment after that and grew decidedly in my estimation.

Isolated sheep herders are said to go insane frequently for lack of human association. I had not heard of that when I was in the Territory. If I approached insanity, I did not know it and no one caught me at it. I was not sufficiently exposed. I was practically isolated for weeks south of Chetopa and Coffeyville and saw human beings only occasionally when I galloped over the state line to town to purchase food supplies. However, I liked to read and carried along with me copies of several dime novels and Daring Dick stories. The sheep would have their first fill of the day by ten or eleven o'clock and would not move out for their second one until two or three. Perched on an eminence where I could observe them, I pursued those literary treasures avidly. No doubt they would have driven an educated individual as daffy as a sheepherder was supposed to become due to the isolation. But to a roughneck such as I was, they were like the ambrosia upon which the gods feed.

Wolves and rain were my main worries. The wolves dropped in on the sheep at night now and then. Their visits were known by the running and bleating of the sheep. Only such an event would drive the sheep away from their bedding down place during the darkness. There was not much I could do about it whenever a raid was made. The best thing I could do was get up, shout, and fire my revolver into the air and appear as frightening as possible. Presently the sheep would return to their bedding place and settle down. That was a sign that the danger was over, at least for that time. There would be one less animal in the herd the next morning. Occasionally a sheep was isolated by the wolves and destroyed during the daytime. Gradually the herd was lessening, but not rapidly.

A continuous wet and rainy spell of a week or ten days made life miserable for me. For one thing I was somewhat anxious about being stiffened by the medicine I took daily- sulphur and cream-o-tartar. I was subject to scrofula, due probably to malnutrition during adolescence. I had been warned to beware of becoming wet and cold lest stiffness ensue. The fact that I survived that and other long periods of exposure may indicate that I was either a tough kid or not foreordained to becoming so afflicted. But being soaked and chilled for eight or ten days did affect my morale. My slicker was not a sufficient buffer against the elements. Bedding and clothes continued to be wet or damp and there was no sun for help. But one day it turned clear and the sun shone beneficially. I longed for a place where "Old Sol" would warm me and dry my clothing. The only place I could think of was the railway bridge that crossed the creek. So I spread my blanket on the ties between the rails and settled down on it (a thoroughly foolish procedure I admit, but to me a seemingly necessary one.) The phrase, "a rendezvous with death", exactly describes the situation I was in. That sun warmed me, soothed me, and put me to sleep. I awoke to the roar of a freight train and the screams of a locomotive. I did not have to look to know that danger was imminent and seized my blanket and ran. I made it to the end of the steel suspension bridge and jumped ten feet or more from the trestle floor to the ground where I rolled over and over. It was none too soon for the engine pounded by at once. I felt a sense of irony when a man in the engine cab leaned out and shook his fist at me. His moving lips made me think he was cussing me out for endangering his train. I was inclined to feel that he had things in reverse and that an apology was actually due me!

Sheldon returned sometime within the first third of August. I had been with the herd since about the first of April. Gene brought a purchaser with him and all at once the herd was sold and my sheepherding was at an end. The next day we mounted our ponies and set out for Crawford County, Kansas, where we arrived on the afternoon of the second day. After a few days stay at my father's home, I was ready for another undertaking.

After the Indian Territory experience, I was involved in a variety of jobs. I worked as a section hand on the K.C., Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad for a month, shucked corn, cut and chopped bodock hedge, dug up a quarter mile of it, and plowed and helped drill a well by the lift and drop method. My sister Emily invited me to live at her home on the old place during the next winter in exchange for chores and odd jobs that I would do. I would also go to school. I worked on a farm near Nevada, Missouri, the next summer. Then, by way of an invitation, Lady Luck began to appear on the scene. Near the close of the summer a letter from my sister, Mary Case who lived near Girard, Kansas, announced that she and her husband, Charlie, and my brother Carroll, were taking a covered wagon trip as far west as Wichita and Eldorado. If I were at her place on a certain date, I could go along. I closed up my job at noon, got on my grass-fed mare about three o'clock and started for Girard, about sixty miles away. The pony was not hardened to travel and was soft from pasture feeding, but I kept her at a gallop almost incessantly and arrived at my sister's home about two the next morning. My mare looked like a wreck but she came out of the trip alright. I suffered during that night ride as the result of a dream. Along about midnight I repeatedly slept and dreamed that I was being kicked on the right shin by a big sorrel mule that was galloping ahead and to my right. On each occasion I would awaken as I starting to fall off and would jerk up into position as the horse galloped on.

Up to this point in my life I had shifted about from job to job without any thought of the future. At eighteen, I was a good worker and could get employment in our neighborhood if there was any available. But there was only one pattern for young men to follow then: hire out and save enough money to buy a team and equipment, rent a farm and, if possible, save enough to buy a farm. The big city, with its avenues to success and enrichment, did not exist for us. Our young men settled near us or moved away to another similar region. No one from that vicinity had blazed a trail to success elsewhere which would set an appealing model. There were no college graduates and hardly any professionals in the nearby villages. There were no patterns of higher life to fertilize my mind and make their appeal. No one ever talked to me about ambition or making a success of myself. I had no ambition to succeed because I had never heard about that. My course of life was clearly set. But an event happened which would start me along other lines.

That covered wagon trip to Eldorado, Wichita, Winfield, and back to Girard by way of Coffeyville, Independence, and Parsons was one I deeply enjoyed. We ate out and slept out. There were storms that delayed us and a flood at night on Big Caney would have swept us away had not a farmer on the hill awakened us and warned us to flee to safety. Carroll and I harnessed and hitched the team to the wagon while wading about in rapidly rising water.

We visited relatives I had never met- my mother's sister and Emily Jones and brother Gus Radford at Eldorado. At this point Lady Luck pointed out a new course of life for me but I did not realize it then. Will Sprouse, a cousin from Proctorville, Ohio, had done chores for my uncle Gus Radford and had gone to high school. He cajoled me into making a request to do the same, for he would teach school the next year in the Eldorado area. I had never entertained the idea of attending high school; in fact, I doubt if I had even heard that there was such a thing. But Uncle Gus graciously gave me the chance and in September I was back in Eldorado, ready to give it a try. Much book work had to be done to qualify me for high school. One thing I lacked was an understanding of grammar. My brother had disliked it and I had adopted his prejudice against it. But when I saw word relations graphically represented in diagram form in Reed and Kellog's grammar book, I liked it and easily mastered it. I was mature and the first year of high school was completed without trouble. I joined the militia and went into town to drill a night a week since we lived just at the edge of town on a farm. Some specific things came out of that. A neighbor boy and I shot a hole in the city standpipe one night with our Springfield rifles. I attended a state encampment at Fort Riley, went on a spree, ran the guard, got arrested by an officer and was put in the guard house. The next morning I received a lecture, a warning, and a pardon. Later in Auburn, New York, I put to use my knowledge of tactics by training a group of teenage girls for a flag drill. Nearby military officers who saw it said those youngsters were superior to their troops in perfection of movement.

My cousin, Will Sprouse, was a captivating fellow. We all fell in love with him. As I have said, he opened the way for my high school opportunity. He also was responsible for a memorable experience he and I shared together. In the spring he returned to Eldorado for a visit while being principal of a village school twenty miles away. While there, he suggested to me that we go to Spring Cave and explore it. He said he had explored it once and that he and his companion had inscribed their names on a rock at a place beyond which they thought no one else could go. But now he believed that we might get farther

and write our names there. We took along a lunch and a lantern. We passed along low narrow halls and through several good sized rooms before arriving at the supposed barrier. The passage shrank to a long tunnel not over two feet square in places. A small stream flowed at its bottom. Will lit the lantern so we could retain a light at the lowest points. We crawled and sometimes just oozed along. At more than one place we had to scrounge along on our backs so our nostrils would not be under water. After what seemed to us a long time, we arrived at a spacious room, the roof of which was relatively low and the floor was covered by a thin layer of water. We crouched down on the wet floor and looked as far as our dim light made it possible. When we covered the lantern, the darkness was stygian. Not a sound from the outside world could penetrate there. But there were internal sounds. There was the drip, drip of water from many points throughout the underground expanse into the water below. The tones were greatly magnified and ranged in pitch from the lowest to the highest thresholds of human audition. The sounds echoed and re-echoed in uncanny ways. Ghostlike reverberations abounded. There were great peals and minute whisperings, phantom-like sighs and moans, and the ebb and flow of a myriad tintinnabulations. After a time the exhibition became disturbing and got on our nerves. We agreed that we would go crazy if we stayed there very long and, in a kind of a panic, we beat a hasty retreat. We even forgot to inscribe our names on the rock entrance to that room, something we had intended to do to prove we had gone the limit. On the outside it was warm and, although wet, we ate our lunch ravenously, taking little time to discuss what we had experienced.

During the summer of 1886 I worked on the ranch of a retired physician, Dr. Munson in the Flint Hills east of Eldorado. He lived on the ranch and kept sizeable herds of long horn steers during the buying, selling, and fattening time. Another hand and I were given a log cabin in the orchard. A mouse ate a hole in the back of my coat as it hung on the wall, making me a marked man whenever I wore it. For the first time I tasted tapioca custard at Mrs. Munson's table and gave it the highest rating. My chief work was hauling and stacking tame hay for winter feed, but occasionally I would be drafted for cutting-out work. The Doctor had discovered that I was a fair horseman.

He had a wonderful "cutting-out" pony, a comely and wiry dun horse he called George. When George found out what animal was to be cut out, it was best to give him the reins and let him run the show. He would face the steer, watch it, rush it, dodge as it dodged, and finally browbeat it into taking the desired direction. It was all so fast and exactly done that it was astonishing and admirable. If the steer was in the herd, he would rush it, bite its spine above the tail until it squirmed and sometimes bellowed, follow it as it moved and lead it from the herd. I had to learn that he wanted to be let alone while operating and I was almost dismounted until I made that discovery. After that my chief task was to select the steer, direct him to it, and then "let George do it". Such occasions were among my most pleasurable and exciting on horseback.

Several score of large Colorado steers were kept in a pasture on this ranch. They were being fattened for the market and belonged to a tribe that featured a great spread of horns, a stock that long ago went out of fashion. These steers were pretty treacherous. They maddened easily and stampeded at the drop of a hat. An excited mob of those brutes was not to be disregarded, as I discovered.

I had taken a dog and spade and ridden to their pasture, intent on digging a coyote or fox from a hole I had observed. The longhorns were grazing a quarter of a mile away when I hitched the horse to the fence and walked a few hundred feet to the burrow. I did not think about the danger from the herd as it was far removed. But after digging a time, I became aware of the birds proximity. It had moved over to within a couple of hundred feet and was evidencing much excitement. The steers were pawing and horning the earth, bawling angrily, and were circling and moving in gradually while manifesting much animosity. I tried to set the dog on the brutes but he was terrified and slinked under my feet. It was apparent that we would be attacked unless I could create a diversion. I thought I would try the effect of my mouth organ on them. Seating myself on a low boulder, I began to play as loudly as I could. I suppose that sitting quietly may have exercised a restraining influence, but the musical sounds undoubtedly had a soothing effect. The beasts calmed down, stood in a crescent, heads in, and seemed to be enjoying the music. At least I can say that they received it respectfully. After a time I thought the coast was clear for a getaway, and the dog and I made for the fence. But that herd at once became demonstrative and angry and I had to sit down once again and play the longhorns a tune. And again they became pacific and stood in a crescent to take in my concert. The dog kept right at or under my feet. Twice more the performance was repeated. At last I was close to the fence and my canine friend and I went under it, he standing and I rolling. It was with considerable relief that I attained the outside. I had not been profoundly frightened but I had been anxious at times. My earlier experiences with cattle and livestock had built a kind of confidence which stood me in good stead.

Previous experiences had taught me the soothing effect of music on animals. At various times I had observed the influence of instrumental and vocal music on herds and teams of horses. I had witnessed how the pace of weary teams quickened and the strain of effort was seemingly reduced when a group of us would sing during a long journey. One of the most conspicuous cases was the effect I experienced in playing a mouth organ on a herd of wild horses in Indian Territory. While herding near a drove of these horses I would sit down and play my harp. The nearest horses would hear the music and shift toward me, then stand without eating, listening with heads lowered. Other horses would see that something was taking place and move over to become attentive listeners. There would soon be a large number of those untamed broncos standing in a circle of attentive auditors. One could not doubt their enjoyment. Heads down, attention on me, I could observe the soulful look in their eyes. Their joy was so evident that I often repeated playing to an equine circle because of the thrill it gave me. Those horses never gave me an encore but I did not doubt they would if they had known how to do so. The later reaction of those longhorns was no mystery to me.

CHAPTER 10. HIGHER EDUCATION- THE ROAD TO THE MINISTRY

I had no notion of what I would do when I returned to Girard in the Fall. However my sister, Mary Case, had become interested in my completing high school and offered to keep me at her home if I would pay my part of the family expenses. I jumped at the offer and attended the Girard school. My money lasted one school year. Then I attended a summer institute and was able to secure a third grade certificate to teach. I was engaged by a five month school at Eureka, my father's school district. I indulged in some terrible pedagogical and disciplinary methods during that term which I would now like to forget. At the close of the term, I paid a visit to my class in the Girard School and was besieged by my classmates to return to school to graduate with them. It did not look feasible to me but encouragement from the superintendent, George Washington Martin, determined me to try. Being healthy and mature, I gave it all that was in me and by the generous grading of the superintendent and Miss Beasly, the principal, I was able to make it and to appear at commencement.

That June commencement in 1888, seemed to those graduating (four of each sex) the most important event of our time. The exercises were held in the new Presbyterian Church, a brick replacement for the one wrecked by a tornado a year earlier. This church had a tower which we four male members had often used as a rendezvous during the spring term. Classmate Harry Arnold acted as a janitorial assistant at the church and, with the church key at his disposal, could provide ingress to the tower. From that exalted outlook we could command a view of the public square, the center of the business life of a large region, and much of the small city of two thousand people. Our chief themes of conversation regarded the possibilities of immortality, the existence of a supreme being, and other mysteries associated with those issues. I am sure we did not touch much on evolution for we were scarcely aware of the scornful allusions to the superficial statement that "man sprang from a monkey." Our chief authority and treasure of knowledge was Robert Ingersoll's popular lectures about the Bible. Among ourselves we professed atheism and agnosticism, the limits and implications of such conceptions being unknown to and beyond us.

It was a wonderful but hot night. The auditorium was packed and through the raised windows and wide open doors were seen crowds of people who could find neither seats or standing room within. It seemed to those of us who were about to graduate that all the world was observing and listening to what was happening there and was anxiously awaiting the words of wisdom that were to come from the graduating orators. It was the grandest occasion of my whole life, far transcending the occasions at colleges, seminaries, and universities like Princeton and Chicago where higher degrees would be bestowed. My soul has never since throbbed with the high and "divine emotion" of that simple, rural commencement. Each of the graduates gave a self concocted oration. The themes ranged from the imaginary to the practical, from my "Premium Post Proem" to "Emancipation of Women" by Rose Rogers, a vigorous and handsome young woman.

The graduating class sat in a crescent and before it on the rostrum were piled bouquets and gifts from relatives and friends. I fear I regarded my lone bouquet of prairie flowers with some disdain because of its lowly origin, but I have later come to think that it was the choice floral offering of the evening, for it was an assembly of wild flowers which no great city floral establishment could duplicate. Besides it was a gift of love denoting the devotion of a kind

sister whose knowledge and power of display were limited. We men had been trained by Ed Wells, who read law in his father's office, on how to close our orations and how to back up to our seats with an ornate Chesterfieldian bow. One was to make a half bend forward from the hips while performing a sweeping downward gesture with his right hand from left breast rightward to knee level, with his left hand on his chest, while backing blithely toward the waiting chair. The whole complex performance was to be accomplished with grace and aplomb. Most of us were about as graceful as an ox or a stoved-up plug, but these bows went over big with the public. Ed had not spent much time training us to speak. He assumed we could be trusted to labor thru our speeches, but to retire in glory and glamor could only be attained by reproducing the supposed bequest of Lord Chesterfield. I am satisfied that the esteemed and now famous cigarette gentleman never imagined nor contemplated such performances as we perpetrated in his name on that rostrum that night. Ed had been trained by John Randolph, our only collegiate legal light. John was quite a personality. His courteous ways and assured manner were far above par in that community. His command of irony and sarcasm made us think of that early Virginian of the same name. He spoke with incisiveness, precision, and transparency. He could speak entertainingly to the public and informatively to the more educated. During a summer institute he talked to students about something they had heard little or nothing about- the self, the person, and the ego. He read from Plato, the dialogs between Socrates and his interlocutor, Alcibiades, and discussed the baffling nature of the ego. We heard entirely new concepts about the plurality of selves, the present one, the past one, the future one, and the dual nature of selves. We listened intently but we became confused as to which self we were. It was doubtful we could recognize ourselves were we to meet them on the street. We discussed these concepts among ourselves for several days with indecisiveness. Then the approaching final tests caused us to forget the whole business.

I had no thought of going to college after I graduated from high school. I supposed that I would hire out on farms until I obtained enough money to set up as a renter or teach a country school, the usual pattern for my kind of folks. I knew no one who had attended college and I scarcely knew the name "college." College was simple not part of my planless scheme of life. But chance again turned the trick. Just before commencement, I met the superintendent on the school stairway. He spoke to me in his kindly manner and suggested that I go to college. I replied that I did not expect to do so since I had no money. "Why," he said, you do not have to have money to attend college. You can work your way through. That's what I did." That put the bee in my bonnet. I communicated the idea to Harry Arnold, a good friend and classmate. We planned to attend the State University at Lawrence. Hattie Brown, who had just graduated from Park College, learned of our plans. We met at her house and she told us how we could work our way through Park. Hattie became the wife of an eminent Presbyterian pastor, C. B. McAfee, and the mother of the celebrated Mildred McAfee.

Park is beautifully located on the bluffs of the Missouri River, ten miles up river from Kansas City. During my four years there I lived in a men's dormitory high up on the bluff from which I could look across to the high bluffs on the Kansas side. Park was the old type classical college: many dead languages and mathematics, some history, English literature, and a little physics, chemistry, and philosophical psychology. It was a poor man's school, including women. Much of the food for our tables was raised on the large farm

and its orchards. The president had to go east frequently to "beg" from the rich for a large share of the funds that were required to supply our other needs and pay the college staff. A professor's salary was not much over $600 a year. It was an intensely religious college of the "faith of our father" variety, very conservative and orthodox. We had two or three religious services a day and all day on Sunday. That was rubbing it in for fellows like myself, who were without church or religion.

What counted big was the chance to work ourselves through college. The first day I hauled sand with a team of donkeys. Then they heard I could carpenter, and I was put on the carpenter force, where I spent nearly three of my four years, at times acting as chair mender. The printing office enjoyed my green services for a few months. I was a printer's devil, crank turner of the press on which the Park College Record was printed. I even set type and folded records. My academic record was only average. I had little interest in Greek, Latin, and higher mathematics, and the teaching was generally uninspiring. I was interested in debating, oratory, and the literary society, and if I ever shone anywhere it was there. A college course in apologetics taught by C. B. McAfee did arouse my interest and stimulate some thoughtfulness. Due to illness, I was out of class much of the time. Our text contained an analytical table of contents which I chiefly studied while making my own analogies. I received a hundred on the final test, the only time I made that achievement during college. There was no sociology or modern psychology but there was elementary economics and I loved to participate in debates on economic questions.

The first time I saw my words in print was as a campus reporter for the local village paper. I signed my contributions as "Laudable Malady" and campus people wondered who the reporter could be. My other literary contributions consisted of songs I wrote for our class, (Harry Arnold composed the music for these contributions), and an occasional doggerel I thought of as poetry. My chief activities were in the Cheever Literary Society, (we didn't have Greek Letter Societies) where debating and oratory held prominent places. Our college was noted for its mass singing and large choir. As a member of the latter I enjoyed singing the splendid pieces conducted by C. B. McAfee- teacher, chapel leader, noted clergyman and author, and father of Mildred McAfee.

One very tough job was imposed on me while carpentering. Rafters merging from two different pitches were to be framed so that they joined one another. My boss tinkered with the task for a time and then he said he had an appointment elsewhere and told me to do it. I almost sweat blood over that complicated situation since I had no technical training. But finally it was done. Just how I accomplished it I would have difficulty explaining, probably by guess and by gosh.

Something I remember with pride was swimming the mighty Missouri. It is a mighty stream at Park; swift, turgid, and with many whirlpools. Elmer Bess, father of Saturday Evening Post editor Demaree Bess, and I would swim over to the Kansas side and back. Where Elmer learned to swim, I do not know. I learned in our old Kansas Cow Creek. He was by far the better and stronger swimmer and could out distance me when he desired. But we swam alongside each other and enjoyed some close calls together.

The only time I have been booted out of an office was at Park. I went to the president's office to get permission to return to Kansas for a visit during a vacation time. The president eyed me sternly and asked why I wanted to waste God's money in that way. That was news to me, but I said that I had earned the money by extra work and that I had not seen my folks for a couple of years. He got to his feet, a movement I followed, and shouted angrily, "Yes you may go, but get out of here." He seized my shoulders, turned me toward the door, and applied his foot to my rear parts with force. I shot out of the door and down the stone steps with alacrity. It did not occur to me that my manly dignity had been humiliated or that I should return to the office to demand satisfaction. For one thing, I was too surprised and frightened. It soon occurred to me that I had secured consent to go home and presently was whistling on the way to my room. It later occurred to me that the active, determined old rascal would probably have licked me had I returned to do battle.

That reaction of the president has always been a mystery to me. We hadn't any contacts or collisions and my existence there must have been a mere incident to him. I suppose it could be that my personality aroused him in an antagonistic way or perhaps he merely exercised an authoritarian prerogative to occasionally bat out one of his penniless and dependent acolytes.

I skated on thin ice on old man river one day. Homer Mann, later to be president of the Park Board of trustees for a quarter of a century, and I skated to Kansas City which was fifteen miles away by river one morning. He went into the city and I turned back to the college. A thin layer of ice had formed over a six inch layer of water that had risen above the formerly thick ice. This upper layer swayed a good deal as we skated on our way to Kansas City but it was getting fragile before I arrived home. The ice not only swayed but at times sank beneath the water. It was getting rotten. The swift current had torn holes in the under layer and there was great danger of going through at one of those places and being swept under the ice. I told Father Clark at the office about it as I passed through, although I treated it lightly and as just an incident. But he was deeply concerned about the risk I had taken and proceeded to call me down properly for doing such a risky and foolish thing. We all thought a lot of Father Clark and I took his admonitions kindly. I doubt if they did much toward reforming me.

There was also a noted occasion when I missed an opportunity to become a hero. We had some lively neighbors up the Burlington above Parkville, the locus of Park College. I heard that some of the toughs were from Farley although I would not want to witness to that in court. A train load of faculty members and students of Park were returning from attending a recital of the Messiah by a noted chorus at Kansas City one night. We were just across the bridge over the Missouri when it was reported that a gang from a forward car was raiding the train. Most of us were gripped by consternation but not Billy McGee, a college senior, and some others. They seized billets of wood from the fuel box and guarded the door to our car through which the toughs would have to come. The gang approached with great zeal but never got into our car. The gangsters sought to enter by knocking their opponents down with fist and club. Billy McGee and his colleagues knocked them down with billets of wood as fast as they came. It did not last long, but it seemed longer, and the gang beat a maimed and bloody retreat. I am a coward regarding fighting with people and I

sat by my classmate, the presidents's daughter, and was inwardly perturbed over how I would conduct myself should the gang invade our car. Perhaps it is notable that I did not rush forward at the enemy and demonstrate how I would protect and defend my honored classmate. My deep and long time thanks still go out to Billy McGee.

While at Park I occasionally succumbed to the temptation to write poetry, chiefly rhymes. As class poet I did a number of pieces, some of which my roommate, Harry Arnold, set to music of his own composition. The class sang these songs whenever it could get a public opportunity. The following verses, "A Frogpond Tragedy," was not a class poem. It probably arose out of my experiences with ponds and frogs when I was a lad. The moral is evident, "Keep your mouth shut!" The poem may have been printed in some local paper at the time, but if so, it was so long ago that it need not deter any publisher from printing it here. Anyway there have been worse things published, so why apologize for it?

A FROGPOND TRAGEDY

A musical frog sat perched on a log,
Singing of all in the green water pool,
Chanting the lay so incessantly
That fish in the pool indignantly
Called him a fat, egotistical fool

A fun loving lad came plodding that way
Monkeying 'long on his road to school.
And hearing that bass note ecstatically
He crept up behind quite noiselessly
'Thout even a thought of the Golden Rule.

The musical frog still sat on the log.
Grinning behind was the lad with a hook.
And on it a fly buzzed so charmingly
That the croaker blinked voraciously
With his blandest philosophical look.

A jump, a croak, and O foolish frog,
Bawling and Kicking in mid-air like that.
The boy on the bank grinned fiendishly,
The fish in the pool skipped gleefully
And the pollywog died in the urchin's hat.

Perhaps it was foreordained that I should both get into and out of the ministry. It took only three years to get in but it took me about seven to get out. The beginnings were laid in Park College. The chief vocational objective of that institution was to turn out preachers and missionaries. Only a small minority of men or women became anything else. The cultural influences and pressures worked to those ends. Few students knew about other opportunities in the big world and how they might be reached. Most of us took the line of least resistance and went with the current. My roommate, Harry Arnold, resisted and became a doctor. I ran with the herd and had my objective determined for me.

If I told the full truth I would confess that the scholarship of fifty dollars a year that the Presbyterian Church gave to its ministerial candidates while in college and the one hundred and fifty dollars while in the seminary, was mighty attractive. Fifty dollars looked like a million to me. Like most of the students, I was as poor as Job's turkey.

At commencement time my friend Webster Browning, with whom I had roomed a year in college, appeared as a representative of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. He was there to recruit students for that institution. He influenced several Park men to go west, including me. He and I took the train to San Francisco on the evening of my graduation since we both had jobs at the Frisco Seminary during the summer. We packed up the library at the Haight Street location and moved it across the Bay to San Anselmo, the new site of the institution. While hauling the books by mule team a powder factory across the Bay at Vallejo blew up. The sound it made was astounding. It echoed and reverberated throughout the valley seemingly without end. The seven months spent in school at the San Francisco Theological Seminary were enjoyable ones (rated in terms of physical living) but would not grade very high in my intellectual accomplishments. The Seminary was located on a hundred foot high knoll in a valley near San Anselmo, a mere station then. There were but a few houses in the valley. The Coast Range Mountains were between us and the Pacific and the Bay was not far away on the east. The twenty-five male students who roomed in a dormitory had both a Chinese cook and Japanese waiter and fared well physically. Some of the advanced students had regular charges throughout the state where they preached on Sundays while the rest of us received occasional calls to duty. But for the most part, we were thrown on our own resources for entertainment. Consequently playing practical jokes on one another was a large part of our existence. Some of the jokes were rough and noisy, a few almost criminal. I liked to walk and climb mountains and spent many happy hours climbing and sleeping on top of Mount Tamalpeis, unthought of then as a recreation point.

Two of our professors were pastors of large churches in San Francisco. The others were retired preachers or bookish pedants. I disliked Hebrew and Greek, of which there was much, but doted on the course in apologetics taught by President Robert McKenzie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. He was an interesting and inspiring personality.

I worked in a mission enterprise in the Frisco slums. One Sunday, while I was in the pulpit, I mentioned women in the long prayer. A drunken sailor bawled out, "Tell me more about the women, that's what I want to hear about." As an inexperienced pulpiteer, I was thoroughly flabbergasted for awhile. But the ushers took the sailor out and I was able to proceed in a rather hazy condition for a time. Somewhat out of tune with this was the occasion when a friend and I slept on the very tip-top of Tamalpeis. During the night he came and awakened me saying, "Did you hear that?" I replied "no" because I had been sound asleep. We listened and heard nothing, finally concluding that it must have been me snoring, as I lay by the great top boulder with my face under its side.

My attempt to convert our Chinese cook, Jim, was to no avail. I started by asking him if he believed in God. His reply was that sometimes he believed in one god, and sometimes in many. "Me no care if there is one or many gods."

Many interesting and exciting things happened as I ranged the nearby mountains and worked in San Francisco. One of the most exciting occurred during a visit Walter Scroggs and I made to a summer resort camp across the Coast Range Mountains. We used President McKenzie's pony and buggy, taking bedding and food for two days. I have always been rather ashamed that we two big, strong lubbers let that small mare pull us up the steep tortuous roads of that range. Many of the Sequoia in the forest we passed through were hundreds of feet tall and it looked like we could never climb above their tips. From the top of the mountain ridge we beheld a gorgeous and sublime view of the Pacific Ocean and the undulating shore line. Before noon we were enjoying ourselves on the beach of a deserted summer resort. We ate our lunch on the outmost rock of a chain of rocks which extended into the ocean. The tide was rising and when we sought to return we had to stretch ourselves to leap some of the small straits of water.

Since we expected to camp toward the top of the range that night, we packed our belongings in the buggy and started homeward about the middle of the afternoon. At first the trail ran on level ground just behind the beach. A small marshy looking spot had caused other vehicles to go around it. Walter, who was driving, said he was going to try a short cut which appeared to be little used. The mare was trotting along briskly when we came to an abrupt stop. She sank above her belly in quicksand and the buggy bed was resting on it. Whenever Walter urged the mare, every effort she made engulfed her even deeper. She wisely refused further effort and turned her head to look at us as if to say, "I have done my best, now it's up to you." Walter was not much of a horseman and began to stutter badly. We climbed over the back of the buggy and leaped to more solid footing. Seeing a pile of heavy planks at a distance, we soon had a walkway over the top of the quicksand from the side of the narrow marsh facing our steed. We attached a long rope to her head, unhitched her from the rig, pulled together on the rope and urged her to make an effort. With our encouragement and help, the mare struggled valiantly and slowly made her way to solid ground. When she was recovered, we hitched her to the hind end of the buggy and pulled it out to land. We were deeply impressed by the calmness, sagacity, and moral fiber of that fine animal.

Before sunset we had arrived at a camping place on a level in a small canyon. It was a veritable bower amidst trees and vines, with a small mountain brook rippling toward the sea. While Walter cared for the horse, I built a fire and proceeded to make supper. While busy with the frying pan and coffeepot, I heard a terrified scream from Walter. Rushing toward the noise, I discovered Walter on his back in the brook, his feet on one of its banks and his head on the other. He was looking up in terror at the mare as she stood on the bank above him. It was a ludicrously funny sight and I burst into loud laughter. But I shortly secured the halter rope and lead the mare away. Walter scrambled out dripping wet, excitedly trying to explain how it happened. His stammering ended in incoherency for a time. He had led the mare to the brook to let her drink. She pulled back stubbornly while he pulled on the rope to get her down to the brook. Suddenly she stepped forward, letting the rope slacken, which allowed Walter to fall backward into the water. Then looking up at her, he feared the mare was about to jump on him. The weather was mild and Walter was soon dry. We were at the Seminary by ten the next day with memories of an exhilarating trip and stimulating experience.

I suppose I intended to live in California when I went there. I loved the Frisco region. But my friends Browning and Sam Barvin were going to the East coast the next year to study or teach. This induced me to try out Union Theological Seminary in New York City; regretfully I left California in May.

During that summer I worked on farms in Kansas. My brother-in-law, Charlie Case, was going to build a new barn. My contribution to it was digging the ditches for the foundation, quarrying stone in Bryon's quarry, and hauling and piling it along side the ditches. In early October I shipped out for New York via Chicago, where I spent a few days at the delayed Columbian Exposition. I was impressed by the fine arts display but more impressed by the evolution of machines in the industrial hall. In a different way I was most impressed by a show then at its heights, Ali Baba.

Union Seminary, like other Presbyterian seminaries, furnished rooms to students. It was then located downtown somewhere near fiftieth street. I managed a boarding club to supplement my annual stipend of $150 a year from the Presbyterian Board of Education. Things were cheap and never having had much money, I did not feel cramped financially. Coney Island attracted me and I rented a bathing suit to swim in the Atlantic Ocean. A very short stay in the water satisfied my aquatic desire and I spent most of my time sitting in the sun on the beach trying to get warm. An elderly lady of perhaps sixty or seventy appeared and I watched her swim and ride the waves for an hour or more, feeling chagrined to think I had to sit on the sand.

The year 1893 was the peak of a great depression. As a mission worker (which I was advised to become in order to obtain good experience) I saw how it hit, and almost destroyed, the poor of downtown New York. I was a Sunday worker connected with the Brome Street Tabernacle then under a Dr. Tyndal. A group of us held services on the Bowery and visited flop houses to recruit persons to Sunday evening mens' meetings. I had always been poor but this poverty went beyond anything I had ever experienced. One of the drawing cards we displayed, along with an invitation to the meeting, carried a suggestion of free eats. Dr. Tyndal cautioned us not to be taken in by "professionals at getting religion" for the sake of the eats. Occasionally we were mobbed on the Bowery including the time brickbats were thrown at us from the top of a one story building. Soon we were used to it and took mobbing as a matter of course, especially since it was done chiefly by youngsters and young men out for some fun.

Union Seminary and New York were grand places to live, but there was a fly in the ointment for me at Union. At that time higher criticism and Semitic languages were being ridden hard by the noted scholars, Augustas Briggs and Francis Brown. I was not a linguist and saw no practical advantage in such studies. By the end of the first term, I had had enough. My Park friends at Auburn Seminary kept writing to me about their fine seminary where they were little troubled by Semitics and higher criticism. They urged me to join them. To be rid of excess linguistics, I decided to ask Dr. Hastings, President of Union, for permission to leave Union. With considerable trepidation I approached his office. I remembered an earlier experience with a president who had booted me out of his office and I did not know but that it was a peculiarity of presidents. Much to my relief, I found an appreciative friend. The president said that we were not all alike and that it was perfectly legitimate for me to want to make a change. Union would release me and he gave

me a note of recommendation to Auburn Seminary. I transferrd to that institution and completed the year. Dr. Timothy Darling, lecturer in systematic theology at once gained my admiration and interest. Dr. Hoyt, in pastoral theology, was a close second. The companionship of Park men and others made life most enjoyable and the year passed all too soon.

Fred McClusky, a Park man (commonly called "Pants") was the life of our eating club. I do not know whether he received his sobriquet at Park for appearing in some grotesque trousers or at Auburn for a prank he played on one of the professors. While the professor was devoting attention to his class, Fred put shoes and a pair of pants on the front feet and legs of the professor's horse. Students had been primed and stood about on the campus to see. The professor untied his horse, got into his buggy and started to drive away. The horse seemed to flounder a good bit, so he stopped and got out to see what was wrong. The laughing and shouting of students, while he took off the shoes and trousers from his steed, might have aroused his ire. He acted as if it was an ordinary event, got in and drove off with a smile and a wave of the hand much to the admiration of the students.

During the summer of 1894, I was in charge of a small Dutch Reformed Church at Cicero, New York. It was ten miles from Syracuse on the old plank road and two miles from Lake Oneida. My function was to preach twice on Sunday, hold a weekly prayer meeting, and help with the Sunday School. The membership was largely farmers from the surrounding country. Their demands for eloquence and profundity were not severe and we got along well together. It was an old frame church building and was settling badly because of rotting sills that were resting on the ground. When I suggested to the church officers that I would raise the building and put new sills under it if they would supply the material, they were rather astounded, not knowing whether I was joking. They said they had never heard of a preacher doing such a thing. Upon my insistence, they gladly consented and soon I was at work, an object of curiosity to the many people who took occasion to come that way to see the unheard of show. It was old stuff to me and presently the new sills were in place and the old building stood erect as if it was again proud of itself.

The Methodist pastor at Cicero and I took occasional walks together. On one of them he informed me that he would soon have to move from his church. I inquired about the source of the trouble. He said there was no trouble in the church. His difficulty was that he was running out of sermons. He said that according to his calculations there were only three-hundred texts in the Bible from which sermons could be delivered. He had been there nearly three years and the three-hundred limit was approaching. I could have said that according to my training there were limitless texts and sermons in the Bible. By means of imagination, ability at exegesis, information from books and papers, and constructive imagination, one could go on preaching at one place forever. However, such statements would not help him and consequently I indulged in no argument. Later, I heard that my friend had moved.

One of the church members was Dr. A. M. Leonard, a physician, to whom I owe much. This is another example of chance intervention. He and I enjoyed each other's company. We often swam and fished together on Lake Oneida. He would take me along on calls through the countryside now and then. A photographer could have obtained an interesting picture of us at times. He did not smoke and I used a pipe. He was afflicted with asthma and said tobacco smoke gave

him relief. So he would stop the buggy and ask me to blow smoke into his nostrils while he inhaled. He said it did him a lot of good. We got into a discussion of the relationship of soul to body on one of our excursions. He was seeking information of a scientific sort. All I knew was what I had read at college in Schuyler's Psychology, a traditional and somewhat metaphysical text. My information did not satisfy Leonard. He said it was not scientific and it left out the close connection between body and mind. I had intended to return to Auburn Seminary that Fall. Browning, who taught Latin at Princeton, kept writing to me to go to Princeton Seminary where we could be together. Since Princeton had a college where sciences were taught, I conceived that I might be able to learn something about the relationship of mind to body. My last theological year was spent at Princeton Seminary on that account.

Princeton was an inspiring place. There were the old pre-Revolutionary buildings. On the stairway walls of one of them were pasted old newspapers and I could read about events happening before the Revolution. Princeton had been the seat of the early national government for a time. Stony Brook and the battle ground of Stony Brook lay at its door. As we took walks about the countryside we would stumble upon places where Washington had camped or stayed. Two old historic institutions, Princeton College and Princeton Theological Seminary, each with separate campus, buildings, faculty and boards of trustees had their locus there. My friend Browning, a Latin instructor in the college, was there and we visited and walked together.

I lived in Brown Hall at the Seminary and ate at the Commons. I heard the lectures prescribed for us and took tests as demanded. Only in systematic theology did I have more than an average interest and my final in it was reported to be superior by Frank Hickman, a friend. I never inquired of instructors about my grades anywhere. My great interest was in psychological studies at the college with Baldwin and Warren. Experimental psychology opened my eyes to bodily conditions which affected mental activities. Baldwin's developmental psychology of child and race gave me insight as to how the mind builds into existence naturally and through its cultural contacts. The M.A. degree became an objective for me and my thesis was "The Origin of Consciousness". A good deal of reading into the evolution of biological organisms revealed how body and mind of the animal series unfolded together. The gradual rise and expansion of consciousness, with the development and differentiation of the bodily sense organs, became clear. My conclusion was that the human mind was but the higher expression of the same mind that had been growing in animal life for ages. Human mind was like the animal mind but of a higher degree. Inferential logic, or the simple inference of higher animal life, was premonitory of the rational logic of human beings. Baldwin accepted my finished paper and recommended me to the college for the masters degree. He was more impressed by the short introduction on the relation of mind to body than by the main body of the paper. I had expressed in a half dozen propositions, expressed in logical form, my thoughts about the relationship. I had never read Spinoza's philosophy nor had I even heard of it. But when I read it a few years later I then understood why Baldwin thought the introduction was the best part of my paper. For I had anticipated almost the exact form and language of Spinoza's introductory philosophical thesis several hundred years after he wrote it. I hope Baldwin did not harbor any thoughts of plagiaristic inclinations.

Baldwin was a great psychologist and a charming man. Another graduate student of his, Urban, and I were invited to his house for dinner one evening. The first error at the table was made by me. It was the time of duckbill-shaped teaspoons, something I had never seen before. One was by my dish but I did not recognize its function. Consequently, I requested a teaspoon for my orange. Mrs. Baldwin looked surprised and said she thought she had supplied me with one. Then I caught on, moved my plate about and exclaimed in surprise that I had found one under the edge of one of my dishes. But Urban, whom I had taken to be an upper class man, pulled a real boner. I knew about finger dishes and was astounded to see Urban lift his to his mouth and drink from it. I have not visited with Urban since that year. He is now a professor at Yale, I believe, but I hope he will forgive me for telling this little story on him.

Two persons at Princeton impressed me. Woodrow Wilson talked to our seminary discussion club and I was struck by his clear cut thought and speech. President Francis Landy Patten of the college was a remarkable dialectical speaker and I found myself frequently sitting at student convocations to hear him. The memorial tablets of two dead men in the old cemetery also impressed me. One was a horizontal slab above the remains of the early Princeton President, Witherspoon. Inscribed in stone were his many notable achievements. The other was a lonely little shaft bearing only the name, Aaron Burr. It stood apart, perhaps expressing the judgment of cemetery authorities on a Vice President of the United States.

I received credit for a year's work at the seminary and for another at the college. I seemed to have done that surreptitiously and illegitimately, although I intended neither. After enrolling at the seminary, I supposed it was legitimate to also enroll for graduate work at the college. No one informed me otherwise and nobody at the college asked me who or what I was. I discovered the illegitimacy of my action when, near the close of the year, I happened to mention to Baldwin that I would soon graduate from the seminary. In surprise, he remarked that one was not supposed to get credit for full work at both institutions. But evidently he thought it wise to let sleeping dogs lie, for the degree I wanted was granted me.

While studying experimental psychology, the subject of visual after-images interested me and I did some experimenting on my own and later at Chicago. My first scientific appearance in print came from this subject. The Psychological Review, of which Baldwin was the editor, published a report called "After Images" and one entitled "Multiple After Images". I discovered plural after images while taking a hot bath. About the same time, a German published a similar find he had made. Our explanations did not agree and I never tried to prove that mine was correct.

The final step toward the ministry took place at Park College during May of 1895.

CHAPTER 11. IN THE MINISTRY

I graduated from Princeton Seminary in May of 1885. This is attested to by my diploma and a class picture of the fifty male graduates along with the seminary dog. I returned in May to Park College where the Platte Presbytery ordained me into the ministry. I also served as best man at Browning's wedding. Then I served a double pastorate near Topeka, Kansas, until that Fall. One was at Perry (Perryville, then) and the other at a country church near Topeka where my pastoral work was about nil since I resided at Perry. Alec O'Brien, a Park man I knew, served at Perry before me. He was a "Comeoutist" and had converted half of the Perry Presbyterians to "Comeoutism." The church was badly split as a consequence, something I soon discovered. This was evidenced at prayer meetings when votaries of one side exhorted or prayed while some of those on the other side would shuffle their feet and whisper loud derogatory remarks. The "spirit of God" seemed to have abdicated. Browning was stated supply at the Garden City Church and through his good offices I was invited to act in the same capacity at Dodge City. This was the same Dodge City that had served as one of the famous end points of cattle drives of a decade or two earlier. Consequently I was back on the Great Plains as a "cowboy preacher," a sobriquet my Princeton classmates had dubbed me.

Almost every quarter of land that was available for farming had been settled in the eighties during a time of ample rainfall and good wheat crops. A great drought period set in and the larger portion of those settlers starved and later trekked back east in their covered wagons. As a youngster in Crawford County, I had witnessed both treks. Now in 1895 a half or more of Ford County farms stood deserted. The buildings were crumbling and fields were reverting back to grazing. Dodge City was reduced to half its previous size and looked physically broken and unpainted. Many villages throughout the county were ghost towns since most occupants had left and those remaining were simply waiting to acquire enough money to move on. Two decades later Ford county farms and the city were once again resettled and were teeming with prosperity.

Dust storms were not infrequent in the Great Plains area. I have seen many but never one greater than I witnessed at Dodge City in 1896. Old timers speak of it as the worst they ever experienced. I had driven with doctor Crumbine on a call to a patient who lived about ten miles northwest of Dodge City. Leaving town at something like eight o'clock in the morning, we remarked on the brightness and clarity of the atmosphere. There was scarcely a breath of wind and the meadowlarks flitted about spreading their thrilling songs everywhere. I sat in the buggy and listened to their chorus while the doctor was engaged in the farmer's home. Our stay there was brief and we turned toward Dodge shortly after nine. We had gone but a short distance toward town when a great blast of wind struck us without premonition. Within a quarter of an hour it had grown so strong that the big black horse that drew us began to have difficulty pulling the buggy. We would be buffeted about, swaying at times off the road and at other times completely stalled for a moment. The country was mostly prairie grass with few plowed fields. The dust was wrung from the sod and filled the air like a light mist and particles of grass and weeds were flying about buffeted by the air currents. It was nearly noon before we reached Dodge City. By that time the blasts were violent and continuous. The dust had blown thousands of feet high and the sun was almost obscured. It appeared dimly like a moon in eclipse. It did not blow about in clouds of dust as I have seen among the fields of the Red River Valley of the North, but seemed like small

particles that were very thin and equitably distributed throughout space. It was only a few blocks to my home from the doctors place but it was far enough to test my mettle. I think I must have been the only person outside in that part of town. My movements were much like those of our buggy horse, stop and go, to right and now to left. My nostrils and ears were filled with dust and my wash water took on the color of the land by the time I had finished. That was the only dust storm of greatness and majesty that I experienced at Dodge City.

While absent on a short vacation in the summer of 1896, our church officers became involved in a prohibition saloon fight. They helped begin a movement to clean out the illegal saloons from which a good share of city government income was obtained through an "understanding". Because my church was involved, I took up the cudgel for its cause upon my return. Saloons and gambling came under attack. Revenue obtained for city purposes from those sources was branded as moral infamy, "blood money" wrung from others and children. No other church seemed to be doing much and increasingly the job of carrying the banner either was passed on to me or I was reckless enough to assume it. I even laid down the law to the county attorney in a sermon when that official was present to see the show that I was putting on. Our church became the rallying point for the crusade and things were mighty lively. My efforts far exceeded my knowledge and wisdom. But we employed an able lawyer who obtained injunctions against the illegal joints and they were subsequently closed. Much excitement was aroused by this. Old timers, many of whom were among the "bad men" of the old days, were fighting mad over this abridgment of their rights. Rumors or threats of assassination floated about and came to us. We did not know how much truth there was to these threats but thought the situation would bear watching. I don't remember that I was very uneasy about it. Anyway, all of us kept on living. That was an encounter for which I had no inclination but which stimulated considerable pleasure once engaged in it.

In that election year I enjoyed hearing political talks by Senator John J. Ingalls, "sockless Jerry" Simpson, and William Jennings Bryan. I had read about hypnotism in psychology texts but saw my first practical demonstration by a physician who belonged to our church, S. J. Crumbine. He later became state health officer at Topeka and coined the war cry, "swat the fly"! Ultimately he was a noted health official in New York City. The demonstration proved what William James and others had written to the effect that the hypnotic will do nothing under hypnotism that is against their personal moral code.

My work at Dodge City was successful in terms of church growth. I worked hard at building up a membership and achieved satisfactory results. My morning sermons were reasoned and argumentative but they appealed to mentalities and not to souls. I faithfully tried to be spiritual, as traditional religion thought of it, but failed to experience much in the way of grace and unction. My power of reason and traditional theology clashed. I was a double personality. When I prayed in public with fundamental declaration, my critical self was in the background sneering at my assertion of faith. I could see that I would have to undergo a profound reconversion in order to go on in orthodox fashion, or enter another calling.

My spare time during that stay in Dodge City was divided between preparation of sermons and reading psychology. The desire to teach grew and during the spring I tried to secure a college position but to no avail. Had I known about it at the time and used teachers' agencies, I might possibly have succeeded. Failure to find a position caused me to think that I had insufficient scientific preparation and began to look about for ways to secure that preparation. I learned that the Chicago Theological Seminary provided room and scholarships for graduate students. Its catalog indicated that courses were available in philosophy, sociology, and history. My application was duly granted and I was accepted as a resident student for the two years of study that was required for the doctor's degree.

I played an unintended dirty trick on that Dodge City Presbyterian fellowship just before I left. A parishioner had loaned me LeConte's Evolution and Religious Thought, which I had read avidly and which deeply impressed me. I had been growing increasingly heretical in my thinking, judged by the traditional Presbyterian Doctrine; however, I faithfully but unhappily tried to present the accepted viewpoint in my sermons. Without due thought as to the confusion I might bring to my faithful followers, I prepared a talk on evolution for my last appearance. I presented proofs of the validity of evolution by means of an exhibition of charts that were copied from LeConte's book. The church was well filled because it had been heralded that this was my final appearance. After it was over, I could see that my people were stunned. To believe in evolution was to most of them a rank heresy and a sin. I received few commendations. Later I heard how much the church membership had been shocked by my talk. A wise man would not have done that. It would have been better to gradually present the evolution view and to seek to gradually bring the membership to that way of thinking, were he to try to do it at all. I have come to see that now. Although what I said may have been good and true, it was said at an untimely moment with most unhappy results. My apologies to that old church.

My leaving Dodge City was a tragedy in the life of one individual, that of Old John. I lived in the house of a Mrs. Crawford who had a fine hunting dog that she called John. I was a dog lover and John became deeply attached to me. He tried to follow me everywhere I went and had to be shut up on Sundays to prevent him from getting into the pulpit with me. Often while I was in some parishioner's house making a pastoral call, John would appear and demand to be let in where I was. When I went to the depot on the day I left, I tried to slip away without his knowledge. But on arrival at the station, John was there to greet me. It was difficult to board the train without his accompaniment. He ran after the train when it left the station. The last I saw of Old John was when he was running as fast as he could on the railway track after the train. It was a tragedy to John and not at all a slight one to me. I have often thought of that good canine friend with deep affection.

During the seven years after my exodus from Dodge City, some events promoted my aim to attain collegiate educational work, while others were only fillers or diversions. I was obfuscated by both chance and poor planning. Much of election day of November in 1896 I spent in Kansas City with Homer Mann, an old Park friend. He was later to become a member of the Park Board of Trustees for a quarter of a century. I preached in his Presbyterian Church, and was invited to a pastorate there. I accepted the invitation as a compliment but turned down the call to the pastorate. I was on my way to Chicago Theological Seminary

for two years of resident study for the Ph.D. degree. The seminary gave me a scholarship and dormitory housing which, together with my small savings, would carry me through a year. I lost my scholarship the second year because I insisted on the right to smoke within the dormitory. My major income came from running the Kedzie Avenue Mission for a large west side Congregational church, then under the pastorate of a Dr. Fifield. I preached twice on Sunday and coordinated the young people's meetings, all for six dollars a week. With free housing and adhering to a rigid economy (such as ten cent breakfasts and no purchase of new clothing) I was able to scratch through.

I studied philosophy, sociology, and history. I majored with W.D. McKenzie in philosophy. He was a big Scot -- able, kind, and a good friend. After two years of lectures and sedulous reading of philosophical systems ranging from Plato to Spencer and Lotze, I wrote a thesis on "The Essentials of Human Personality". This work embodied my thinking at that time based on these philosophies and modern genetic psychology. I now think of it as only semi-scientific and an insufficient effort. It merely marked a level in my intellectual development. Church history was only an incident to me but I enjoyed the humor and human interests of Hugh Scott, who befriended me more than once. I remember with gratitude Graham Taylor, sociologist and warden of the Chicago Commons Social Settlement. I suppose I owe more to him for the development of my social ideals and sense of justice than to anyone else. He was a great humanitarian and the people of the slums and the laboring classes are deeply obligated to him for what he did for them. For the first time I experienced the import of practical social problems and tasted the "feel" of social situations. Taylor was a dynamic social evangel and the young men who trained under him received much insight into social democracy and justice.

In May of 1898, the Seminary awarded me my first Ph.D. degree. The graduating class sat on the church platform but I viewed my degree bestowal announcement from the gallery.

I had hoped to obtain a collegiate teaching position as a result of my two years of investment but nothing appeared on the horizon. My professors had little influence with other colleges and knew nothing about contact with teacher agencies. Another chance episode resulted in obtaining a job for the next year. President Dixon of the Bible Normal College of Springfield, Massachusetts visited the Seminary in quest of a young man to help promote what he called "The Idea". Graham Taylor arranged for me to meet with Dixon at the Palmer House for lunch in order to talk it over. His exposition of "The Idea" was lengthy but not luminous. But whatever the idea was, I was for it, as the position of sociological lecturer and library organizer seemed to lie in the direction I desired to take. Because of my professed interest, I was engaged for the next year and appeared at the College in September.

On my way east from Chicago, my train arrived at Albany about midnight. My train to Springfield would not leave until the next morning. I remembered that the state capitol at Albany was reputed to be a great and famous building. Why not see it while waiting about? I climbed the hill to the edifice and entered. The great corridor looked dark. Seeing a light in an office, I entered to make an inquiry. Two men were seated by a table, one in some sort of uniform. When they saw me the latter shouted, "Who the hell do you think you are coming in here this time of night?" My reply was that I was waiting at the depot between trains and thought I might be able to visit and see the renowned capitol. The

men regarded me with astonishment and bewilderment, as if they feared I might be a lunatic on the loose. The uniformed man said sternly that this was no time for sightseeing and for me to get out of the building at once. I stumbled out as quickly as I could, returned to the depot, and catnapped on hard benches until my morning train.

Springfield and its vicinity was interesting and delightful. The public statues of colonials gave a touch of early America that I knew only from afar. I became acquainted with surrounding communities through appearing in their churches to preach on Sundays and to represent the College. My bicycle was also a means of getting around to see things. From the top of Mount Tom, I looked down on the Hamptons and saw a number of colleges. Farmer villages, like Long Meadow, were beacons of the colonial patterns of settlement. Students who heard my lectures were appreciative and friendly. The college library was organized, cataloged, and put into working shape. But I soon learned that the finances of the College were failing. Income was less than outgo and capital investments were fading. The worried president sought to make me a financial agent in order to help recruit funds. I had no taste or experience for that and I refused to even give it a try. Without quarrelling, our relationship became somewhat strained. When he said that he did not know where he could obtain money to pay me for a year, I proposed that if I was paid until March, that I would then leave the College. This was done and I returned to Chicago to try for another job.

I roomed at the apartment of Mrs. Gotwals in Chicago with whom I had often stayed. She was a good and understanding friend. She made me good terms for room and board and also helped me find odd jobs at carpentering, some in her own home. Occasional tutoring jobs also helped. One pupil, her boy Walter, was about fifteen and was behind in his school work. He was active and restless and I was disconcerted at first by his perpetual motion while we were trying to accomplish something in the realm of ideas. He would squirm all over chairs and sofas and sometimes was reciting while his feet and legs hung over the sofa back with his head and shoulders on the floor. After a time his gyrations ceased to bother me.

I usually returned to Girard during the summer, did the rough work connected with farming that I knew how to do, and engaged in occasional preaching in nearby villages. The latter was poor pay for doubtless poor preaching.

It was late in the spring of 1899 when the opening came. Dr. Clifton of the Congregational board of education told me about it. Principal Rhodes of Chadron Academy in Dawes County, Nebraska was leaving to enter theological training and I was chosen to succeed him. Chadron was just south of the Black Hills, whose promontories could occasionally be seen. It was short grass country like I had lived in at Dodge City. The Academy was established by the Congregational Church for rural pupils whose communities lacked high schools. It was much needed and made a real contribution. The campus and buildings were located on the side of a beautiful pine adorned butte, now the locus of a state teachers college. My first Sunday at Chadron I walked to Tall Butte which was three miles away. Its summit registered an elevation of 5,000 feet, or 1,500 feet above Chadron. A drummer who had stopped by the hotel accompanied me. I was soon at the top of the Butte. On looking back I saw my companion sitting astride a stump about half the way up. He said he got dizzy on account of the steep climb and height.

The campus, which was located on the slope of Pine Ridge Butte, consisted of an educational building (the upper part of which was a boys dormitory) and a small dormitory for women. The equipment for science teaching was meager. The Congregational Church gave the school some support which, together with the small tuition income it received, enabled the school to keep its head above water. I received a salary of $1,200 a year, the largest I had ever made. Living was cheap, I was economical and I could save money. The work was worthy and interesting, the young people were able and earnest, and the people of the region inviting. I was of the "rough and ready" type that appealed to the students and people of the region and things went well. My first considerable physical labor was to deepen a spring in a nearby gulch.

As principal of the Academy I was forced to teach everything and anything other faculty couldn't do. Among those subjects were some I had never taught and some I had never even studied. Geology and chemistry were representative of the first category and commercial law of the last category. I managed to keep ahead of the classes by a leap or two. If students discovered or guessed at my deficiencies, they never let me know. I performed experiments in Chemistry with test tubes I had never previously experienced and whose outcomes I could only roughly guess. The outcome of one experiment was unexpected and hair raising. The ingredients in the test tube began to act strange, to boil, to run up the tube, to emit disconcerting sounds, and finally it blew up, strewing fragments of tubes and chemicals all about. My pupils scattered in all possible directions like chickens running from a hawk. Bert Knight from Hay Springs got on all fours and scampered under the table. I made a quick exit out the door. After it was all over, we returned to look things over. Some looked frightened, some were in a jocular mood, and a few were jubilant. Bert Knight declared it was the most exciting time of his life. Whether or not my students learned any chemistry, it was a fact that, as Bert said, we had exciting times.

My most important find at Chadron was a lady, Margaret Carolyn Morgan, who later became my life mate. She was a kindergarten teacher with great insight into and sympathy for child life, a gifted conversationalist, a popular personality and a most attractive young woman. We went places together, enjoyed each other's company, and became engaged. It appealed to me that such a sympathetic lover and teacher of little children must possess the right qualities for family life. She has stood by me over four decades. Our forty-sixth wedding anniversary just passed the other day.

Geology also fell to my lot. It was a grand region for that. The bluffs and buttes of the Pine Ridge region exposed many layers of geological formations and the Black Hills were in sight sixty miles to the north of us. One sunny day, when mirage effects were present, a Black Hills canyon was projected so high that I could look along its length between the elevated walls. The badlands began just a mile north of us. Bones of extinct saurians and other prehistoric animals were appearing under the erosion. At one point hundreds of Archelon, great marine turtles, exposed by erosion, were disintegrating. I made, but never reported, an important archaeological find in a newly cut canyon near the Academy. While walking up it one day, a black spot in the side of a minor tributary canyon attracted my attention. Curious about it, I made my way up to it and found a circle of firestones, charcoal ashes, a crude bone tool, and a stick of coloring matter. They lay at a depth of about six feet and had never been disturbed. Some ancient primitive group

had built their camp there, cooked their food, warmed themselves by the fire, and put on their body paint. The earth above it had been deposited from the erosion of the nearby butte and was covered with a thick matting of buffalo grass. The camp site evidently was established thousands, possibly many thousands, of years ago. The aborigines may have been a Folsom Man group. An interesting geological feature of certain Pine Ridge cliffs was Demonolinx, a vertical, cork-screw spiral formation. Its discoverer suggested that it might be a remnant of petrified vine.

Dawes County and Chadron showed ravages of the extensive drought of ten years before. As in Ford County, Kansas, deserted farmsteads, crumbling ghost towns and villages, depleted buildings, and greatly reduced populations were widespread. The county and Chadron had less than half their earlier population. Good ranches had been spoiled to make a plurality of poor farms. Chadron was ravaged and unpainted. I preached and lectured widely during that summer and autumn, making many public addresses throughout the region. One of my lectures was intended to be popular and was called "A Four Storied Man", a hackneyed title. Perhaps real ingenuity might have added another story. Still it had its points and helped to advertise the Academy.

A mystical discussion took place on the occasion of ending the old century and beginning the new. I stepped into a barber shop where an excited group was arguing about when the next century began. Was 1900 the end of the old or the beginning of the new century? Some maintained the one and some the other. Before I knew it, I was involved and apparently as much mystified over the question as were the others. Long ago I decided for myself that the first day of 1901 would be the first day of the new century, on the principle that you are not ten years old until you have completed your tenth year.

CHAPTER 12. A NEW CORNER IN SOCIOLOGY

The work at Chadron Academy was worthy indeed but I was not interested in administration and the teaching was nondescript and bewildering. It did not appear a stepping stone toward attaining my educational goal. My hankering for sociology had not been lost. I had failed to land a college teaching position by investment in a theological seminary doctorate. Why not prepare myself as a sociological specialist? Inquiry at universities about scholarships and fellowships was prosecuted. My previous training appealed to sociologists at the University of Chicago and I was offered a fellowship. The head of the sociology department strongly opinioned, and almost promised, that I would secure a reputable teaching position if I would go there. I first looked down on the red roofed buildings of the "new" University, from the top of a Ferris wheel in 1893. I was attending the Exposition and had visited the midway. There was no premonition at that time that I would ever spend four quarters as a student there. Stupidly I liquidated that fellowship at Chicago by requesting the return of my testimonials for use elsewhere, thinking I might obtain a fellowship at Harvard or another eastern institution. Failing in that, I renewed my quest at Chicago and was given a divinity scholarship. This covered tuition and a room in Divinity Hall but did not obligate me to enter divinity studies. But a Divinity School dean, eager for students, sought to draft me into his theological lectures. I was saved by a wise and human old dean who accepted my explanation by saying, "Leave it to me, I will fix it."

My instructors at Chicago had obtained or would obtain world wide reputation: Dewey, Small, Vincent, Thomas, Angel, and Fite. Small displayed the greatest vocabulary of anyone I have ever known. Dewey lectured most interestingly to those sufficiently trained to understand him. He never used a note and began where he left off the day before. There was a definite method and system in his seemingly casual discussion. Vincent was a captivating lecturer, sharp and had a fund of good stories. Thomas introduced me to cultural anthropology and I worked hard on some reports for him and thus gained first hand knowledge. Henderson began what later became rural sociology. His course, "rural communities", seemed formal and remote from rural reality but it did open the field to me. He spoke appreciatively of an assigned report I made on the rural community. I did much reading and gave close thought to this. I think of it as the foundation for later rural sociological research and writing. Angel later became dean and still later, president of Yale. He was a keen and rapid lecturer in psychology. I investigated in his class whether there exists a separate set of nerves for the feelings. Fite was slow, deliberate and profound, a most profitable man.

I never inquired about my grades and scholastic standing and was never informed. Grading did not interest most of the instructors. I could guess that my rating was rather low. Much of my time was given to preparing a thesis.

I had to take specials in French and German as prerequisites to graduate work. I boned up on both by self effort, starting from scratch in French. The latter subject floored me on the first trial because of my weakness in grammar, mainly the particles. My belief is that requiring those languages, without demanding a reading knowledge which may serve as a research agent during the graduate work itself, is nonsense. It is merely a traditional requirement

without any bearing on or significance for graduate study. I would change the formula and demand a reading knowledge of some prominent foreign language in order to enter graduate studies. The languages should be determined by the field of the graduate's interest.

There was time to wait before my final with the faculty examination committee and there was considerable anxiety as to the outcome. Such tests were regarded widely with fear and nervousness. A friend of mine from Texas, almost up to the finals, became so stricken with strain that he faded from the campus and never returned. Soothing to my nerves was a visit from my fiance' while on her way to a visit in Indiana. When the time for the critical examination arrived, Lady Luck served me a good turn. Although the examining professors were graciously attempting to discover questions that I could answer, Professor Small shot me one on a subject that I had never heard about. He asked me if one had to study every community in a society in order to come to a scientific opinion about the nature of society. He so formulated the question as to practically indicate his belief in the affirmative. Being obliging, I replied accordingly. Then "the fat was in the fire" and I became an object of merely incidental concern. Dewey at once challenged my position, maintaining that a study of a sufficient minority of communities would yield a scientific notion of the larger society. The members of the inquisitorial group, especially Small and Dewey, then went at each other tooth and nail, arguing as they saw fit for either the affirmative or negative view on the proposition. That discussion consumed practically all the rest of our allotted time and the meeting closed leaving me to guess as to the outcome. I was reminded of the time when Pa was whipping me and my dog Shep, hearing my yells, attacked him; Pa left off whipping me to chase the dog. I can see Dewey's humorous grin when I suggested that he had the honor of being the Shep who stopped my inquisition.

The doctoral thesis proved to be of considerable consequence. Through a field investigation, I turned up a rather important discovery in respect to steel mill labor. The monograph was widely publicized by a metropolitan daily of Chicago and was published in the American Journal of Sociology. When issued as a booklet, it was used by Professor Henderson in the classroom as a model of field investigation. I had wanted to investigate the relationship between the inventions of successive times and the environmental conditions of those times. My advisors indicated that the subject was too philosophical and that I needed to do some field research. I did not tell them that my proposed treatment would be historical and statistical but let them have their way. I called my thesis "Culture Agencies in a Typical Manufacturing Group: South Chicago". I spent much time in the steel mills, iron mills, and the ship building plants of south Chicago, interviewed both management and employees, attended labor meetings, looked into housing and living conditions of the workers, talked with teachers, preachers, and priests, made clippings from local papers, and succeeded in obtaining a fairly good grasp of the socio-economic situation. A Chicago daily ran large parts of the article in its columns since it was of interest to Chicagoans.

The first discovery of steel mill labor- nationality displacement was unearthed in that study. The first laborers in the steel mills had been English and Scottish immigrants who graduated upward from unskilled labor thru semi-skilled labor, to skilled labor. Later the Germans migrated into the industry, entering as unskilled labor but working up to semi-skilled and

skilled laborers. In the process they pushed up and out most of the former nationalities. Then the Scandinavians entered the mills at the bottom and displaced the Germans as they worked up through the successive labor levels. At the time of my study, Poles were on the scene and were repeating the displacement process. Fisk later made a study of the Cleveland steel mills situation and found a similar displacement process occuring there. I noticed that a writer gave him credit for making the earliest discovery of nationality labor displacement in steel mills, but the record authenticates my priority in that field.

My degree was awarded in June of 1901 at the decennial celebration of the new Foundation. J.D. Rockefeller Sr. was present and he made some of us insignificant candidates for the doctorate feel momentarily important as he shook our hands warmly. He was assiduous in getting our names correct and acted as if he were the one who was being honored by meeting us. I could see how a man like that, given brains, could succeed among business associates. The celebration and commencement were held in a great tent on the campus. We candidates for the doctorate occupied places on the platform and our honors were conferred on us by President Harper in sonorous tones. I could not refrain from contrasting the luster of this occasion with that first doctoral experience on the West Side only three years before.

With a second doctorate tucked away in my trunk, I again found myself jobless. Professor Small, who had almost promised me a good position in sociology after I completed my study, now found that he only had influence over one collegiate sociological opening and that one required a man of experience to head a department; consequently, I was out. We recent graduates put up a great clamor over our barren outlook but to no avail. In fact, in the process we got ourselves classified as agitators and enemies of order in the sociology department.

I was desperate for a job and just had to have one. I was in debt and wanted to get married. Carl Vrooman, who was just then promoting his new and painless method of getting labor organized, came onto the campus and presented his cause to several of us jobless men. He offered the magnificent sum of five dollars a week per promoter, proving that he had either struck financial rocks or else he was a good economist. In default of anything else, and not having yet learned about teachers agencies, I signed up. Things were cheap and I could wrangle an existence out of that five dollar bill. However, before I began that job fate, luck, or grace butted in. My old friend and benefactor, Dr. Clifton, told me of a presidential opening in the Jacksonville Female Academy of Jacksonville, Illinois. Since it was in the Presbyterian field he, as a Congregational emissary, had no promoting power. After contacting Dr. Morey, president of the Academy board, I was invited to Jacksonville to view the situation and to be looked over. The presidency, really a principalship measured by educational levels, was awarded to me. My wife and I would get our housing and living and I would receive a thousand dollars a year cash. Maggie and I were married at Chadron, Nebraska in September of 1901 and we took over at the Jacksonville Female Academy shortly thereafter. (The school was established early in the century when schools for girls were frequently dubbed female academies.)

That academy was a dead duck, something I should have discovered before I took over as its president. The former head had built it into a flourishing finishing school many years before, but due to an internal epidemic of typhoid fever from an infected well and to the age of its president, it had fallen to a low level in both enrollment and finances. The board of trustees was largely ornamental with little interest in the school or finances. The business sessions were conducted in my absence since I had not had the wisdom to insist (I would be held responsible for its management) that I should sit with the board at its sessions. I worked energetically to build up attendance, including speaking at Presbyterian churches throughout a wide region and driving and walking country roads in storm and sultry heat to interview prospective students. Such activities were modestly successful and we were gaining ground but we were still going into the red. The board of trustees of the Academy and the Illinois College, which was located a few blocks away, got together and merged the two institutions into a co-educational college. I was completely ignored in the transaction and by June of 1903, found myself out in the cold. I was disgruntled over the way it was done but immediately was in pursuit of another position.

We had not been long at the academy before we became acquainted with the Bryan tradition. W.J. Bryan and his wife had been figures in Jacksonville at an earlier date, she as an academy student and he as a student at Illinois College and later as an impecunious lawyer in Jacksonville. On the campus stood a large elm tree that was broadly branched and contained a hole in its trunk that was about five feet from the ground. We were duly taken to the tree and shown the hole. This was the receptacle for the missives which young Bryan and the future Mrs. Bryan clandestinely interchanged. Our girls regarded that tree and its post office accommodations as hallowed and undoubtedly dreamed of participating in such an interchange with some male youth and probably did. A banker member of the academy board told me an interesting bit of history about young lawyer Bryan. This trustee and other members of the board of directors of the bank were discussing many notes which had proved to be uncollectible. The president of the bank said they might as well burn them, since it looked as if they were uncollectable. My banker friend spoke up and suggested that the notes be placed in the hands of lawyer Bryan for collection. The suggestion was accepted but in the scant belief that he would have any success. They were surprised to find later that practically a one-hundred percent collection had been made.

Some of our young lady students were inclined to flirt with young men about town. One of the girls carried it so far as to invite her boy friend to visit her in her dormitory room. The girls and faculty women had rooms on the second story of the Academy building. One night we were awakened by screams from the dormitory floor, shouts that there was a man in the house, and calls for Dr. Gillette to get him. To have an invitation like that come upon you when you are waking from a sound slumber is not well suited to arousing impetuous and enthusiastic aggressiveness. I got out of bed and into my trousers as fast as my shrinking, cowardly self would allow and "rushed out" with trepidation into the stairway hall opening to the outside. Just then it was a heavenly relief to hear Mike, the janitor, call out that, "he (the villain) has run out." The visiting youth, while trying to get out unseen (awkwardly because evidently intoxicated) had been seen by some of the students or teachers out on the prowl. They sounded the alarm. During the process of investigation, which

brought no light, a banker member of the board (Judas Strorm) inquired with reserved insinuation why I had not rushed upstairs more quickly and captured the intruder. I did not deign to reply to such an invidious and pointless question. I had been cautiously expeditious and courageous.

On a later occasion the upstairs alarm again sounded and screams of "a man" were repeated. A Park College friend, Frank Fetterolf, was visiting us and was sleeping in an adjoining room. I walked over to his bed, shook him, and told him to get up and slip on his pants quickly. Frank heard the hubbub and wondered what was up, but acted promptly. Then I handed him an Indian club and arming myself with one I led our battalion out into the hall. The upstairs clamor soon died out, for it was discovered that the man was none other than our Mike who had been seen by the girls "darkly" as he moved about on duty near where they were having their jamboree. When telling about that episode afterwards, Frank said that I handed him that Indian club and commanded him to come and use it without any show of excitement, as if it were a nightly occurrence.

We felt pressure from the two leading Presbyterian churches of Jacksonville. Each was zealous to command the trifling attendance of our students and faculty at their services. Since both churches had influence with our board, their desires had to be accommodated. We worked it out this way. One Sunday our lady teacher and the students from outside Jacksonville would march to one church; on the next Sunday they would attend the other church. Egotistical, inflated, lisping, J.A. Cass of the uptown church was a member of our board and thought his church was it. He was especially aggressive in his demands and it was difficult to satisfy him with this plan. He foisted his sister-in-law on the Academy as a faculty member. I had to forbid one of our lady teachers to receive his attentions. I came to regard him as an unprincipled cad. The pastor of the other church and I once took him for a ride and got a little revenge. He had sought office as a delegate of our presbytery to the General Assembly and boasted that he had it in his pocket. We quietly buttonholed the presbyters at the annual meeting and, when the votes were counted, the inflated one had but a small minority. He sat as one stunned when the vote was announced. Then he put on the baby act but was not able to stir up sympathy.

Before being seated at meal time, students and faculty stood until grace was said. Without announcement, I called on Fetterolf to say grace. The girls began to repeat the usual grace as he began, then stopped, sensing that something was wrong. Meanwhile Fetterolf had been butted off the track. After the girls stopped, he began with his grace again about the time they resumed their performance. Thus it went for some time, a seesaw operation. There seemed to be no good place for anyone to hold and reorganize the affair. Finally the girls ceased and Frank was permitted to finish, a very embarrassed and red faced young pastor. The affair was so ridiculously funny that the head of the institution broke out into a hearty laugh at its close. This undignified procedure did not seem to lower him in the eyes of the students, but made him seem very unconventional and even almost sacrilegious to some old maid instructors.

While out canvassing for girls one time I stopped at an old sprawling brick hotel in a town I cannot now recall, but probably Carrolton or Murrayville. The commodious brick sidewalk in front of the hotel was lined with old catalpa trees. As I sat with my feet propped up against one of them and a cigar in my mouth, the hotel keeper came out and told me that my feet rested where those of Lincoln and Douglas had rested as they sat there in their days while making the rounds of the district court. That certainly gave me a thrill. I had already crossed Lincoln's trail near the Old Salem Chautauqua where I maintained Academy headquarters during Chautauqua sessions. On the west bank of the Sangamon River stood remains of his Old Salem store, a very slight evidence of his store-keeping days. Incidentally, I saw the tallest corn I had ever encountered in a corn field immediately across the Sangamon. As I sat on the back of a good sized horse in the field, some of the ears were level with my waist and could have been easily husked from horseback.

In the dining room of that old hotel were several cages of "educated" canaries. Each cage was fitted with a food device and water in a bucket. A car stood on a small outside track which slanted downward from the cage. When a bird wanted seed, it put out a foot, hauled up the car by an attached string, "hand over hand", tucking the coiled string in its claws and, when satisfied, letting go of the string and allowing the car to drop down to the outer end of the track. A tiny pail hung by a string below the center of the cage floor. The bird reached through an opening, took the string with "one hand" and drew the pail up "hand over hand" for a drink, letting it drop to hang below when done. Curious about it, I inquired of the hotel keeper. He said a carpenter had taught the first generation of birds how to work the car and pail and that later generations of canaries had picked it up by imitation. Would foreign birds taken in from outside cages learn those same tricks? Yes, young birds would do so but those six months old or more would not be able to do so. To me, as a student of animal psychology, this represented the attainment by birds of a complex technology they would never contact in the wild. This was pure imitation, not invention. Some wild animals, wolves and coyotes for example, devise extensive and cunning escape devices. What would birds do in that same direction? It is certain that many forms of wildlife set up conditions and modes of action which supplement or check behavior of the organic and inorganic environment.

We learned that there had occurred or was occurring a vacancy in the presidency of Lindenwood College in Missouri near St. Louis. My good friend Dr. Morey, pastor of State Street Presbyterian church knew Dr. Nicolls of St. Louis, an eminent Presbyterian pastor, and wrote him on my behalf. An invitation came at once for me to visit Lindenwood for a day or two and consider a proposition. I made the visit and was duly propositioned to take the presidency at $2000 a year and supplies for my wife and self. The college was then a finishing school and I saw a class of failing girls "passed" by a special and shaky test which was evidently developed to retain the good will of a wealthy clientele. That, and the fact that it was a finishing school, led me to reject the offer. At the same time I received another offer from Valley City Normal School in North Dakota. Nicolls made me a counter offer, a salary of $2500, room and board for wife and myself, and a bonus on all college tuition or money I might raise. It appeared to come to at least $4000. a year in a pleasant environment. But it was not the kind of educational work that I wanted to do.

My wife and I discussed the whole situation and decided that, while it would represent a great financial sacrifice, the North Dakota position approximated my idea of a worthy educational effort and would serve as a stepping stone to positions at other colleges or universities. Only the last year of the normal curriculum was of college level but they would soon add additional college years. The students were mature and serious. We voted unanimously to accept the offer of the State Normal School at Valley City, North Dakota at an entering salary of $1100 a year with an additional summer school stipend.

On our way there in July we passed the ravages at Kansas City of the great Missouri flood of that year and viewed with wonder and gratification the almost continuous fields of waving golden grain in northern Minnesota and in the fertile Red River Valley of North Dakota. In a flood of sunshine on a very hot day, our train descended into the Sheyenne River gulch where we were to spend four happy and profitable years.

CHAPTER 13. A NEW FRONTIER IN NORTH DAKOTA

I was well into my fourth decade of life when we settled in Valley City, North Dakota. This new position was to be the beginning of my life career, for it was semi-collegiate and would soon lead to a university position. According to the standard of longevity of half a century earlier, I was an old man. My age in 1903 was about that of the average life expectancy at that time. But since I have lived and worked till now, forty-six years later, I was in reality a young man.

North Dakota continued to be a frontier state until after 1910. At the time we arrived, it was fairly well settled in the eastern one-third but there was plenty of accessible land left in the remainder of the commonwealth. That area was either halfway settled or consisted of semi-arid, unsettled land and ranches. Much pioneering was being done, and for the most part, it was a frontier region. But it was a more advanced type of frontier region than I had experienced in southeastern Kansas in the sixties and seventies of the last century. The farm implements were greatly improved or were entirely new devices. People traveled about by train, as well as by horse-drawn carriages and buggies. The first crude automobiles were appearing, and household equipment was greatly advanced. Three-fourths of the people lived on farms and in small villages and their houses were often tar paper shacks or built of sod. Those who came from the developed states of the Mississippi Valley knew they were pioneers on a real frontier.

The Sheyenne River gulch in which the Normal School is situated testifies to the existence of a previous glacial age. As the great ice sheet melted away under a heating sun, the water of the northern sections sought the Mississippi drainage system and ultimately the Gulf. Channels had to be cut through the hills, and the Sheyenne gulch and valley was one of the results. For a time its waters used the Minnesota river outlet. Later they flowed eastward from near Lisbon and then northwest to the already established Red River of the North near Fargo. The Sheyenne River arrives from the northwest at Valley City, bends toward the west for a mile, and then resumes its southerly flow. The Normal School is located beautifully on a low river plateau between the river and the south bluff. North Dakota, on the average, is the coldest state in the Union. We did not know that, but expected to find it very cold. The day we arrived was an enjoyable and warm one. The fields of ripening grain billowed under the pressure of the dry western wind. The vast fields astounded us and we viewed them from the train with fascination. That first night at the hotel bore no symptom of frigidity for the temperature stood well up toward ninety and we perspired freely throughout the night. But a change of wind brought a summer cold wave the next day and we went to warm clothing and wanted heated rooms. The next winter justified Dakota's reputation for cold weather. There were a number of heavy blizzards and spells of low temperature. Our first residence was under the lea of the north bluffs and we obtained much protection from the fury of the blizzards. We could hear their roar overhead, experience the fall of snow, but suffered only a mitigated bluster. On my way to the Normal School that first winter I passed a drug store that had an outdoor thermometer. I watched that instrument carefully and found frequent readings of forty or more below. I would tell my wife about this terrible cold

and write friends and relatives who lived in warmer climates about it, not seeking to minimize the record in any way. Later I was to discover that the thermometer was poorly calibrated and registered a temperature of ten or fifteen degrees too low! But we do have forty below days during some winters.

The little income I received from the Normal School would not make half a living for a married couple in 1949. But on that stipend of a little more than a hundred dollars a month, we were able to save money. We looked at a penny so long and hard before we parted with it that it often turned green in the face! We lived simply, but well. The purchase of a home site on the side of the Normal bluff, in the forest, was followed by house building in the fall of 1904. We moved into our own home (barring the mortgage) by Thanksgiving. I at first regarded one of the assets of the location too highly. When I purchased the lot, I stipulated the right to tap into a nearby artesian well. This water was piped into our house and was used for household purposes. It was heavily laden with iron and salt and my wife would not drink it although I did and liked it. However when we found it had eaten up our stove reservoir within a year, I ceased to drink of it for fear it might treat my stomach in the same way.

That Normal School hill was a grand old bluff. It rose about two hundred feet above the river level. We excavated a site halfway up the hillside, midst the forest, to build our home. The situation was sightly and we loved it but we later discovered it was almost unapproachable. It took three flights of terrace stairs to reach our house, and the men who hauled coal up that steep incline to our basement had to use a double-team to do it and even then they had a terrible time. Their shouting and profanity was something to hear! Of course my wife, in my absence, had to get our baby up and down that hill. She would first carry the baby up and then go back for the carriage and tussle it up. She was a small woman and neighbors watched with wonderment. But she was powerful for her size, vigorous and courageous, and took it all joyfully. We purchased an adjoining fifty feet in order to secure a diagonal walk with less of an ascent. In doing the excavating for the sidewalk, I dug up firestones and artifacts of Indians who had camped there so long ago that erosion and the forest had covered it deeply.

The peril to life associated with North Dakota winters may be exaggerated but that is not very likely. Danger arises from occasional furious blizzards, from steady sub-zero temperatures, and from drifted snow. I have had many unpleasant experiences with the latter. One incident will never be forgotten.

It was almost the Spring of 1905. One of my favorite walks was into a nearby gulch, up its course, and out onto the level prairie beyond. The heavy winter blanket of snow had been much reduced in depth and was now encased in a thick frozen crust on its level top. One could generally walk safely on this crust without fear of breaking through. I was returning from a walk over the prairie plateau when I approached the side of the gulch. This northern slope was steep and extended in an east and west direction. A great drift covered it, sloping downward a hundred feet or more. The drift was encrusted, and as I had been walking on top of the crust safely, I did not pause to test out this drift crust. I proceeded unhesitatingly down the slope. After about thirty feet the crust broke and I dropped into the soft snow underneath. Although my feet were on the earth below, my head was still three or four feet below the crust. The sudden drop was startling; getting out was even more disturbing! Every effort

I made caused me to slip further down the hill toward a snow depth of possibly twenty-five feet--a spot I didn't want to reach! I remembered a barbed wire fence that was strung along the hill-side somewhere below. I did not want to become entangled in that either. I could not pull myself up the hill, since the snow on the frozen earth made it as slippery as a greased board. Plenty of ventilation and some light reached me through the opening that was overhead. An attempt to pack that dry snow with my feet in order to make a hard footing proved about as useless as trying to pack duck down by tramping on it.

An almost intangible obstacle was the falling, sliding snow. In spite of myself, I had slipped even further down the hill. I hoped I would not have to tunnel through that large drift to its termination at the bottom of the gulch. There was a good prospect I would be smothered. Then it happened. The next downward slip brought me onto an old buffalo trail that was worn deep into the earth. The trail ran diagonally upward. Now there was secure footing and I could make upward progress. Soon I reached a point where my head contacted the crust covering. A big heave upward broke me through, my head was out in the open, and the rest of my escape was easy.

The spring of 1905 saw the beginning of a life long friendship with Professor Libby of the state University. This relationship ultimately drew me into university teaching. But immediately it sent me to do a field study of Indian customs on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation at Fort Yates on the Missouri River. The reservation was inhabited by Sioux Indians. My research took place following the close of our 1905 Normal School summer term. After a train ride to Bismarck, I took the stage coach to Cannon Ball which was forty miles to the south. I traveled through the valley and over the escarpments and enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of it all. The Cannon Ball River forms the northern boundary of the reservation. A ferry took me across the Missouri and a wagon carried me a mile to a store and a hotel on the northern bank of the Cannon Ball River. A white storekeeper had an Indian wife who kept a large house in which she accommodated occasional patrons. My first day was spent copying a "winter count" that Jonny Gayton, store clerk, borrowed from a Sioux medicine man. The series of characters, one for each year, went back into the eighteenth century. Each character or picture represented what the leading tribal men thought was the chief event of the year. It might be a bleeding man, a long maned horse, a flag, a row of skulls which denoted so many enemies killed or so many killed by the enemy, horse hoof tracks which meant so many horses lost or stolen, and so forth. The last addition was of an Indian who was portrayed as being blown up by a gasoline barrel explosion. The hero had caused the explosion by lighting his pipe while sitting on the barrel.

The next day I rode over to the Cannon Ball Indian Agency south of the river. The agent was good to me, told me much that I needed to know, and took me around to various Indian shacks to see how the Indians lived. At his home for dinner, among other items, I dined on fried jack rabbit and soup from tubers that Indian women pry from the hard earth with iron pointed sticks. They called them Indian turnips.

Securing records of Indian life by means of a camera was not always successful. In general, the Indians were suspicious of that instrument for according to their beliefs, a picture of them was a part of them in someway, and the one who obtained the parts of their bodies, such as hair, skin, fingernails or whatever, possessed power over them to do them evil. Pictures

were viewed in the same way. The squaws, especially, dodged any photographer. Indians in large numbers were assembled at the Yates Agency on rationing day. A group of women with their papooses and little children offered an attractive subject for the cameras. But every time I pointed my camera in their direction, these women covered their heads with blankets and drew their children to them. After trying various expedients and ruses, the undertaking was given up. But securing a photo of Little Soldier presented different obstacles.

He lived by a steep butte in the Porcupine Hills where a vein of lignite coal cropped out. I had heard that he was a member of the Indian troop at the Custer Massacre and I wanted to interview him about that. His account was rather vague. Nevertheless, I thought it well to try to obtain his picture. To my surprise, he was delighted with the idea and began to make for his cabin to dress for the occasion. He wanted to wear his war bonnet of eagle feathers, decorated trousers, beaded moccasins and all his other finery. I headed him off and told him I wanted him just as he was. He argued that he wanted to appear at his very best but finally stood for the snapshot. I have since concluded that it was a shame to have deprived him of his childish desire. I know that I broke the laws of courtesy and good breeding by photographing three old Indian men: White Bull, Tall Bull and another brave. They were kneeling near each other on the ground and deep in conversation when I walked right up in front of them, pulled my camera out and "shot them" in cold blood. They looked disturbed and appeared to want to protest but were too much the gentlemen to do so. That is an event I do not recall with any pride.

During my third year at the Normal School, an event occurred which startled and jarred me profoundly. President McFarland had told me, after my first year of service, that I was his first Ph. D and that he had placed me on his staff with a good deal of hesitancy, for he did not know whether men of higher training could fit into normal school work in a harmonious fashion. He said later, however, that he thought I had lived down his misgivings and this was evidenced by his handing his classes over to me whenever he was absent for a time. I now think that the efforts of a group of newer men on the staff and their efforts to secure some changes in the curriculum and administration of the school had pushed him too fast and furiously and this had disturbed him greatly. I was among those number and was perhaps even more aggressive than the others; consequently, I seemed especially disturbing to him. Anyway, he called me into his office one day and before I had a chance to even take a seat he shot out at me, "Gillette, do you want to fight me?" I was so flabbergasted that I must have almost tottered and could say nothing for a time. Then I said, "Why no, I do not want to fight with you or with anyone else. I don't know what you are talking about." Then he continued, "I thought you wanted to run the school and perhaps get me out of your way." I proceeded to explain to him that I had no ambition for the presidency, that I had been head of two different schools and did not like administrative work. I wanted to teach and could not even be dragged into a presidency. This seemed to relieve and mollify him completely. After some further conversation, I left his office. It was something I never talked about and he never again alluded to it. During my stay in his institution, our association was harmonious and cordial and I have every reason to think he was entirely satisfied. We remained friends until his death a few years ago and even exchanged visits from time to time. I

ave heard his state in public, on more than one occasion, that one of the best ducational things that he ever did was to bring a colleague, A.D. Weeks, and erself to the state. But he was certainly of a mind to obliterate me on that at in his office.

y first considerable book was written while I was at the Normal School although it did not get published until 1910. The publishers called it ocational Education. My title for it was "Vocational Education Through ocialization of the Schools." It was probably the first systematic attempt to iew education in terms of society, a sociological philosophy of education. very child from primary to college was to receive a touch of vocational ducation and all studies were to center around and support one's vocation. ome such idea seems to be in the minds of many of today's critics of the chools. I still believe in vocational education although I doubt if we can ork out thoroughly democratic training in the thousands of vocations that the asses must now follow. We cannot finance the extensively differentiated quipment and the teaching force that such a democratic effort would require.

CHAPTER 14. A FOREST FRONTIER

I discovered my third land frontier in 1908. A nervous breakdown that I suffered at Valley City Normal College had troubled me during the year. After our University summer school, I went in search of a vacationing spot. Some of our faculty were summering at Buena Vista, Minnesota, a dozen miles north of Bemidji, and I went there to see if I would like it. The hotel proprietor at Buena Vista met our little train, helped us with carrying our luggage a half mile through the forest to the landing on Lake Julia. He rowed us across a mile and a half of lake, and then led us to his hotel which was another quarter-mile from the south end of the lake. Buena Vista was a ghost lumber camp and its hotel had once been a lumberjack boarding house. We were on the Great Divide Ridge which the Indians called the top of the world. The water from the south roof of our hotel ran the course of a dozen lakes to the Mississippi and that from the north roof eventually reached Hudson Bay by way of four different lakes and five rivers. I fell in love with the region and took long walks through its forests, swam and fished its lakes. Two summers later I took my family there. We fell for a farm and house on the west shore of Lake Julia and bought it that year. We began our summering there in 1911 and have never ceased to be there at sometime during the summer season since then.

Northern Minnesota was forest frontier in the early years of this century. Bemidji, now a modern and vigorous city of ten thousand, was then a frontier village among the pines. It featured board walks, deep sand streets, many Indians and Indian curios. Homesteading was going on. My tract had been homesteaded under President Theodore Roosevelt, whose name appears on the original deed. Many trappers, hunters, and traders occupied the region prior to 1900. Many settlers had vacated their homesteads by 1910. A few energetic men had made clearings large enough for sizable fields. Clearing land had to be done by hand then. It used up men rapidly and few could or would endure it. It required weeks of hard labor to clear even one acre. Consequently, most of the settlers lived in small cabins on clearings of a few acres. Often one could see no visible means of support about a place. After the most valuable timber (white and red pine) had been sold, a bare existence was eked out from hunting, fishing, selling a little cordwood, and raising a small garden. A portion of the settlers were without team, cow, chickens or hogs. That was the condition of the people from whom I purchased the place. They lived off their garden, a large patch of beans, and sold occasional birch cordwood at Puposky. Living for many of them was less than at the marginal level that economists talk about. It was barely existential, not the new philosophical existential! Churches were almost nil and schools were far apart. When I got there, Buena Vista was dying and has long since ceased to exist save in name only.

Our place was large, over a fourth of a mile of lake frontage and over three-quarters of a mile of forest extending to the west. Our predecessors had cleared five acres for pasture and garden. Three sides of the clearing were banked by evergreens and deciduous trees and the lake was on the east. Across the lake were high bluffs and the forest. The lake shore was clean cut. Our forest protection from violent storms from the west and north was almost perfect. The cottage was out in the sun, but the comforting forest was right behind us. We named our place Birchwood. In later years my daughter called it Timberlea.

Until we possessed an auto in 1917, we went by train to Bemidji and Puposky. After a wait at Bemidji, we rode a logging train to Puposky, on the shore of Lake Puposky. Puposky is a Chippewa Indian name meaning, "end of the trembling ground", or swamp muskeg. Most of the passengers were Indians bound for the Red Lake Agency. Almost always there would be some Indian brave "shaving" his face. His instrument was a small tweezers made from a cartridge shell with which he pulled out the whiskers he could feel one by one. Logging ceased some time ago in the Red Lake region and since that was the chief item of freight, the little railway was closed. Since then trucks and busses have performed those services. I kept large wooden boxes for carrying our summer supplies of bedding and clothing. Our place was two and a half miles from Puposky by way of the rough roads. We would have a settler meet us with an ox team to haul us and our luggage around. I usually walked the two mile trail through the woods so as to have the cottage partly opened by the time my family arrived by ox team. One time the ox team ran away going down a long hill, but they could not get off the trail because of the forest. Things went in reverse when they reached a steep ascent. The oxen balked at the hill and my wife and little daughter had to get out and walk up the hill.

Our house was fairly commodious with three downstairs rooms and a large upstairs. The first summer I built a porch on the front toward the lake. The second summer I built a lean-to kitchen on the south end. Then we had five rooms and a porch across the total lake side. The porch was ten feet wide and thirty-two feet long. We could accommodate a number of people at one time without feeling crowded. It was a wonderful place- comfortable, peaceful, and life giving. It served as a source of comfort and health to us and to many of our friends.

It would be a remarkable record had I done the many kinds of physical tasks that I did through nearly four decades at the lake without an accident. There were a good number, a few that were really serious. I think of two, neither of which was particularly dangerous but both of which had humorous points. These occurred while I was building the porch during the first summer. The porch floor had been laid and a large rain barrel stood on it, bottom down, which I used for a ladder. I was standing on a loose board across its open top while driving a nail above my head. The board gave way, permitting me to fall into the barrel. Had I trained for it, I am sure I could never have done as neat a job as I accomplished in alighting. I was in a tight v-formation, stern down, head up. The landing was made without a scratch or a bruise. But I was a captive. I could not help myself out, for my arms were pinioned at my sides. Pit saw the mishap and stood staring down at me, a frightened kid. He was greatly relieved when I laughed. He ran for my folks who soon came to tip the barrel over and pull me out.

Another nephew of my wife, Tom Rightly, and I were up ten feet on a scaffold putting on siding. My end of the scaffold gave way, letting me fall to the earth. As I was landing, I could see Tom and his tools sliding down toward me. I scrunched down with my face under my arms so as not to get cut by a hatchet or a saw. Maybe I did look as if I was out of it for my sister-in-law, Emily Pitman, saw us and ran back to the kitchen and told my wife, "Come quick, I think Jack is killed." By the time my wife arrived, I was up on my feet, uninjured and decidedly not dead.

Our predecessors had built a pasture for their cow. We were far from settlers with cows and there were no creameries. My wife suggested that we should rent a cow so we could have access to milk. I had never heard of such a thing but agreed. We could milk the cow in the old log cabin in stormy weather. My wife bargained with a farmer a couple of miles away and he brought us a good cow. I did not mind milking but it was disagreeable to go through the wet grass, brush and woods to catch her for milking. We solved that problem by hiring Lloyd Maher, a boy of twelve who lived across the lake, to render the milking service. Lloyd's affliction was our fox terrier, Tinker. Tink would make a big savage noise at Lloyd. Lloyd would provide himself with a cudgel to intimidate the dog when going to the house for a milk pail and to deliver the milk. One morning, unknown to Lloyd, I watched him approach the cottage. Tink sat on the stoop and barked noisily. Lloyd would beat the earth with his long stick as he advanced shouting, "Tink, Tink, damn you Tink," with frequent repetition. My wife heard the racket and took Tinker in while giving Lloyd the pail. Some of the pasture fence posts were rotting, the wires were falling down, and the cow was getting out. It was quite a chore in forest country to hunt and retrieve a wandering cow. My wife made another fertile suggestion--rent another cow as company for our cow in order to make her contented. And so we rented a heifer and that did the trick. Our bossy kept to her pasture, especially after I had put in new posts and mended the fence. For some reason our farmer wanted the heifer returned before we left that Fall. I hired Lloyd to take her home. It was a half-mile to the big road over our trail. We roped her and wrangled her over the trail to that road with great difficulty. It was hard to tell who was the leader, heifer or man. A long, steep hill ran down to the lake level along which the road extended. We finally got the heifer started down the hill. Lloyd held on to the end of the long rope as the heifer moved fast and furiously down the road. Lloyd went down that hill behind the heifer at a rapid pace, taking strides longer than he had ever taken before, with head back and hair flying. Soon he disappeared from my view, swallowed up by the enveloping forest.

When spring appeared each year we were all agreeably anxious to get to the lake. One member of our family, especially, looked forward to it with great longing and would mention it daily. That was our little daughter Margaret, who turned six our first summer at the lake. To sit on the porch or preferably under some large, spreading evergreen tree, on pine needles and moss, to play with her dolls was a consuming pastime. Presently I built her a tree house on the trunk of a sturdy oak that stood near the lake; she and her playmates spent many hours in that tree house.

Lake side life built me back to robustness. I loved the hard physical work and did a lot of it. Of course I fished and swam a great deal. Fishing was good then. An hour or two of still fishing off Bartlett's Point would bring its reward of large walleyed pike, our finest fish for eating. Scythe and ax had to be swung yearly to keep the surrounding forest from growing over our yard and the large clearing. After the auto came our private road through the forest (a half-mile to the public road) had to be kept in shape. Ditching, corduroying in muddy places, especially through a swamp, and scything the brush and grass along the borders, required many days of work each season. With wheelbarrow, ax, and spade I would work under the hot sun at the bottom of that forest canyon for hours. Then with shirt and overalls wet with sweat, I would trundle home, wade into the cold lake without undressing and soon have my temperature restored. House painting, roof repairing, building the porch and

kitchen were absorbing jobs. Sometimes we took a lunch and drove on forest roads to distant places for a picnic. After the first week or two I would begin my intellectual labors. I wrote several monographs and books in that old upstairs study. Forenoons were devoted to that and afternoons to outdoor work. No physical job was too hard or dirty to tackle. The writing was easy when the blood supply was good!

Going to and coming from the lake was revolutionized when we purchased our new Dodge automobile in 1917. For the first few years we had only crude wagon roads on which to travel. They were narrow, rutted, and ungraded. About half way over to our place we met the forest. It took us a day and a half to make the 130 miles the first time we made the trip. The clay hills were rutted and bumpy because of the spring travel when the ground was thawing. Many corduroy roads spanned the many miles of swamps. They were often bare of earth covering and so rough we had to drive in low a good deal of the time. Our auto springs were stiff and it was bump, bump, bump. The great highway machines of the twenties gave us graded, earthen roadbeds. Then the worst of our troubles were over. United States Highway 2 was paved to Bemidji from Grand Forks about ten years ago and recently our fourteen miles of road to Lake Julia has been improved and partially paved. Our day-and-a-half has been reduced to two-and-a-half or three hours and the comfort of travel has been increased proportionately. But we still look back to those earlier days with nostalgia.

In order to carry luggage and supplies, I bought a second-hand trailer. It was a help when it did not break down. My wife and I often talk of one memorable breakage as we were returning to Grand Forks for the season. I had built high sides and a roof on the trailer bed in order to increase capacity and ward off any rain. We had a big load of food, clothing, canned fruit, fruit juice, books, manuscripts, typewriter, adding machine, and even a friend's little oil stove. On a winding trail between Clearbrook and Gonvick, I glanced in the mirror and could see no trailer. We stopped and got out to look. The trailer stood far from the highway in a field and widely spread over that highway, for several hundred feet back, were all our goods. We had delayed eating our lunch in order to find a scenic spot to eat. Now in reply to my wife's question, "What shall we do?" I said, "Let's eat." But we did not eat. We had to get our goods off the highway and then retrieve our trailer. Hunters driving by would stop to inquire and some fine young fellows offered to help us. At first I thought we would have to find someone to haul our stuff to a train station and then ship it home, something to be avoided if at all possible because of the delay and likely damage to our goods. After inspecting the trailer, I believed I could repair it. I required a wooden shaft to replace the supporting and fastening beam. I drove back to Clearbrook, about three miles, leaving my wife and dog with the trailer and goods. There I found a strong oak piece, bought the necessary nails and bolts, and borrowed tools. After three or four hours and several trips to Clearbrook for supplies, a new tongue was bolted into place, the hitching device installed, the goods loaded onto the trailer, and we were again on our way. A little before sundown we ate lunch in a beautiful spot that lay in an area just before the prairies. No food was ever more delicious than that fried chicken, bread and butter, and cake. We arrived home that night at about ten o'clock instead of five o'clock as we had originally planned.

We had some amusement over that wreckage. A Scandinavian farmer, who lived nearby, came out to inspect the wreckage while I was on a trip to Clearbrook. Seeing the array of goods, he inquired of my wife, "What are you peddling?" The glass jars of juice evidently suggested that we might be dispensing liquid refreshments. We enjoyed many interesting and sometimes novel experiences. We encountered Indians frequently. Their old trail from Red Lake in the North to Cass and Leach lakes to the southeast ran through our forest. I remember when Professor Libby of the University of North Dakota visited us for the first time and we took a hike along that trail. I told him that he was on an old historic Indian trail. His shoulders broadened, his face lit up, and his feet moved briskly through the leaves, as he said, "I wondered what was pushing my feet along so fast." This tickled Pit, a lad of thirteen, who was accompanying us. Many times afterward he referred to Dr. Libby's feet pushing him along and chuckled about it. Once, when looking for a lost puppy across the lake, I ran across an Indian with a gun. A porcupine was in the branches of a nearby low tree. Troubled and diffident, he asked me if he might have that porcupine. I knew it would be good meat and furnish him with many quills for his women to decorate their garments and moccasins. Since the animal did not belong to me and because the porcupines were devastating the evergreen trees surrounding our cottage, I could act in a generous way. I assented and noted his manifest satisfaction; he was a happy Indian. When I had gone some distance, the sound of a shot told me of the fate of that thorny animal.

Our various dogs had bad times with porcupines. Our fox terrier, Tinker, jumped onto the back of one and stripped it of its quills, leaving its back as bare as a bone. They were sticking in the mouth, neck, chest, and stomach of our poor little dog. While one of my companions held Tinker, I pulled out hundreds of quills, one by one, with my pliers. Tinker was a nervous wreck by the time the job was done. But he was a game little fellow, for after a little time when I said, "Go get em, Tink," he dashed thru the forest and underbrush as eagerly as if nothing had happened to him.

There were wildcats in that region and a nocturnal episode had us guessing for a day or two as to whether we had located one. Pit slept in an outer corner of the porch. One night we were awakened by a loud and blood-curdling sound. Pit asked excitedly, "Uncle Jack, what is that?" There was bright moonlight and I could see Pit huddled up on his bed hugging his knees. It was the night following the Fourth of July and we had left a large dry goods box out in front where Pit had been shooting off his fireworks. I could see a large animal sitting on the box making the noise. Thinking it was a cat, I went out to see. When I put out my hand and stroked its back, talking kitty talk to it, it leaped to the ground, curled about one of my ankles, rather playfully exhibited its claws, and then exploded with a great yowl and ran around the house. I was a bit startled and was wondering whether it was a tame or wild cat. Pit and I started out to find it, as we could hear it's sound in the back forest. I waved aside the broom my wife insisted that I should take to fight it with, if necessary. Instead we armed ourselves with Roman Candles. We could see the animal sitting in the stubble, busily emitting its yowls. I lighted a candle and sent a stream of fireballs at it. The animal's disappearance into the forest was almost instantaneous and we heard nothing more from it. We were in doubt over the nature of the creature. Our neighbor Bartlett gave us a clue a few days later when he wondered what had burnt his big tomcat. He said it had come home one morning all singed and burnt and he and his wife could not imagine what had happened to it.

Our country was subject to forest fires and in dry years they were a menace. I had a face to face experience with one in 1917. A strong northwest wind was bringing smoke over our place and I told my folks I would drive around on the public road to the other end of our land to see if it was in danger. There was a wide roadway running north to Puposky on the west end of our place. My neighbor, Simons, had been burning great piles of logs consequent to clearing out to the west of the highway. A sudden strong northwest wind carried sparks and embers across the highway to another neighbor's forest which adjoined mine on the north. The new fire spread and threatened to reach our place. I parked my car on the highway, where I thought it would be safe, and sailed into the job of fire fighting. I back-fired toward the flames to prevent their southward spread. I was congratulating myself that I had licked the threat when a crackling noise to my rear made me look back. The heavy wind had carried embers over my head and set fires on my land. I rushed to that fire and tried to stamp it out. When I had accomplished that, I discovered a new fire had been set to my west. I hastened to stamp it out, but another blaze appeared to my east. With all my stamping and fighting with brush brooms, I could not put them out as fast as they started. In a little time my whole north line west of an old north south corduroy road was in flames. Then I awoke to the fact that I was almost surrounded by forest fire and accordingly rushed eastward between the fires to the corduroy road. I was hot from the tremendous heat and my face was nearly blistered. I was consumed by thirst and my feet were roasting from stamping at the fires. I thought that by back-firing from the corduroy road toward the west, I might prevent the fire from running eastward through my forest to my cottage. This I proceeded to do. After fighting the fire for hours, without water or food, I became exhausted and had to lie down on the tufted grass along the corduroy trail. Fortunately, a neighbor woman came out to the trail to see about the fire and returned home at once to have water and food sent to me. Then some neighbor men arrived on the scene and succeeded in confining the fire to west of the corduroy trail.

Wearily I found my car and drove home, finding a worried family. I had witnessed forest fires at long distance, but this hand-to-hand experience brought a vivid appreciation for their deadliness.

There was a sequel to that fire. An ancient swamp had been filled over the centuries with decaying vegetal matter until it had become high ground. A forest had then grown over it. I had walked over it many times and had supposed that it was the usual clay soil. This dry muskeg took fire. It did not flame but smoldered along. It would burn two or three feet down along the heavy earth and topple over living trees in full leaf. I tried to put it out by using a shovel and covering it with ashes. After days of useless work, I gave up. I told Professor Libby about it when he visited in early October. He wanted to know if there was not someway that we could put that fire out. I told him that the only way would be to dig a ditch through the muskeg down to hard earth. He insisted that we do it. So the next morning we took an ax and shovels and began. The ditch had to be cut through many tree roots and it was a hard task. We worked all day without water or food. When we finished about an hour before sundown, we were exhausted. We had worked incessantly and we were famished. Just to show Libby what roughing was like, I led him the mile home through brush thickets and masses of fallen and tangled trees. Both of us went to sleep after supper while visiting the Bartletts. They were out doing chores and it did not count against us much.

Bears are occasional travelers through our forest. Nearly every summer we see signs of them and hear stories about bears that have killed sheep and calves. Last summer I was walking along the point trail, along the lake shore, with our six-month old cocker spaniel. While standing gazing up into the branches of a towering spruce, a sound farther along the trail caused me to turn my head in that direction. Ambling toward me around the curve was a good sized bear, casting side looks in search of berries. I began to move backward noiselessly so as not to disturb the Bear. Just then Sammy, the pup, overtook me and dashed ahead. When he saw that bear he stopped so quickly that he sprawled on the ground. He jumped up yelping and squealing and made for the cottage as fast as he could run. This noise turned the attention of the bruin to me. He stood and looked startled, acting undecided for a moment. Then, perhaps catching the human scent, he turned and dashed away through the woods. The folks said that when Sammy arrived at the cottage he was frantic to get inside. Then he cried and yelped, running to the door to look out, then dashing back as if the monster was close upon him. When I returned, he jumped into my arms, told me of his awful escape and how glad he was to see me alive again.

That puppy talked in his puppy way. Dogs certainly build up a large enough store of mental symbols that would enable them, if they could only speak, to tell many interesting stories. Sammy's predecessor, Wiggles, a cocker spaniel, smashed out by an auto, knew multitudes of symbols for our actions. Every tone, facial expression, multitude of acts, and some words had meaning for him. My walking stick took on its meaning from our walks in the park where he loved to go. When I took the stick from the garage, he knew what it meant. He watched the stick not me, and headed for the park around the end of the hedge, all the while complacently wagging his tail with full assurance that the park was the objective. He was alerted to the stick until we were well into the park. Then he ranged at a distance with eyes on me, not on the stick. Those dogs do not have our word symbols but they have their own kind. I often wonder what they are.

Of the trips that we have made from our lake side place, the North Shore Drive above Lake Superior heads the list. It is longer than the others and presents more striking features. It is a nine-hundred mile round trip to the Twin Cities of Canada and back. We took a few days for it. The drive from Duluth is one of the grandest and most picturesque trails on this continent. A great sea on our right as we go, wonderful headlands of hills and a mountain range to our left, cabins to camp in right by the sea, bridges over falls and torrents rushing down from mountain heights, make their strong appeal. We like to visit Big Marais, a logging center and a comfortable harbor for lake vessels. Its mountain background and its sea frontage with foghorns and shipping hold a strong charm for us landlubbers. We always drive up Mount McKay to the terrace resort to look out over the Twin Cities and behold the impressive cliff seawalls. To stay just above the lake level and hear the waves break against the boulders, provokes a sleep that we continue to desire when we are away from that charmed spot. Then there is the ancient Pigeon River portage trail terminating at Grand Portage. It was in use in the thirties of the eighteenth century when La Verendrye passed that way. It had already been in use at that time for a hundred years by whites and Indians who carried packs of furs and canoes around the points of Pigeon River Falls. Those who used it went in single file and the old path, worn down into the soil, remains as a witness to its centuries of wear. The last time we were there my granddaughter,

Jo Rockwell, and I walked it a distance and we felt the thrill of following that old historic path. Our feet, like Professor Libby's, were veritably pushed along. We also enjoyed a side trip from the Twin Cities to Kakabeka Falls on the beautiful Kaministiqua River. A considerable river pours over a precipice said to be nearly as high as that of Niagara and makes a telling display. A perpetual mist hugs the neighboring shore and forest. A commodious pavilion offers meals or quick lunches and cabins are at the disposal of the public.

CHAPTER 15. UNIVERSITY LIFE COULD BE EXCITING

This is my forty-first year as a member of the faculty of the University of North Dakota. The call was issued to me by President Merrifield in early 1907. How did it happen, how did I receive the appointment? The situation was similar to the story of the vagrant who found himself in jail. A visiting friend wanted to know "How come?" The inmate said that an officer happened along one day and gave him an insistent invitation to come along, that he had a good and secure home for him. He said he took the invitation gladly, as he had long wished for a good home and security. Now he was completely satisfied. Like the jailed vagrant, I had been looking for an offer like this for years and accepted the invitation gladly and have stayed on these many years. The life has been agreeable, I have had many interesting things to do and I have made many good friends. I have long suspected that some of my friends within the University were instrumental in my call but I have never instituted explicit inquiries. Among the number suspected is Professor O.G. Libby, historian, whose friendship for me began on a visit to Valley City Normal. Recently I have learned that it was he who made the first move through indicating a desire to have a sociologist on the University staff.

The stalk which bears beautiful and fragrant flowers, may also bear briars or needles. It was not long before I discovered that the University contained a prickly associate. I do not really know the foundation for his dislike of me. It may have been my personality or my liberal scientific views; regardless, he did demonstrate a fundamental distaste for me. His idea of a university was an expanded traditional classical college, dominantly promotive of "spiritual education". His attitude was dogmatic and explicit, one not to be compromised. I myself had strong opinions, but I would make concessions and sought to be cooperative. He even expressed his antipathy to some of my views before I knew I was to be an associate of his on the University staff. I read a paper dealing with the educational events of the year at a state education meeting held in Fargo. In this paper I mentioned favorably the vocational education movement that was then in its infancy. After the program a number of members, including President Merrifield of the University, greeted and congratulated me. Among the number in attendance was this Professor X. His greeting was friendly but he then turned away abruptly and shouted in violent emotion, "It was a good talk, but there was not a word of truth in it." It was an explosion that astonished me and whose significance I did not then measure. But after I joined the University staff, he made his antipathy clear. He was emotional, blustery, and huffed and puffed when excited (which was often). He made it so unpleasant for those involved in a conflict situation that he fermented, that they would concede him most anything in order to get rid of the bad odor that he stirred up. The president privately referred to him sometimes as "Skunk X". His antipathy to me took the form of explosively combatting everything I would say in faculty meetings, trying to affront me by ignoring me in the presence of others, and even consorting with a stooge to get me removed because he disapproved of some of the texts that I used in my classes.

I have attempted to recite this unfortunate story very briefly. Perhaps it deserved only a mere reference or none at all. Still, it was a considerable part of my life at the University for years, and as such, merits some attention. Fortunately and happily, the ending was rather good. After my antagonist became dean of my college in the course of two or more decades, and especially after his splendid boys were thrown in with me at Lake Julia and

we became steadfast friends, his attitude changed. He was a just and fair administrator, he did me more than one good turn, and, at the Lake, we had more felicitous associations. It may have been a case of softening and broadening with increasing maturity, of changing views, and of seeing some good in each other.

As a sociological teacher, I developed an interest in what later became the field of rural sociology. The state and region was primarily agricultural and rural and my interest was in harmony with that situation. I began to teach a course titled Rural Sociology. While building my lectures, much material was collected about rural life. This material was then organized and written in manuscript form. It quickly increased in size and eventually looked like it might be printed as a book. Surprisingly to me, a publisher did print it in 1913 and it was issued as Constructive Rural Sociology. This was the first systematic rural sociology to appear in print, and because of that I have sometimes been called "the father of rural sociology". That, and my later works in the rural field, attracted wide attention at both home and abroad. My later book, Rural Sociology, was translated into several foreign languages. Probably because of my agrarian academic contributions, the American Sociological Society made me its president in 1928.

In times of political storm and stress, social scientists may find their lives tossed about by public tempests. My rural interests put me in touch with farmers and I was sympathetic with their interests and movements for self betterment. Our political atmosphere became disturbed. This culminated when the Nonpartisan League gained its ascendency in our state. I thought I was awake and aware of events in North Dakota, but the first inkling that I had of such a movement was when I was visited by one of the NPL committees and invited to run for Superintendent of Public Instruction under its auspices. I was informed that the League had organized enough members to carry the state in the next state election. Townley had sent organizers throughout the state in Ford automobiles and they had canvassed and secured the necessary membership. I thanked this committee for its generous overture but informed them that I was just a prosy professor and not interested in a political position. Their nominee was elected but when the consequent political reaction came, he lost his political life.

Since I was a liberal, both politically and in social-economic matters, I was eligible as a target for political missiles at times. The rise of the League stirred up much strife and bitterness. It became a matter of town against country and the reverse. To sympathize with the League movement in anyway, not to criticize it or cuss it out, resulted in the conferring of a label of enemy of state safety and economic law by business men and conservative politicians. "Witch hunting", was also rampant in the post World War I period. All liberals were under suspicion by conservatives and their stalwarts who were generally in control.

Frank L. McVey, our university president was also president of the local Charity Organization Society and I was its vice-president. We were both rated as too liberal by the patriots who ran the election for the organization, and we were left off the list of nominees. The president had initiated and organized that charity society and had been its president up until then. This treatment wounded him deeply and he never again set foot inside the sacred

precincts of that society. I was more callous and continued to function as a member of the organization. In time, when my fellow members had regained their sanity, my services were sought and accorded due recognition.

There was a heavy ground swell against the League after 1920. Governor Lynn J. Frazier and one or two other state officers were recalled. Curiously, Frazier was at once elected to the United States Senate, to which he was re-elected several times. The League lost control of the state legislature. In that period of post-war hysteria, and days of widespread Ku Klux Klanism, some queer legislation was proposed. One bill would have set up a kind of index expurgatorial for suspected books. Two or three of my own works were on the list. One was my Constructive Rural Sociology, which was politically innocuous. A graduate of our University Law School, and local representative (and hitherto a friend of mine) was author of that measure. Of course nothing came of it. It was just a sign of the Twenties. I was able to take it as merely another irritant that developed the thickening of my elephant hide.

The state board of administration, which had jurisdiction over institutions of higher learning, was in the hands of a rather extreme committee during the heyday of the Leaguers. They were against big business and sought a man for the University presidency, then vacant, who would be on their side. One of the candidates, who lost as president of a great western university, sized up the situation with shrewd political acumen, posed as a reformer and a protector against rampant economic royalists, and was chosen as president by the board. Board members jubilantly boasted that he was "our man", and "on our side." But his daily associates were bankers, lawyers, and leading businessmen, not the farmers and laborers. Soon the board recognized this and came to regard him as an undesirable University president. A good many of the University faculty, most of whom were not Leaguers, organized against the president for various reasons. They considered him unfit for the presidency. At last the board took action. The members appeared at the University with the intention of throwing out the president. But that foxy gentleman had gotten wind of it and had organized the male student body against the board. When the members of that body entered Old Main to meet with the president, they had to march through a throng of angry students who looked as if they would be glad to use a rope on any members of the visiting body. The members of the board lost their nerve, a compromise was developed, and all of us lived in amity and good will from then on. The board went away, like a whipped dog, leaving the field to the prexy.

This new president seemed to have taken a dislike to me, judging from what he did. I am satisfied that my old inquisitor, Professor X, was at the bottom of this. To him I was a heretical scientist, as well as a believer in a more practical education. We had a night shirt parade by a certain fraternity and some of the boozy paraders sought to enter a women's sorority. The case of rowdyism came before a committee, private to the president, of which I was the acting chairman. Its sole function was to investigate cases and to advise the president, although the advise could be entirely disregarded by him. We advocated a severe penalty . In his inaugural address before the University body and the public, the new president talked about tyrannical faculties and proceeded to give as an example the event that I have just described. This was accompanied by publicly referring to the chairman of the committee as a sociologist who might know his subject but did not know anything about social justice. Of course he was referring to me and all the faculty knew that. This was washing faculty dirty linen in public! Since the decision of the committee

did not have to go to the faculty for action, the president could disregard it, and it needed no mention or explanation. To exploit it before the public was an act of prejudice, totally uncalled for and most unfair. I suppose I underwent more mental torture over that event than about any other event in my life. He published his address which the board had asked him not to do. I then published what I thought to be a true account of the affair in School and Society.

Universities may be as fascistically run by the executive as Germany was under Hitler. A board of trustees may force the president to proceed arbitrarily and autocratically. It is surprising how supine and meek that a staff of intellectuals can be and what autocratic regimes they will put up with. Our institution had seen members of the faculty dismissed summarily and unjustly without faculty notice or protest. Our faculty contained alumni of the University who deeply resented this and who demanded protections against such action. The matter was discussed at faculty meetings and a committee was appointed to propose a constitution for the institution which would provide for dismissal of a faculty member only after a committee of peers had reviewed the charges and had so advised the president. It was adopted, and the president was instructed to secure the approval of the policy from the very board that had previously railroaded a law school professor. The president must have practiced hypnotism on those old economic royalists and political guardians, for the constitution was approved and became the legal document and bill of rights for our academic body.

The triumphant prexy sought the heads of three men on the faculty he disliked or thought were participants against him. He was reminded of the provision for a trial by peers. Although he called the constitution a scrap of paper without legal validity, a committee was appointed and reviewed the case. It held the men not guilty but, in a moment of weakness, the committee suggested or commented that in the long run either the men or the president would have to go. By that time, due to state political shifts, the membership on the board had been changed and had become conservative or anti-League. Two of the men were given a year of grace in which to find other positions and the president placed the other one on his good behavior. It was expected by many that I would be one of those who would walk the plank, but the League was still powerful and the president did not desire to court their complete disfavor. I had often sought his removal but due to my powerful friends such as Frazier, Lemke, and Langer, he excused my act by creating an alibi for me. He indicated that I opposed him on principle while the others did it out of spite. Consequently, I continued to live and work according to my fashion, being wise not to tempt the gods by opposing the executive .

I take some pride in having served as an exhibit during that upheaval. A large card cartoon was tacked to a tree on the campus where everyone would pass and see it. It depicted a long rope extended from the tower of Old Main to the ground, at the end of which four men tugged. The legend read, "Pulling down the University." I was one of the figures making that heinious attempt. The University Annual of that year contained that caricature. Thus I became a University celebrity and will live in its annals as long as that annual is read.

I believe that the following episode illustrates an attempt by the president to smoke me out, so as to learn what his own status was to be. He had learned that I had appeared before the board to urge his dismissal from the presidency,

and doubtless accredited me with presidential aspirations. Perhaps he was to be ousted in my favor, as an irresponsible news item in the local paper had alleged. At any rate, I was visited at my office by reporters and pressed for information. Their attitude showed that they had me under suspicion. Repeatedly I insisted there was nothing to the report and finally they left, although looking skeptical. More garbled news items were published. In order to settle things, I published a statement that no one in authority had ever approached me regarding the University presidency, that I had not been offered the position by anyone or by any authoritative parties, and that I was entirely ignorant of the source of the report. Meanwhile, a dean came to see me to find out how he stood in the event of a change in the headship. He was not given much satisfaction but was reminded of his shameful treatment of me in the past. He denied all intention or consciousness of having done so. But I knew it had not been any pipe dream of my own.

My tastes and habits, formed during several decades, were for teaching, research and publication, not for administrative duties. The latter would often concern details that I was not interested in and require giving time to what seemed to me to be unimportant matters. Administration would only be trouble and worry.

In the spring of 1933, the president was asked to resign. At first he ignored it and sought to recruit his Grand Forks cronies to make a fight in his behalf. But they had long since accepted the League as a fact, not any longer the socialistic menace they thought it to be in earlier years, and they did not rally to his support as they had done more than once in the preceding decade. Probably they now viewed him as a liability rather than an asset. So the governor's insistence on his resignation prevailed and the president resigned. After that was settled, the governor and the board looked about for a successor.

I have never been a presidency shaker. The previous publicity furor about my accession to our University headship was only an empty vapor. Soon after President Kane's resignation, Governor William Langer asked me to meet him at a Grand Forks hotel. Much to my astonishment, he asked me to take the University presidency. I told him that I did not crave the position, that I was committed to my own line of work, that I thought the presidency would kill me in short order, and I did not want to die just then. I was 67 years old and believed that such a position would finish me off in short time. After informing the governor of my decision, he turned to me to ask, "Then who in the hell will we get?" We talked about candidates. My suggestions were turned down. I said I would think it over if he wanted me to do so. The adults in my family urged me to accept and it was difficult to convince them that I would be a failure as a president. Because of total absorption in my kind of work, I had become almost constitutionally unfit, by both taste and mode of reaction, for administration.

A few congenial faculty members met together from time to time to discuss University matters. While they urged my acceptance, they were satisfied that my decision was the wise one for me. They thought I should go to Bismarck to talk with the governor about the whole situation and to dissuade him, if possible, from the appointment of a certain person who, if appointed, would certainly be bitterly opposed by some of our older faculty members and would cause us much trouble. We assessed ourselves to provide for the trip. The governor sought to change my decision, but after hearing my reasons, he

skeptically accepted my decision. He was strong for appointing the person that our committee had discussed but after hearing about the possible repercussions in our institution that it was likely to cause, he agreed. Just then we could think of no other suitable candidate and I left his office promising to think of someone. On the train home I thought of J.C. West, superintendent of schools in Grand Forks. I wondered why I had not thought of him before. I suggested him to the governor by letter at once. The possibility surprised our committee, but after some thought and discussion all became happily satisfied that West would make a satisfactory University head.

My knowledge of West had extended over nearly ten years. While he was superintendent of the Bemidji schools, he studied with me at the University as a graduate student and I had inspected his schools and school system at Bemidji, Minnesota, while he was superintendent there. I rated him as a high class educator. Furthermore, I had reason to believe that he would be shrewd politically and would help guide correctly when such guidance was needed. His work at Bemidji appealed to me so highly that when we had a vacancy in the superintendency at Grand Forks, I took occasion to put his name before our board of education, in an extended letter, urging him as a candidate. He was then chosen for the superintendency.

By now there were several candidates for the presidential position. The governor and the board gave them all due consideration but in the end offered the position to West. Should President West accuse me of doing him a disservice by this course, it would be difficult to refute, for he entered the position in extraordinarily difficult times. We were in the midst of a tremendous nation-wide and world wide depression. The seven year series of droughts was afflicting the Great Plains and North Dakota was one of the hardest hit states. By 1934, during the preceding decade, approximately half of the farmers of the state had lost their farms through forced foreclosure. The average gross state farm income, about three-fourths of all state income, was reduced to only about a third of what the average had been in the previous series of years. In some of the worst years, a third of the state population was on some sort of public relief. Many of the state legislators who voted University appropriations were on relief. The state was flat on its back. Had not the federal government come to its assistance, a third of its inhabitants would have starved to death or would have had to leave the state. The University income was cut in half about 1933 and remained so for years. Then when the depression was over and good crop years returned and the state was prosperous again, the greatest conflict of all history was upon us. It took our young men and women, dried up the source of student attendance, demoralized the faculty, even threatened to turn the University into a wholly military establishment. The forces of disintegration were great. President West's job was to get funds for the institution, to prevent more radical cuts in its income, to ward off complete militarization, to avoid disintegration, and to protect and further University morale. This was a disheartening and man killing series of tasks. The state of North Dakota owes West a deep debt of gratitude for the efficient and statesmanlike manner in which he performed these grilling tasks. It is gratifying to record that the little faculty group which assisted in inducting him into the presidency of our institution have never had cause to regret their effort. They are in complete agreement that he has made good.

When it became known on the University campus that I was declining the offer of the presidency, the reactions of staff members were pleasantly gratifying.

Many of the leading University people urged me to reconsider and to take the position. I did not learn for several years that all of the deans of the institution, except for one absentee, had sent a signed request to the board of administration to make me the president.

It also came as a surprise to find that the retiring executive of the University became a booster for me. Since the difficulty of over a decade before, I had made it a policy to "be good", to keep out of his way while running the institution, and to keep him advised on things in our department. After a time he became very cordial. He was always fair about department matters, scrupulously lived up to his word, and came to make use of me in university affairs. I was invited into a conference of deans committee about some important matters and to join him and his lobby at the state legislature to try for University funds. Now, he said, he would give time to coaching me for the duties of the presidency, if I would but take over the job. It gave me considerable satisfaction to have gained his regard.

I have been branded as a sociologist for nearly a half century. Who's Who in America and some other Who's Who so have named me. But I have been merely a sociologist of sorts during all that time. In my early teaching, I thought of sociology as a kind of reform thing and so I thought in terms of reforming society. As I became more scientific and worked out a research technique, the idea of reform fell away. Now I think of a scientific sociologist as having no more direct interest in reform than the average farmer when growing things or a business man when in his store. Even when I write on social problems, I am a scientist and not a reformer. In fact, if I should dare propose a solution to a social problem it would be a scientific attitude and not a personal viewpoint. Probably most people now thing of sociology as a reform matter. Certainly they did so at the beginning of this century. Some thought of it as socialism. The publisher of a city paper once asked me to write something for his sheet. I suggested that I might write something about sociology. He backed away from me in a frightened manner and asserted that his readers were not interested in socialism.

Without rubbing it in, perhaps the reader will permit me to mention in a large rough way, something about my work as a sociologist. I find I have authorized a hundred or more articles and reviews and eight or ten volumes. Fifty or more of the articles represent real research, as do large portions of my later books. In a measure, I have been a scientific pioneer. My Vocational Education was an attempt, very nearly the earliest, to find a scientific and practical sociological foundation for schooling and to develop the idea of establishing criteria for admitting subject matter into courses of study.

In demanding and formulating social criteria for the admission of subjects and subject matter to the curriculum, Vocational Education was one of the first. One historian of education called my Vocational Education the first educational sociology. That work of 1910 had a large distribution and was discussed by schools all over the nation. For a time I was thought of as a kind of authority on vocational education. For example, I lectured at the summer school of the University of Indiana in 1914 to help shape things for a new Indiana vocational training law. My career of authorship had definitely begun. Its thought and execution represented an advance into the third frontier in which I pioneered, an intellectual, scientific frontier.

In addition to this volume I worked out, thought out, and wrote two other good sized manuscripts. One was on methods of teaching history from an angle somewhat different from common usage and the other was devoted to child study. The latter was rather a new subject then and I had no theories to trouble me. Out daughter was going through her first year and my daily notes on her mental reactions and development yielded much useful insight and data. My belief is that those notes still are worth publishing. Although I had a training in sociology, there was not a course in that subject until the school added an additional year. Until then, my teaching was chiefly history, civics, and psychology. During the first year there were courses in sociology and economics. Nearly all of my sociological teaching, research, and publication was in the future.

How things may get started is illustrated by one of the transactions of our Current Events club in Valley city. This was organized by my colleague, Professor Weeks and Mr. Packard, the editor of our local paper. In due time state Senator George Young and I were drafted in as members. Young later became Congressmen and, still later, a federal judge in New York City. About once a month we met and discussed some current topic. One of our subject was direct legislation. Some of us were strong for it and since our state did not have it, we considered how we might bring about its adoption. State Senator Young, to our surprise (because he was a conservative man) became a convert to the initiative, referendum, and recall and said that if we would formulate a measure he would introduce it at the next session of the state legislature and seek to obtain its adoption. We proceeded to sketch a measure which he did introduce at the following legislative meeting and to our great satisfaction was able to secure its passage in both houses. That measure has remained in operation ever since, and that is how the state came to become committed to direct legislation. Much later, it became a part of the state constitution.

Constructive Rural Sociology was published in 1913, the first of the systematic rural sociologies. Out of recognition for this I was selected as president of the American Sociological Society. Sometimes a charitable colleague refers to me as the "father of rural sociology in the late twenties." Were I to attempt to rate or rank myself as a sociologist, the judgement would give me lower than the highest rank. Men of equal merit in great universities would outrank me because of my institutional prestige. Were they to occupy my position, they would sink to my rating. A few pioneers wrote monumental sociological works: Comte, Spencer, and Ward. Much of their work has been discounted but still their works are firsts. They are monumental because they marked the beginning of an epoch. This is enough about sociology and too much about myself. The curtains are down on all that.

During my decades at the University there have been interesting moments in field and other research duties. Early in my career I undertook to learn something about how our jails and poorhouses were conducted. This was accomplished by visiting the poor houses and inspecting the jails throughout the state. I think I could say that I have been in more jails than anyone else in the state! Then I investigated insanity in the state and published an extensive paper about it. Our president was interested in public welfare and when he saw the report he wanted enough reprints of the paper to supply the state legislature. This was in the hope that the legislature would do something about the problem of insanity in the state. Well, every member of the senate and house received a copy. What they did with their copies, I never

knew, but most certainly no remedial legislation came out of the legislative hopper nor were any helpful bills introduced in either house. I have to write that down as a great fiasco. Social research was in fashion in the days of the FERA, during the depression of the thirties. I was supervisor of rural research for North Dakota. In supervising the research workers, I traveled about a great deal in my car. In the spring of 1939 I visited, within a few months, over a fourth of the fifty-three counties. On one occasion I was driving cross-country to Jamestown. The highways were smooth and wide and I was making over fifty miles an hour. Looking up after glancing at something on the seat beside me, I found the car going over the sloping embankment on the left and beginning to turn over. I jimmied the wheel so that the left front wheel would catch the farther bank of the ditch and send the car down to the bottom of the ditch. This righted the car and the danger was passed. Nothing seemed to have been broken, the car ran smoothly, so why stop? A low bank to the left gave an opportunity to mount from the ditch into a stubble field. Soon a cross road lead onto the highway again. Had the ditching happened fifty feet farther along, a pile of big stone would have wrecked the car. I was off for Jamestown again at the previous clip. I was only seventy-four years old then and could take such incidents without stirring my pulse. So far as I could judge, there was no fright or nervousness. I suppose the event happened so quickly that I had no time to get scared. Something like that occurred when I was driving between Mott and Hettinger later that season. It was raining heavily and the gravel highway was slippery and slushy. As I rounded a large curve on a slightly uphill grade, another car approached on the inner side at a rapid rate. My pace was forty miles an hour or better. The other car turned, slipped over to the middle of the road, leaving me but a small margin to curve and make it back. To miss that other vehicle, my car was forced so far out onto the slippery surface that I could not get back onto the highway and was pushed to the right over the brink of a six-foot ditch. Fortunately, again, the bank was sloping. Nevertheless, my car was decidedly "turning turtle." The front, on the top, gouged dirt from the vertical bank on the farther side. As the farther side of the ditch was to the right, I drove for the ditch bottom in order to catch the farther bank with the right front wheel. It worked as before, I kept the car in rapid speed and went back up the bank slope and onto the highway without stopping. If my heartbeat went up, I could not tell it and the affair was over so quickly that there was no fright reaction. Queer enough, I did not even have to catch my breath. This was the third time I had to catch the other bank. I was getting to be an expert, it seemed, but have never sought to repeat it! A smashup was not within the limits of my desire.

Military detonations were shaking the eastern hemisphere and the clouds of war approached nearer and nearer to us. December would register the disaster of Pearl Harbor. Not to be out matched, nature put on a colossal demonstration of power and devastation in North Dakota. On March 15, 1941, one of the most severe blizzards in historic annals occurred. Since it was a part of our life at the University, a short chronicle of it is not inappropriate.

We had no premonitory warnings. It struck us almost instantly. The radio sounded a warning that a fierce storm would be upon us at once, advising people to stay at home and indoors. I started to take our maid to her home in another part of town. Within a block we headed up a slightly inclined street in face of the rising wind and blowing snow. The Master Buick was powerful but soon slowed to a stop. Repeatedly I got out to shovel snow from in front of the wheels, and at last made it onto level footing. The wind had increased to

tempest proportions and I doubted if I could complete the journey. Consequently, I took the maid to the bus line which passed near her home and then drove myself home. That was fortunate, for in a short period of time every street in town was blocked by drifts and it was dangerous to be out in the open. The storm did not abate until the next forenoon. It left a record of sixty-five or seventy dead in the two states of North Dakota and Minnesota, forty-six in the former alone.

The stories are told in the papers of that period. There were many tragic and heart breaking ones. A woman was driving with her children near Fisher, Minnesota, a short distance form Grand Forks, when the drifting snow caused her car to stall. She got out to see what could be done and closed the door behind her. A great gust of wind seized her and swept her away. Her body was found in a drifted ditch where she had been blown and buried. Her children were discovered and rescued a few hours later. Two of our lady friends were returning from a day's pleasure trip, and were near Ardoch, some twenty miles to the northwest of Grand Forks. The storm engulfed them and they spent the night or eight to ten hours in their car. The car had just been purchased and was not yet provided with blankets and robes. The day was mild when they left Grand Forks in the morning and they had on only light clothing and spring coats. They ran the heater occasionally but had to be economical of gas. But it helped and cheered them up. "We wrote a log, taking turns every hour and listing every foolish thing we could think of. The struggle to keep warm was hard. We had nothing to cover our laps but the house coats, and we kept our circulation going by trying to climb into the little space behind the seats every little while all night. We played "bean porridge hot" by the hour, rubbed one another's legs and feet and even tried to keep each other from knowing what agonizing stomach aches we had from nervousness." The only composition either could remember to repeat was the Litany and they kept it going frequently. About five in the morning, light began to break. By means of the little gas that was left and the remaining energy in the battery, they were able to move the car towards the little village of Ardoch. Then they tied their coats about their heads and ran for and reached the nearest house. (Grand Forks Herald, 3-17-1948). Of the many who were thus caught out on the highway in cars, some came through unharmed, some were badly frozen, and many perished from the cold.

Were this chapter left to stand as it is thus far, University alumni would have grounds for alleging that it conveys a distorted picture, that the things I write about are not the day by day grist of the mill but are the explosive incidents which occurred during a stormy period. But what about the students?

The University of North Dakota began to send out graduating classes almost sixty years ago. Degrees have been issued to approximately nine thousand individuals. The recipients of these degrees live and work in every state of the Union. The great majority are substantial citizens of their communities. An insignificant proportion have attained records as criminals or criminaloids. A noteworthy number have become men of note in state, nation, and even internationally. Not to belabor the case, I will mention a half-dozen whose names are likely to be known to the public at large, placed alphabetically to avoid personal discrimination: Maxwell Anderson, creative dramatist, author of "What Price Glory?" and other celebrated plays; Tom Campbell, world's greatest wheat farmer and international agricultural consultant; R.A. Heising, one of the earliest discoverers of radio, developer of long-wave and short-wave

transmission and many other electronic devices; John Hancock, top capitalist, head of many corporations, co-member with Bernie Baruch on the United States Committee on War and Postwar Adjustment, and on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission; V. Steffanson, explorer and writer; M.M. Upson, head of many industrial organizations and of the engineering firm which built the longest bridge in the world at San Francisco.

Finally, I apologize to various friends whose names deserve listing but which have regretfully had to be left off. Perhaps the Sociology Department of the University deserves mention. Numerous colleagues have consorted with me in manning the department during my residence. Graduate instruction has been a small item in our pioneer state, but our portion of outstanding graduates stands high. We can point with pride to: George R. Davies, a top-notch statistical economist; Jim Reinhardt, able teacher and author; George Lundberg, an eminent researcher and developer of operational sociology; Melvin Ruder, World War II veteran and a founder of the rapidly developing Hungry Horse News.

I have talked hitherto about my life work. Well, what was it? I said my great objective was college teaching. I have done that for about four decades at this honorable university, and have realized the ambition that I had. On the side, as I could, I did research and had works published. Some eight or ten volumes have appeared over my name, besides nearly fifty scientific monographs. The total is a million-and-a-half words. Some of the volumes sold well and are being used in colleges and universities throughout the nation. Some volumes were translated into other languages. I will not insult the reader by appending a list of my published matter. If you are interested and will write me, I will send you a list of titles as well as time and place of publication. So much for my life work. I have made my splash in the ocean of world science and education. The resulting ripples have not amounted to a tidal wave, but have resulted in fleeting and perceptive vibrations. Of this record, I am neither poignantly ashamed nor vaingloriously proud. It is the experience of just one of the millions of Plainsmen.

other age, almost more than in all past history. Some of this I understand and use, much of it is beyond both my understanding and utilization.

Some optimists may expect me to confess my sins and errors. Since I am an agnostic, I do not possess the luxury of sins. But regarding errors, I do not have to confess to them now. My preceding narrative has blazoned them to the high heavens. I was dumb because, chiefly I hope, I was ignorant and had no mature guidance. I failed to penetrate to the consequences of setting out on certain courses and so, for many years, my life was one of backing and filling. When I did discover and attain a satisfactory objective, I was approaching middle age and could not attain what I might have achieved had that been accomplished earlier during a more creative period of life. Perhaps, also, I might have to admit that constitutionally I was somewhat dumb. Yet if I had my life to live over, I would have done exactly as I have done, the conditions being the same as they were when I began. That is a truism, not a boast, not a claim that I have accomplished the best, for like conditions inevitably predestine like consequences. I could not have possibly lived otherwise than I did, for what I was, and faced by the same set of determining factors, I would have come to the same end.

So at the close, I am going to commit something to verse. It may be considered a confession or an epitaph. At any rate, the lines express the facts:

My libido's gone on the blink
And arteries have lost their spring.
I cannot do some things I did
But can do better other things.

Rejuvenation men now glimpse.
Alert to this, I hope they'r right.
'Twould bring the immortal near.
'Twould transform darkness into light.

So, tinged with hope I work and wait.
Mind interests make it largely work.
So be, if libido stays out
Pray don't allege I was a shirk.

This is the end of my chronicle but not the end of me. I approach eighty-three and have an active year of work ahead. I have gained the distinction of being about one in 600 of the population of the nation who have lived to that age. At the time I was born only about one in 750 could make the claim. I have gained in rank and people have gained in longevity. Had not society gained in healthfulness, I might not be here to tell the story. The distinction is mine of having lived one of the most wonderful ages of mankind. I do not say the most wonderful age, for that may be debatable. We have more culture items to take into account. But I have lived to see the coming into existence of most of the great modern inventions. That is something to crow about.

